

Social Distance

by R J Tomlin

I don't know how long it's been like this; I soon stopped counting days,
I can't remember a time before this – prior to these strange old ways,
2020'll be my year – gosh, how wrong I was with that,
I picked up so much speed last year – it's like my ski run just hit flat,
Now I'm queueing outside Morrison's, making sure to keep my space,
Forever sanitising hands, a sweaty mask upon my face,
But I've got good family and friends, so I've been lucky in this instance,
But even still, I've really felt this social... distance.

It was alien to start with – we were all confused,
Sceptical and fearful, spending too much time on the news,
We did Zoom quizzes and catchups, anything to pass the time,
We cancelled classes, clubs and courses, rekindled hobbies left behind,
But when's the last time I saw Grandma? When's the last time I hopped on a plane?
Even if this all gets lifted, will things ever be the same?
Sometimes I think back to 'Lockdown 1', and wonder all the things we've missed since,
Since we've had to keep this social... distance,

We missed birthdays, weddings, holidays – our bucket lists have grown,
We've been forced to spend more time than ever simply on our own,
Some people never got to see their loved ones lowered in the ground,
Funerals are even worse with only half your friends around,
Are we at the middle chapter, or are we near that final part?
Or have we barely scratched the surface, and hardly made it past the start?
We're social creatures fighting off this very primal instinct,
We want to do so much but we're having to resist it,
For the first time ever we might be forced to be alone at Christmas,
I just wonder when we'll see the end of all this social... distance.