



2020 - A Coronavirus Tale

2020 - What a year!

Loss of the freedom we all hold dear.

Boris had told us to stay at home

“Wash your hands”, he said, “Make space,
Don’t hug your friends, don’t touch your face.”

A deadly virus had arrived on our shores

(It certainly wasn’t from Santa Claus!)

It came from Wuhan, a place in China

And spread among passengers on an ocean liner.

‘Twas transmitted by bats and pangolins

(Perhaps to punish us for all our sins.)

A coronavirus like the common cold

Affecting all humanity and lethal for the old.

Lockdown was announced on March 23rd

“Stay home, save lives, protect our NHS” we heard.

Empty streets and empty buses, nobody stirred.

Pubs and shops closed, toilet rolls gone as the days rolled on.

Headlines in papers every day,

“Makes a change from Brexit,” we had to say.

Just one walk was allowed for exercise

To the park maybe, fresh air, blue skies,

An escape from being stuck indoors

With nothing to do apart from the chores.

We stopped the virus reaching its peak,

We clapped for carers once a week

And Captain Tom, a dear old chap,

Walked round his garden lap by lap.

He raised money for our NHS

Thirty million pounds no less!

A star the world over in his declining years

His hundredth birthday had me in tears.

Summer came and lockdown was over,

Beaches were packed from Penzance to Dover.

A day by the sea was my idea of heaven


So we made our way to Cuckmere Haven.

We walked by the river and down to the beach

The cliffs of Seven Sisters within our reach.

The seagulls were swooping, the tide coming in,

A wonderful day to remember within.



The second wave arrived and infections went up
Tier 1, 2 or 3 - which will it be?
Again Boris said we must all stay at home
Apart from those who are living alone.
The rules keep changing, we're very confused,
You can be in a bubble but who will you choose?
You must order a meal if you go to a pub,
Does a scotch egg count as substantial pub grub?
But a vaccine is coming from Pfizer no less
Others will follow and relieve our distress
So we'll keep to the rules and the regulations
And patiently wait for our vaccinations.

In December a new strain of the virus emerged
Just before Christmas - our plans will be purged.
A new tier was formed, Boris had changed his mind,
He had no option, but it was so unkind.
We can't travel and we can't mix,
The new strain had caused us to be in this fix.
So we'll make the best of it for just one year
And hope to celebrate Christmas without any fear,
For the vaccine's arrived from Pfizer no less
And with others to follow we'll get out of this mess!

March 23rd twenty twenty one,
A Day of Reflection as we soldier on
Through a year like no other we have known before,
A year when emotions have been so raw.
A year when our lives were full of doubt
When wave upon wave of infections broke out.
So many people whose lives have been lost,
So many people who are counting the cost.
We've all tried to cope in our different ways,
A phone call, a cheery word, brightened our days
And helped us remember to give thanks and praise.
Thanks for key workers who have kept us going,
Thanks for new life that keeps on growing,
Thanks for our family and all our friends,
Thanks for the vaccines on which life depends.
A Cross of Hope in Winchester Cathedral
To remember the loss of so many people,
And one year on, as we pause for thought,
We pray for an end to the battle we've fought.

Pam Thomas

This poem was composed in December 2020. The final verse was added on March 23rd 2021, the anniversary of the first lockdown.