



Category: Poetry

Winner

The end of isolation

I hope one day it will happen, I hope it's a Thursday in June
We'll go out early in morning, and stay out until late afternoon.
We'll all go out together, probably complain of the cold
Then up and along to the station, no need to do as we're told.

Along to the station we wander, and in through the big double door
Get on the train to the city, off to see Liverpool once more.
The train pulls into the station, "there's people", "there's kids" and "there's dogs"
All out and about getting fresh air, instead of just in, watching vlogs.

We'll go round the shops to look at the clothes, we've not bought any since Feb,
Then just wander around for the rest of the day, much better than surfing the web.
We'll stop off at the pub for a drink and some lunch, I wonder what we will eat
Then home on the train, to get out of the rain and rest our tired aching feet.

Joanne Cunningham

Written on national lockdown day 16