

Buzzword Firebreak

Buzzword Firebreak
Simple, for everyone's sake.
Buzzword Firebreak
Uniquely, a Welsh take.
Buzzword Firebreak
Permitting a limited Wake.
Buzzword Firebreak
Limits wedding and cake.
Buzzword Firebreak
Seventeen days to unmake.

Buzzword Firebreak
Turns out to be opaque.
Buzzword Firebreak
Another bellyache.
Buzzword Firebreak
What can we undertake?!

Buzzword Firebreak
Authentic? Or simply Fake?
Buzzword Firebreak
A slithering, slimy, snake.
Buzzword Firebreak
Could be another mistake?

Buzzword Firebreak
For God's sake gives us a break.

14

There was a First Minister, Mark
Who stopped us going out after dark
But Minister, Vaughan
Just brought on a yawn
Whilst Drakeford was showing some spark

Now Minister Gething was grim
That woman, he thought, was so dim
To shop for some goods
In Tesco's backwoods
So Vaughan stopped us all Get a thing

26th October 2020

13

Runners' Cancelled Half Marathon

R - runners gathered after sunrise on Sunday

U - undeterred by announcement:

N - no Cardiff Half this year.

N - normal gathering and social distancing

E - excited and

R - ready to run from

S - St Asaph cathedral.

C - city

A - asaph

N - nobly substituting

C - Caerdydd stadium.

E - eagerly waiting runners

L - looking and listening. But hey, No

L - loudhailer to set them on their way.

E - exited Asaph,

D - didn't look back.

H - Harriers

A - away with

L - loosened

F - fibres

M - marathon muscles

A - arguably

R - ready and Yes, they're running.

A - altogether,

T - timing fine-tuned. And already it's

H - homeward bound.

O - opportunity today to prepare for

N - next year? Normality and new beginnings!?

18th October 2020

Sunday morning Street View

No working Chimneys. No smoke to spew or spoil the air.

A mild, clean autumn morning.

Houses boast their gardens with rounded bushes, neatly tended, cared for.

Deep red Virginia creeper hugs these homes.

Facing the stark Royal ruin where ancient and modern sit in harmony.

Castle surrounded by aged, cobbled, mossy path; bounded by stone walls, wooden and metal gates.

At the Cross Road separating street from street, dividing today from its history.

Grey stone dwellings, in single row, with gaily painted windows, doors and gates.

Green, white, brown and black interplaying with landscape.

Today the artist's palette creates a mottled sky: Blues, browns, white and greys.

A Sunday morning scene. Still and calm.

Crows swoop into trees and castle walls, diving swiftly, silently between the nooks and crannies.

Chased by seagulls at the point of battle; fighting over discarded crusts and bread.

Nonchalantly, seconds later, walking fence tops; surveying from their ridge tile perch.

Corvidae calling and circling, as if mocking Sturnus' murmuration.

Movement and stillness span and merge Eight centuries; Time and Change.

Black tarmacadamed road contrasts the multicolour:

Red, black, blue, grey motors lining the dark matt Highway surface.

Dogs and owners step out from the sleepiness and warmth of home.

Small dogs, Larger dogs. One on a leash, Another canine freely roams. Starting and stopping between lamp and telegraph poles.

Sniffs the stark wooden pole caressed by spindly, weaving, leafless ivy.

Distant sounds and sights interrupt, guarding wandering mind to Twenty-Twenty.

Motorists abide the red bordered warning.

Low speed despite no minors crossing.

Children silent this Sunday.

Distinct, slightly muffled but what a roar.

Somewhere between distant skyline pylons and local satellite saucer.

Motorbike cacophony cutting through the air.

Sun soaks far away hills; trees gleam watery-rose.

Sunday morning's Street view. An enduring canvas,

Today, many yester-days and countless yester-years. Tomorrow and more.

Century-proofed. Corporeal collage.

Moyra A Baldwin

18th October 2020

11

Autumn Alphabet

Autumn following months of prohibited walks,
Beauty all around. Meeting within permitted boundary.
Clocaenog, vast and welcoming where
Deciduous trees abide in harmony with
Evergreen; wondrous traditional plantation.
Forest trails, flooded paths, fungi: the Fly agaric.
Graced by colours of golds, green and glittering sun
Hiraethog showcasing its hues: a walker's heaven
Invigorating the heart and soul
Jaded for so long by the
Killing isolation of
Lockdown rules and laws.
Mesmerised now by the joy
Nature has provided on this
October day. Splendid Oaks,
Panoramic views, paths punctuated with mud and pools.
Quietness, so audible, so visibly loud
Rupturing and redeeming painful
Solitude. Spectacular smells of the forest,
Timber and felled trees,
U3A, unfrozen, engaged again
Viewing the exquisite Vale vistas.
Walkers' 'Waw' in the 'here and now'. No, no need for
Xerox.
You and I in real time. No, no need for
Zoom!! Now Zen-like.

