

8

Beginning of the end of Lockdown

Gradually restrictions were easing; the torment gently lessening;
Incarcerated feelings exchanged for permissive self-determining.
Covid-free, healthy and alive.
Liberated. Lockdown cautiously lifted.

But my stroll stumbles.
Ahead are obstacles.
An easy walk or jog spoiled.
Tranquillity halted.
The peace to which we'd grown accustomed swapped for racket and hullabaloo
Noise and debris makes one feel decidedly blue.

Where for a while no trash, no garbage, litter, junk or waste on show
Pristine hedgerows, roads and paths, suddenly, dealt a selfish blow.
Today, my friends the roadside strewn with sandwich wrapping, an empty can,
Pizza box, 'disposable' mask: trash discarded by callous, careless human.

Moyra A Baldwin
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