

Isolation Stories 2

*A selection of Short poems based on
Lockdown during Covid-19*

A.S.K.I

Advice Support Knowledge Information

Results Are As Follows

I am delighted to announce the winners of the Covid-19 poetry competition. We have not corrected grammar and or spelling as we wanted it to be in the language of the writer. The competition was judged by Jay Hendricks a noted published writer.

1st Place

COVID & I

by Mohammed Al Hussein

2nd Place

FRONTLINE GODDESS

by Beverly Dixon

3rd Place

LOCKDOWN LOCKDOWN

by Sonia Mongal

4th Place

ISOLATION, PANIC STRICKEN, LOCKDOWN

by Marie Chantal Ramon

5th Place

THEY SENT ME A LETTER

by Gem Watson

Joseph Jeffers CEO ASKI

COVID & I

The impossible is no longer a distant thought
Escaping reality is not something that can be bought
Loneliness is becoming the normality
Luxuries we once knew are merely a vanity
Our weakness and our pain

Makes us wonder if we were ever sane
The earth has spoken and we are listening
The stars are awake and are glistening
We will once again, go back to the past
Ignore this experience and pretend it never last

Generations to come, will recall are expressions
Our failures now, will be a history of our transgressions
Humans now have the courage to forget
But let's be sure this is not our biggest regret
We are a dot on this deadly path

Be kind and caring and always make sure you laugh!

Having been through it all, together we still stand
We've been patient,
calm and collective
but can't wait to join the band

Mohammad Al-Hussaini

Frontline Goddess

Tall and willowy, healing hands on fevered brows
Strong arms raise the fearful up, enveloping the weak.
Mechanical breaths fight the bitter heart of the virus,
silence as the coughing stops.

Wandering thoughts, her island of turquoise springs
the fountain of youth lifts her from the green depths of the
Blue Lagoon.

Droplets like sheer ice trickle down her silky skin,
dreamlike she walks towards the bank.

Tropical flowers waft their scented trail as she brushes past,
Cerise vines guide her path through shafts of sunlight.

Whimpering echo calls from the needy.

What will she find?

An elderly man, a small child.

This virus is indiscriminate.

Heightened senses move her on.

Siblings huddled in quiet corners saddening the hardest heart.

Listening through veils of tears:

Covid-19, Covid-19, suspected of having Covid-19.