Moyra A Baldwin
P30 Rhuthun/Ruthin U3A
9th October 2020

10

Autumn Covid

Six months and more,
Hear the sounds of great weariness
Disgruntled, bad tempered exchanges
Between, and among, the power wielders.
'Lack of evidence' say Opposers
Demands of 'logic' claim Proponents
It's 'Go with the flow' for the Population
Resigned to Travel bans, Local Lockdowns,
Treatment delays, Redundancies and more.

The R rate regulated the early days
Same R now influenced by the living.
Test and Trace catastrophes, PPE chaos.
Yet more Covid, new Long Covid and nasty debility.
Labelled Covid patients, Covid deaths, Covid trends.
People depersonalised, Persons dehumanised.
Unique individuals, loved ones, lost to labels and lists.

Depressing, frustrating. Yes, demoralising.
And feckless, shabby, public figures breach
The rules they passed for everyone's benefit.

The country on its knees yet poised to survive
Fights for right to work and employment;
Entertainment and merriment too.

Invention, innovation and good intention
Create new jobs, new businesses, and Hope.
For now, Liquidation and Administration stalled.
Thank goodness for the Imagination:
Drive-thru dining, Drive-in weddings....
Should we not count our Blessings?

Moyra A Baldwin
P30 Rhuthun/Ruthin U3A
6th October 2020

Borrowed, Muddled and Befuddled

In the beginning was the Virus
 And the Virus was in our community
 And the Virus was Corona(19)

Corona Corona where have you been?
 I've been around the World,
 Where there's no Vacc..ine!
 Corona Corona what did you there?
 I spread infection throughout the air!

To test or not to test that is the challenge:
 Whether 'tis wiser in the end to suffer
 The symptoms of illness: no taste, no smell
 Or to isolate, quarantined from others
 And by deciding, risk Wrath.

Oh, to be in Britain
 Now that Covid's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That aged seniors have been imprisoned
 In Care-homes where all were terribly shunned
 And students crave Freshers week, Uni. life
 In UK - Strife!!

No, don't go to England
 Now stricter laws, there.
 And whoever strays to England
 Finds, no welcome. Be aware.
 Don't stray over border, don't meet your mate
 To congregate in groups of six or eight
 Not sure which place or time correct? What mess
 In England - Yes.

Oh to be in Cymru
 Now that Covid's spread
 And whoever wakes in Cymru
 Sees, one morning, yet more dead.
 With Ysbyty Enfys, built and ready
 Admitting patients, may influx steady.
 While the virus shows its pandemic mark.
 In Cymru, Fach.

Don't come to me Covid Nineteen
The truth is I never want you
All through my old age
My safe existence
I'll keep my mask on
You keep your distance

It isn't easy, it's awful strange
Whenever I listen to the news
That I still need to lockdown after all that has been
You won't relieve me
And again it is true that Denbigh is shut
The Vale's not open to explore
A tired hostage to you

You had to make it happen, it had to change
Couldn't stop all the crowds flocking in
Walking out for some freedom, staying in for the fun

So they chose freedom
Running around, going anywhere new
But nothing prevented it all
I never expected it to

Don't come to me Covid Nineteen
The truth is I never want you
All through my old age
My safe existence
I'll keep my mask on
You keep your distance

Have I blamed too much?
There's so much more I could scream and shout about you.
But all you need to do is leave, please let us go
To breathe in air so pure

Moyra A Baldwin
P30 Rhuthun/Ruthin U3A

1st October 2020

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
29th July 2020

7

Lockdown 100

Lockdown declared.

Life ensnared.

Cancelled groups and meetings.

Appointments abandoned, suspended volunteering

No hospice day-care, no DeafBlind supporting,

No driving tutoring, no Sunday in-church worshipping.

A changed Easter and Bank holidays.

No celebrated Birthdays or Anniversaries.

Wretched arrangements for deaths and cemeteries.

Holiday rebooking. Rethinking banking,

Bills and shopping. Reading and TV watching,

Walking, running.

Cooking, cleaning and domesticity

Photo capturing for some clarity.

