

INCOMMUNICADO

Suddenly we had no friends
and news came in of separations,
divorces, things generally falling
apart. We had to queue for food
and constantly wash our hands,
take walks around the garden
and remember to phone relatives
who were otherwise on their own.
But bird scarer bangs continued
to punctuate the morning quiet
as the sun slowly warmed the day.
Reading became a major pastime
and we sat outside to drink
any bottles of wine we had left.
Our cat got used to sharing
her territory, the birds carried on
as usual. Some of the students
came to classes online, others
sent joke emails, most simply
became incommunicado, went
to ground. My work here is done.

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