

## Lockdown Ghosts: a poem of socially distanced verse

By Robin Treefellow

We have all become lockdown ghosts.  
Dwelling as spectres  
in the electric ghost of screens.  
Huddled sheep-like against the  
fear of the spectre of Covid Nineteen.  
Ghosts all day  
we only venture out to keep  
to our path.

Nervous about other ghosts  
fearful of infection,  
fragmented into pandemic robots.  
Ghosts aren't alive or dead.  
We are in lockdown limb-hood.  
Wraiths afraid to breathe the air or be fleetingly touched by a stranger.  
Ghost lands I find everywhere  
though the land is brimming in our absence:  
I do not find it for the better.  
So entwined are we with the earth  
we can never be apart.  
The land tells me our new ghost-lives  
are another kind of death.  
We are not ghosts meant to be living apart from each other.  
Without the gathering of humans  
There are no stories to be spoken,  
There are no happenings,  
There are no voices.  
The ghost world of lockdown is shutting us  
into the nowhere of internet and fear.  
A long funeral  
with no life to celebrate.  
We are called back  
out of the virus prison  
by the land  
open the gates  
open the ways:  
Awaken before they shut us down in the ghost lands.