Crafting cards, U3A creations, letter writing.

Lighting candles, nightly. Weekly clapping

With neighbours chatting.

Re-Registration and volunteer application.

WhatsApp celebration and communication.

Writing poems. Cats and husband wizard stewards

My hundred days in one hundred words.

Moyra A Baldwin

30th June 2020

6

The joys of a summer walk.

A steep green slope lay beyond the wooden stile that fixed the starting point to an afternoon's walk. Sweltering heat and an almost vertical climb, the perfect combination to make one unable to talk. Ahead, sheer wall. Looking back, every so often was an expanse of landscape slowly being revealed. By the stops and starts that rescued both breath and heart rates, giving the body time to be steeled. Hardly a plateau gave way to the continuing ascent that had surely been a great walking world. For I discovered the man-made indentations from trodden grass – large footsteps that unfurled. Glancing backwards again to see the unfolding scene below, ahead, and to north, east and west. Another stile. Time for breath. There the opening for man's best friend, giving dogs a perfect rest. No dog had we, so climbed the step and then the next. Bent knee, raised leg and one foot over. Turning around, grabbing side posts. The same again, then reversed, aided by near perfect posture? Safely on the other side, more incline needed treading before signs of a summit came to view. A path ahead with gorse and thorny indentations but it was the heather that really changed the hue. The trail veered left encircling the summit. A right turn at the waymark that pointed to the Moel. Guided us towards the peak, past years of memories of Solstice sunsets and picnics on upland soil.

Three hundred and sixty degree views. Of the Vale, distant hills, another Moel and more. A hillfort? Yes, one or two taking the advantage of their position here and there. Turbines. Not a single cohort. But a farm interrupting the once free seascape. For centuries not an obstacle obscured clear horizon. No time to reminisce the past for fear of enlisting cold reaction. Captivation, this is not an attraction. The downward slope a fertile ground with stroller walkers harvesting the annual crop of winberries. Their bodies bent, head close to the ground, people carrying pot or bag to collect, oh, such goodies. Descending. An unclear path through heather gives way to broad and meandering stony sheep trail. Arriving at a carpark next 'the road to face another climb and hill. The gradient looks a kinder scale. Not stony. No heather. No gorse, nor thorn. A smooth, soft, gentle, green ascending course to tread. Allowing time to talk and walk. We wonder how or what the Lockdown journey plan will be ahead. Let's not spoil the day with idle contemplation where nature's cabinet is full and begs our scrutiny. Sight and hearing have been indulged. Taste, and smell truly stirred. Everything feels so very sunny. Isolation, deprived of liberty - neither blighted the route's elevation or our distanced walk in convoy. Absorbed by reflection, a tad introspection, time and distance past by quickly. It was, indeed, a joy.

Moyra Baldwin
Ruthin and District U3A

26th June 2020

5

Dishonouring surviving.

Desperation and devastation, the uncertain sequel to a proud history, to freedom.
Lockdown's legacy mars celebration with desecration that besmirches civilisation.
Despair, inflamed by ignorance and indifference, invites hatred.
Hatred that blemishes the sacrifices made by generations past and present.
Dishonouring surviving.

Disguised as democracy virulence, violence and violations infest decency.
History's symbols toppled, defiled, shrouded. Demolishing biography.
Determined, unscrupulous, chaotic attacks infiltrate humanity.
Dishonouring surviving.

Wreckage followed weeks of lockdown, months of suffering. Shattered lives.
Unsightly, unjust, unfair. Unwrapped ugliness. Unbearable.
Dishonouring surviving.

Life post-Covid: some novel normality? Not entirely confined. Constrained.
Honouring surviving and dying?

Moyra Baldwin
Ruthin and District U3A

18th June 2020

4

Musings on Covid

March was the genesis of Covid, misfortune and privation
Magnificence and beauty assured less deprivation.
For nature as always exercised her nurturing style for spirit and soul
Oft noticed whilst taking the singularly, lonesome stroll.
Daffodils in bloom brightened gardens and verges
Walking in countryside amused by colour and aroma; wafting in wonderful surges.

April blessed with weather so fair and woodlands preparing to change their hue
First brown, then shades of green, some mixed with white ahead of gentle blue.
Delighting the senses, stimulating thoughts and rekindling memory of old
Remembering too more recent connections, some rare and bold, yet none is cold.
Bedevelled by crisis the nation remains halted; our futures postponed
Its impact ambiguous, significant and vast; and, openly, only some groaned.

