

Beak Doctors

We're wandering about by day
Keeping each other at bay
Some of us wearing face masks
Carrying out our daily tasks
Of getting some shopping in
Without touching anything
Like revenants who think we're still living-

Wiping down the supermarket baskets
With disinfectant
Like over-scrupulous neurotics
Or priests polishing communion cups

(One wonders if those orange tops
Will ever be back in the shops)

Meanwhile pinstripes in Whitehall
Are beginning to doubt all
Their weird science, Sage guidance,
"Herd immunity", nudge units -

27,000 souls departed and counting -
It's a strange kind of social engineering
Wearing down the generations' engines -

Is it the underequipped nurses
Or the newly departed
We're supposed to be clapping?

Is this virus really a leveller
Or simply a revealer?

Our enemy is invisible,
But then it always is, as is evil,
As is the longest serving visitation
That ever descended on this nation:
The Conservative virus -
For which there's never been a vaccination -

Ironic socialism
Of Keynesian economics
Tories can only countenance
If they don't have to see the consequence

We are all anchorites now

We must keep apart to keep together

(Apart from the unemployed)

Who are encouraged to be fruit pickers)

And in this strange transparent plague
The shape of our salvation's vague
But a shadow proctor
The grotesque shape of a beak doctor
Pecking at the buttercups
Pecking at the buttercups

The buttercups in meadows

Alan Morrison

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