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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.

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