Footsteps traipsed along pavements narrow, a stile providing access to timely escape
Into wide, open spaces, a bordered field, soon that walking route effortlessly took shape.
Meadows, hillsides, streams, some small brooks, provided stillness, wilderness and calm
Few interruptions from people or dogs with herds of heifers; inquisitive, they are no harm.
Dandelion, daisies, dock leaves aplenty fully carpeting a sunny afternoon's ramble
Bleats signal lambs back toward the flock and all the while they play a justified gambol.

Politicians, scientists, epidemiologists unite and appraise The Evidence; divorced
From the scene of this remodelled landscape hushed into peace they had to enforce.
Blossom and blue bells dance to a musical breeze, birds in hedgerows ring out their tunes
April is history, we've walked into May and soon we'll be wondering how we'll welcome June.
So, to final reflections ahead of returning home. The old order so far away on these marvellous days
"Streets are not empty they're filled with love"; retain for the future. New ways. Always.

Moyra A Baldwin
Ruthin and District U3A
9th May 2020

3

It was the Fifth Friday Lockdown
Lunchtime news on BBC Wales
Welsh First Minister stands alarmingly erect at the podium
Pronouncing the Assembly Government's great new Plan.

Presenting from his notes in slow, steady mono-syll-a-bles
Moving slowly from syllable to syllable, word to word. De-lib-er-ately.
Delivering polysyllabic words with staggering, unattractive emphasis.

Emerging. What is the Plan for Wales's post- Covid future?
Feel safe. Failsafe. Seven questions proffered to the broadcast screens
Standing by, an audience of journalists each poised to interrogate
Interrogator One, Two, Three, and More...

Manila coloured, superficial questions posed slowly and with great intent
Interruptions, there were none
No dialogical critiques extorted. So, so disappointing. Unexpected ...
Unbending repetition kept this listener none the wiser.

Welsh Government's Great New Plan staged Newsworthy?
Not likely, mere hyperbole. No more News for me.
My mind made up, unplugged TV.
Vital Plan Switched Off, you see.

Moyra Baldwin
Ruthin and District U3A

24th April 2020

2

Inspired by Covid

Perennial snowdrops flowered, the early spring equinox dawned
Inviting lengthening days
Churchillian-like the Leader asserted Covid lockdown
A slightly wary public was commanded
To Stay home. Protect our NHS. Save lives.
Kitchener's 'Your Country Needs You' interpolation revisited.

The directive that insulted, it challenged our heroic forefathers' hard-fought freedoms.
Panic-stricken shoppers demolished supermarket shelves
A plague. Unknown. Incomprehensible. Indiscriminant.

The sick, the weak, the vulnerable and septuagenarians confined
To homes, houses, flats and apartments
Sorrier victims imprisoned by circumstance to a room, if lucky
Unfortunates share minute meterage with bed, sink and loo

Stockpiled goods for some; hunger, poverty, devastation and destitution others
Opportunities to exploit, cheat and steal render otherwise unassailable seniors to full-blown angst
Fed by journalists' reports; relentless rolling news
A Thesaurus of terms spew in torrents
Abominable, heinous, monster virus, sombre, despairing, pessimistic, bleak
A wretched time indeed
And darkness befalls. Engulfs.

Art galleries, builders' merchants, cafes and depots closed
Astounding silence where once machine and operator hummed in synchronised production
Servants threatened by unyielding demands. Exhausted. Overwhelmed. Drained.

Then came the weekly CLAP
Wondrous support to nourish spirit and soul. The caring Carers Loved, Applauded Publicly.
Unity. Love. Affection.
Unrivalled benevolent compassion.
Heroes and critics allied.

And after darkness came the light. The Easter message typified?
Hungry to help. Engaged in charity. Decency arisen midst desolation
Acts of kindness, mammoth gestures. Annexed thoughts of troubled prospects
Young and old joined by in-betweens
Harmonise to thwart Covid victories.

Moyra Baldwin
Ruthin and District U3A

15th April 2020

Corona virus 2019

Corona virus 2019

One of its kind.

Ruining lives, livelihood and liberty.

Oh onerous, offensive

Nauseating, nihilistic

And anarchic attacker

Vindictive, virulent, vicious virus

Idiscriminantly infecting innocent

Recipients. Responsible for reactionary

Uncompromising, undemocratic utterances.

Singularly set out in Statesmen's speeches

2019 Twenty Nineteen is its suffix

2020 Twenty Twenty - Stay home, Save lives. That's the FIX

Moyra Baldwin

Ruthin and District U3A

15th April 2020