

This Was The Year

This was the year
I was going to sort all my old clothes and take them to the charity shop.
Oh, what a shame.
Damn you Covid nineteen.

This was the year
I was going to take that pile of junk from behind the garage to the tip.
Oh, what a shame.
Damn you Covid nineteen.

This was the year
I was going to visit all those friends I have been avoiding.
Oh, what a shame.
Damn you Covid nineteen.

This was the year
I was going to join a gym.
Oh, what a shame.
Damn you Covid nineteen.

This was the year
I was going to go camping on the Isle of Wight, in February.
Oh, what a shame.
Damn you Covid nineteen

This was the year
I was going to see all of Shakespeare's plays – in chronological order!
Oh, what a shame.
Damn you Covid nineteen

This was the year
I was going to run a marathon in the Himalayas and get all my friends to sponsor me.
Oh, what a shame.
Damn you Covid nineteen.

This was the year
I was going to abseil down a waterfall.
Oh, what a shame.
Damn you Covid nineteen

This was the year
I was going to take part in the Olympics.
Oh, what a shame.
Damn you Covid nineteen

And now I've missed my chance.
There will never be a time as good as this year was going to be.
Oh, what a shame.
Damn you Covid nineteen.

Still every cloud...

Now, what were *you* going to do this year?

Margaret Amey