

The Virus Shuffle

By Margaret Amey

We shuffle, we shuffle,
I'm looking for distraction,
After half an hour of standing here
I need some interaction.

I'm queuing, I'm queuing,
I'm in my comfort zone
From M&S to PC World
And I'm certainly not alone.

I'm scanning, I'm scanning,
The queue for friendly faces.
I'll start a conversation
On the flimsiest of bases.

I'm smiling, I'm smiling,
At the man who stands before me
But he's turned a little sideways
The better to ignore me.

I'm searching, I'm searching,
For a subject to engage him
But my attempts to talk about the queue
Just manage to enrage him.

She's looking, she's looking,
She's waiting for the aisles.
She's gaining eye contact
We're exchanging looks and smiles.

We're talking, we're talking,
Other folks come to enlist
A conversation on this subject's
Impossible to resist.

We're chatting, we're chatting,
We're chatting hell for leather.
The queue is all engaging now
As we talk about the weather.

(Blue skies, a little cloud but chilly in the shade!)

