

POEM

You 'Phoned

Lockdown signals gentle house arrest
Without a crime save still of being alive.
The birds, it seems, rejoice and build their nest
In purer air, their songs the earth revive.
Alone, I think, I dream and pray in peace,
I travel far in time and place, no planes
To board, no passports to be stamped, release
From servitude to coaches, cars and trains.
The world of inner space and endless time
Extends a galaxy of memories
And fantasies where royal feasts and wine
Nourish contentment, write fresh stories.

All I miss is someone with whom to share My travels and a further bliss to dare.

Brian Thorne 22 April 2020