



Self-isolation due to the Corona virus – 9th April, 2020.

What is going on in Somerford Mead?
I am stuck in my house and can hardly breathe.

I want to go out, hear the cuckoo call,

See the curlew fly and, above all

Touch the frits that are flowering beside the Thames

View the Evenlode at the point where it ends,

Think of the treatments while I walk,

And of writing papers or giving a talk,

I can only hope that the floods came again

That the cow-grazed plots of botanical fame

Are beginning to flower and attract the bees

That nest in the ground or survive in the trees

Where willow flowers provide them with food.

Writing this poem has changed my mood.

It has opened my windows and met my need

For the open skies of Somerford Mead.

Alison W. McDonald