

CARER FRIENDLY POETRY COMPETITION

#showyoucare

Lockdown
Have we lived in lockdown for eighteen
years?
It would seem so.

Social isolation is what we fought
against:
teaching our daughter to play,
to connect,
to meet,
to greet each day
and to be less afraid,
to give and receive hugs,
if only tentatively.

And she succeeded in functioning,
up to a point
in this confusing,
haphazard
contradictory
bombarding
place of a world
that was not her world
but also is.

And so we lived in lockdown then,
socially
to an extent of course,
and also protectively,
mentally,
proudly,
completely
as a family.
And we still do.

So all this talk of "lockdown;"
keeping out of people's way
is not as big a deal
as it could be.

It brings its challenges
but also a bit of respite
for her;
no buses or trains
to have to negotiate,
no strangers
or extraneous sounds.

And we watch from our citadel
as the world, for a while,
reduces to ours.
But it is really no reduction
is it?

No, more a concentration,
an appreciation,
a time of dedication even.

Perhaps we are holding our breath
until everything explodes again.
But until that time
Our "breath" is what we sail on
into the blue.

"This provides such a great insight into
the life of a carer and the effects of the
Lockdown"

Peter Dawson

