



COVID - NINETEEN.

By Bill Withers

ANZAC DAY 25th APRIL 2021

Why should anyone, want to write about a pandemic, in verse?
The answer to that question would contain words, very terse.
But it need not be that way, it should be a poem of appreciation,
to those who serve us, Military, and Carers, who maintain station.

We cannot march, or pray in groups, traditionally as on Anzac Day,
but, as individuals, there is another group, to homage we must pay,
Doctors, Nurses, Health Workers, Carers, S.E.S., who risk their life,
every day, to tend the aged and infirm, and many others in strife.

The coronavirus has exposed insanity and stupidity, beyond belief,
but also exposed, compassion, for those in need of care and relief.
How can those, who fight for toilet rolls, be in the human race?
Do they say, they believe in the 'Spirit of Anzac', to save face?

Today, 25th April, we remember mates and sacrifice in the military.
We, now, add our thanks to those who serve us, to keep us healthy,
They risk their lives, helping others to maintain their sanitation,
with antiseptic soap, the washing of hands and now, vaccination.

Scientists and health leaders advise parliament of the need for laws,
to limit groups and to cover individual activity, inside and outdoors.
We must heed the advice from government to win the war, and yet,
we remember those who served us then, and now,.. Lest we forget.