

## CORONA DAYS

Corona days, trudging along the silent towpath  
of the canal, wishing that it was the sea,  
each day I hear, singing along the airwaves,  
fresh news of death, divorce, disability.

How distant now the days when I was battling,  
three months ago, to set the world to rights.  
Now, every trivial move must be considered.  
I gasp for sea air. I envy the red kites

that wheel above us, back from near-extinction,  
enraptured, each day feasting on roadkill.  
Celandines, crowsfoot fringe the path where few now  
step out, spring colours, radiant and cruel.

*Merryn Williams*