

CV 2020 - News From A Bunker

So I've taken to my bunker
As the government decreed
It's three weeks I've been in here now
With *almost* everything I need!

I managed to get loo rolls
Long-life milk, a loaf of bread,
But no soup, baked beans or aspirin
Or paracetamol instead.

I find it helps to organise
chores into categories...



Things I won't do now,
things I won't do later,
and things I'll never do.

I've made lists of things to do
Then, later, list of things *not* done
Tackled Code Words, Quizzes, Crosswords
Spending time at home's such fun!

Thought I'd re-organise my study—
It's day six now—*still* a mess
One darned thing leads to another-
And I'm fed up, I confess.

My filing system's been re-vamped
I've labelled everything in sight,
I've re-discovered long-lost treasures
Reminisc'd 'til late at night

I've thrown away old papers,
Shredded documents galore,
Turned out cupboards, cleaned the silver
Things not *often* done before.

I've gone through all the biscuits
Drunk the cans of G and T,
The red wine is now depleted
And I'm fed up with TV-

Classic FM, Soaps and YouTube,
Antiques, cookery and crime
Under hammer homes, make-overs...
Make me snooze from time to time

I'm sick to death of Poirot,
Marple, Lewis, Frost and Morse
Would I Lie To You? is wearing thin
Midsummer Murder's run its course.

The garden's looking tempting
But a lot's beyond me now
I could tidy up the garage,
Well I *will* one day, I vow.

Wine...



...because it's not good
to keep things bottled up!

There's a pile of ironing waiting,
But *I'm* running out of steam
No inclination to do *anything*
Except sit down and just day-dream.

I've E-mailed my long-lost cousins,
And 'What's Apped' my family
I've checked my will's in order—
And crucial info's clear to see.

Reality's a nightmare,
A horror film that's much too long
So I've revived my wartime spirit
To keep positive and strong.



she knew she was getting older
when she tried to straighten out the
wrinkles in her tights and discovered
she wasn't wearing any!

My waistline's spreading daily,
My nails are brittle, hands quite sore
And my hair is now much longer
Than it's ever been before!

The soliloquy and monologue
I'm perfecting every day
Tho' four letter words come in handy
Express all I *want* to say!

And when news becomes unbearable
And threatens to get worse
I resort to drastic measures...
Write *another* corny verse!

'Ellar'