

I've been gazing mindfully out of my window a lot over much of the last ten months, so for a change I thought I'd write about something I can't see, but which I know is there below me in the valley. And that morphed as I wrote, at what was at the time an unprecedented peak of coronavirus infection and spread. Ann Branson.

From my window

9 January 2021

It snakes, I know, though I can't see it,
orange, white and blue,
caterpillar-like, past
the river's bends,
hoots like a lamenting soul at
the unmanned crossing,
pulls into the canopied station,
and away from the silent platform,
roaring, clouding the air,
as it gathers power again.
There's just one masked passenger
behind the tinted windows,
going where most of us cannot,
past the grazing cows,
closed businesses,
the buildings that rise bigger, taller,
towards the capital of millions:
where our daughter, in blue scrubs, is busy
in a hectic ward, or
is alone in a room on the fifteenth floor
beside the river's bend
in a borough where
one in twenty has the virus,
separating, imprisoning, taking.

Though I can't see it, it is snaking fast, I know,
beside the rivers' bends.

I long for this journey's end.