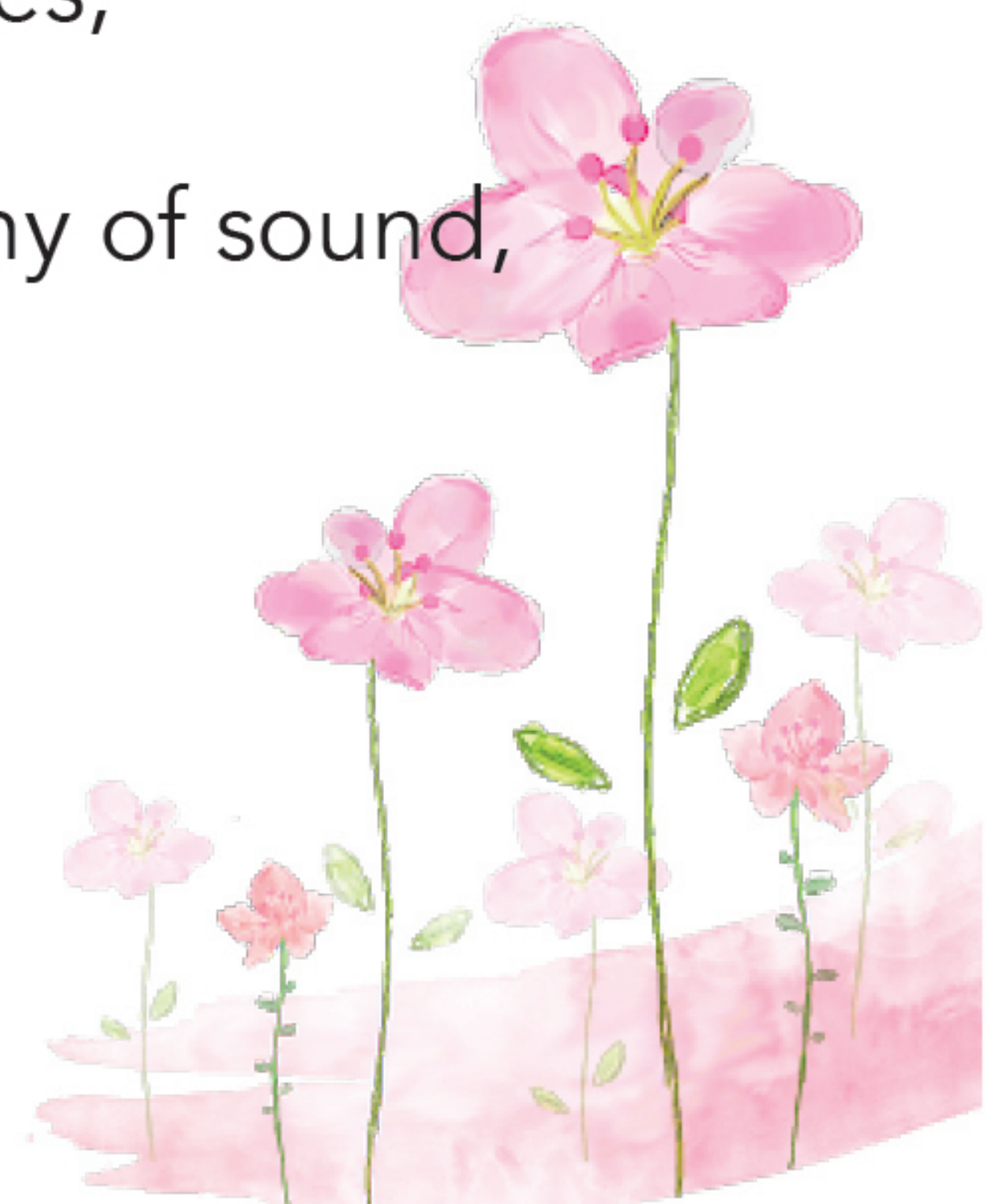
Tragedy struck nine days ago and here we are again.

Pausing she satisfies their questioning voices,
donning gowns, gloved arms bent.

Hissing automatic doors herald a cacophony of sound,
rattling instruments on metal trays,
porters' beds on squeaking floors,
monitors capturing every beat.

She returns to work once more.

Mrs Beverly Dixon



Lockdown Lockdown

Sitting at the window observing a ghost town,
cleaning windows I have never done before,

Always trying to find things to do,
reading books my girls left behind, baking cakes muffins and
all kind.

Listening in the mornings to the beautiful singing birds so
glad there are back. Looking forward in the evening to see
the beautiful parakeets there vibrant colours, and just to
know there are back.

The squirrels chattering and being annoying,
clapping every Thursday for the NHS and all front line
people full of appreciation,

Praying the lord will bring us all closer together,
The family always proving support, bringing gifts of wine and
flowers, making sure my shopping is always top up.
Neighbours being kind and wanting to help with shopping,
a quick chat, a kind word, GP ringing, conversation going.

Close friends always ringing just checking on my wellbeing,
that the old Girl's still going

14th weeks of lockdown cooking and sharing,
Baking and sharing with others its a blessing,
Its hard being alone, but you have to accept it,
I pray with Gods help we'll meet again.

Sonia Mongal



Isolation, Panic Stricken – Lockdown

No daily aqua class

No social interactions therefore

No weekly hairdresser visits

No regular theatre and cinema going

No more regular coffee meetings with friends at Nero

No voluntary weekly service for meals on wheels

No church service on Sundays

Three aborted holidays from airport shutdown (complete standstill) I had to be mentally and physically stable to focus on new ways to keep occupied and beat loneliness as an older active person.

