

Perspectives

His

The bark of the dog as it happily stares,
Up at his owners, now descending the stairs.
The dog's the winner for his pleasure is plentiful,
as the humans have been forced to stay home by the virus' tentacle.

Out to the meadow on his once a day walk,
the tufty brown dog ran and hid in the gorse.
His humans close by, wondering why,
deciding whether to take charge or just watch and stand by.

Hers

The baby sees that brown fluffy pup, so happy to play on this bright sunny day,
She follows him quickly into the garden, the wind could almost whisk her away,
Out into this new world, a scene full of greens,
What a place to explore for this baby, this baby so keen.

The mother's

Another morning, Mum makes her way down the stairs,
Sees the tail wagging, a flurry of fur,
A walk would be nice with baby in tow, but there's work to be done,
Laptop open, coffee poured and calls to make before fun.

Thursday evening and we cheer NHS and key workers,
We're not on our own - there are our neighbours!
Great, Friday comes, and the sun shines bright,
Hear on the radio, maybe 3 months until the end of this plight.

All of ours

We've travelled less, spent less yet cared more, seen nature soar.
We'll soon be able to meet up with our kin,
Laughing and joking and making a din.

Let's make the most of the quiet time that we own,
Singers singing and musicians on balconies, so we don't feel alone.
We can unite our nations, in the future,
not save it for just whilst staying home.