

Sea Fever as lock-down eases

(Profound apologies and thanks to John Masefield)

I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky
And all I ask is a car park, and a WC nearby
And the wide beach and the gulls' screech, and the kids' faint screaming
As they run wild as is right for a child while I lie dreaming.

I must go down to the sea again, for the call of its boundless spaces
After weeks inside can't be denied – kids, get your coats, tie your laces -
And all I ask is some time and ease , with the children happy playing,
For my mind to expand as I lie on the sand 'til the sky starts greying

I must go down to the sea again, to a space that is wider than walls,
A space to run and a space to think and a space into which thought falls
And multiplies as the cloudscape flies, in the wild wind blowing
As the seagull cries and my spirits rise, as my mind begins re-growing.

I must go down to the sea again, to escape this prison cell
Of a Covid life of domestic strife and of kids not coping well
My only need to be briefly freed, a chance for us all to recover
And a sense of peace and a quiet sleep, when the long drive home is over.