Back to basics, house friendly chores (what a bore), daily physical exercise in and outdoors as self-survival kit. Experimenting and preparing healthy meals. Time for reading viewing TV to keep up with regular COVID 19 reports, how it was affecting the whole world, feeling anxious and stressed at times “the not knowing what to expect”.

The melancholy of friends and family passing from COVID 19, breaking my heart!

My sanity was held together by regular contact with family and friends, especially my grandchildren. I became very passionate picking up a new hobby, gardening which kept me mentally and physically focused, not looking back. I was able to shop at designated times for the elderly avoiding the long queues. Togetherness became the new norm, coming out to clap for the NHS, younger neighbours offering help to me if needed, making sure I was well cared for and safe.



Looking forward towards the easing of lockdown so I can meet family and friends I haven't seen for over 10 weeks, the future is not looking as bleak. Believing and praying that everything will be alright giving us a new insight for future living.

Marie Chantal Ramon

They Sent Me A Letter

They sent me a text, they sent me a letter
With things I must do
Ok by me, twelve weeks they said lockdown
No outings at all, it won't be a ball.

A walk in the garden is all you can do.
Someone would have to run errands for you.

My daughters bring goodies neighbours and friends too.
They knock, and almost disappear from view.
We stand on the door step and have a chat.
But Corona put a stop to more than that.
NO kisses and hugs So we don't get bugs

It's back to the garden to watch it bloom and the grass grow
Then for my exercise – give it a mow

Thank God for the fine weather
And his assurance that we'll all soon
be together.

Gem Wason



I Sit In My Room

As I sit in my room, a thousand things running through my mind...
I hear the word **Isolation** and realise that I am alone.



Why me?
What have I done?
What is the reason?
What is the resolution?

Then the answer came...
There is a virus on the land!
There is a virus in the air!
You must stay indoors; you will be safe!
Gone are the hugs, gone are the laughs!
How will I cope? What will I do?

I am not used to staying indoors, I am not used to being alone...

Isolation. Away from family, away from friends, when will this end?
Retired, but busy. Am I slow now? Is this the end?
Am I now redundant in this **Isolation** game?
Then answer came... Be strong! Be brave! Be bold!
You will make it!

I questioned the virus; who are you? What is your assignment?
I tell it, you do not belong here! You are not welcome!
I cannot see you and I cannot hear you! I am strong! I am brave!
I am bold! Standing here with the strength to carry on!

You will not beat me. **Isolation** is now my friend.
I read and I research because knowledge is power.
I **will** overcome the **Isolation** game.

The End

Lockdown With My Mother

I chose to spend lockdown with my mother,
I could not think to spend it with no other.

My daughter a keyworker was best left alone, she loved that idea
and didn't moan.

I stayed with my mother a high-risk category, I had control of the
Coronavirus which worried me.

I cleaned every door handle, phone, and surface, I shampooed the
car inside and out with purpose.

My mother and I listened to the news every day, waiting for the
government to pave the way.

But we were told to stay at home and wash our hands, whilst the
keyworkers fort the frontline of which we were their biggest fans.

Now we are stuck inside what do-we do, no job, no gym, no social
life, and no clue.

So we create a weekly routine to make life more fun, gardening,
dancing to music a walk and a run.

Now as the lockdown rules start to subside, the Acha social club
will be back on the road with pride.

Our mother-daughter relationship has grown with memories and
laughter, and she turns to me with a glass of wine and says
"mi one daughta"

Marcia Chung



A Crisis, A Pandemic

A crisis, a pandemic, a severe lockdown
When no one seems to be walking in town
This virus is so evil it destroys families

I guess it is all just a new reality
We stay home, we stay safe

Year 2020 is turning into a disgrace
A disease that spreads one to another
Then takes two weeks to show it's cover

We were not ready for this even when it was a threat

The decisions we made we live to regret
As we rise and beat this virus

Then we shall return to highness

Jade Levene-Endfield



A Poem Of Thought During This Lockdown

Since the start of this lockdown
I feel as if I've been knocked around.

Not being able to the family that loves us has made me wonder
when they'll come again in their droves.

The sad and painful thing is not knowing when this stressful
thing will end.

