

A little bit of COVID doggerel¹

I won't arise and go now, and go to Innisfree
I'll sanitise the doorknob and make a cup of tea.
I won't go down to the sea again; I won't go out at all,
I'll wander lonely as a cloud from the kitchen to the hall.
There's a green-eyed yellow monster to the North of Kathmandu
But I shan't be seeing him just yet, and nor, I think will you.
While the dawn comes up like thunder on the road to Mandalay
I'll make my bit of supper and eat it off a tray.
I shall not speed my bonnie boat across the sea to Skye,
Or take the rolling English road from Birmingham to Rye.
About the woodland, just right now, I am not free to go
To see the Keep Out posters or the cherry hung with snow.
And no, I won't be travelling much, within the realms of gold,
Or get me to Milford Haven. All that's been put on hold.
Give me your hands, I shan't request, albeit we are friends
Nor come within a mile of you, until this virus ends.

Written by Peter Cartwright 26th August 2020

¹ **Doggerel**, or doggerel, is poetry is irregular in rhythm and in rhyme, often deliberately forburlesque or comic effect. Alternatively, it can mean verse which has a monotonous rhythm, easy rhyme, and cheap or trivial meaning. The word is derived from the Middle English *dogerele*, probably a derivative of *dog*. In English it has been used as an adjective since the 14th century and a noun since at least 1630.