Going through my shopping list making sure everything I need is
accounted for.

All the essentials and reminiscing on the potentials
Then I look through my window and remember I haven't taken
my gingko.

I do like to socialise and at time
vocalise As I do have a great sense
of humour which has often been the
rumour

But most of all I do miss my family
and I don't say this uncannily
We will meet again some day even it
happens in the rain.

Mama Grace



Lockdown In Three Months

Lockdown was a burden to bear, something I was not prepared for. It goes to show that nothing in this physical world is certain. Change can come at any given time, living on my own is no problem.

I get on with my daily life, meeting up with friends, family and loved ones, also having fellowship with spiritual endeavours.

We were told by government that we should isolate because of the pandemic this was certainly a bitter pill to swallow. It seemed like prisoners in our own homes I did not know what to expect. This was the new norm. It was an odd feeling of despair, being cut off from family, friends and loved ones. To say the least it was daunting at first.

However as time passed I shook myself off and consoled myself. I said "now look you will have to get on with life as best as possible". I braved myself and looked to the future, by faith praying as usual was my source of strength and support.

I had shelter and my family looked after me with anything I needed. Conversing with family, friends and loved ones by phone was also comforting, knowing that somebody was there.

Seeing the worldwide news about the many deaths were overwhelming and disturbing and on top of that as if there was not enough to bear, the horrible death of George Floyd was an added dilemma. My prayer is that this world would be a better place for all.



I pass the time relaxing, reading, sitting outside in the garden meditating and trying to make peace with myself in my own sanity.

Seeing and observing the kindness showed to front line workers and those who never stop but kept on going to feed the Shut ins and needy was heart-warming.

This disease has no respect for people it has reached the house of parliament as well as the poor man in the street. This should be an eye opener for all mankind.

Some times when we are lonely and we long to hear gods voice, or troubled, uncertain and afraid to make a choice, and no one seems to listen, and the heavens are silent. How can we keep trusting when no answers seem to come?

Fear not, for still he hears us: we can never slip his gage, he loves and reassures us in a thousand ways, he speaks with many voices if we are by Claudine Hunte patient and aware.

We'll surely hear his answers and we know we're in his tender care!

Claudine Hunte

Isolation Limerick

ACHA were all in lockdown
Members trying hard not to frown
Then Chair Fay decreed
A poem's what we need
So this is my ode to lockdown

Bob Bishop



The Sun Has Got Its Hat On

The sun has got its hat on we have got our masks on
The virus has taught us anew way to live. No more family visits
No more fun days out. we must only mix with who we live with
There are rules we cannot flout.

My kitchen has become a restaurant.
Dinner booked twice a week.
My fella and I get dressed up to go downstairs to eat.
I have discovered that I can cook well.
and I'm pretty good at baking
And look here I am a poet in the making..

I get fed up like everyone else. So I find support on line.
Where I can moan and talk of how I am feeling
It's so much better than clinging to the ceiling.
My back garden has become a fascination
As I number the different wildlife
Especially the featherd nation.

All in all this lockdown has given me some gifts, I have even learnt
to sew. I would not have even tried before, If you had asked me to
darn a socket I would have told you where to go

I now pray to God every day to help us find a cure if he can
Although I know this virus has nought to do with God And all to
do with man.

I'm sure we will all come out of this
stronger than before And live will
no longer be a danger

Walking out of our front door.

Elizabeth. Mcmanus



In Isolation

I awake in the mornings and say thanks to the Lord
It is going to be a nice day
I look out the window the birds are feeding on the street and in
the gardens

It is going to be a nice day
I go downstairs the sun is shining and I can hear birds
It is going to be a nice day

No shopping no meeting up with friends
It is going to be a nice day

Can't go to my social club
It is going to be a nice day

But never mind it is going to be a nice day
I am 80 years old it is a nice day

Fay Chung



E: info@aski.org.uk | T: 020 8683 2191

Head Office

33 Brigstock Road | Thornton Heath | Croydon | CR7 7JJ

www.aski.org.uk

A.S.K.I

Advice Support Knowledge Information

