

Dear Mum

I'm sure that you are busy this close to the big day
But you are in my mind and thoughts won't go away
I just wanted to call for a joke and a chat
Just like we used to. So what's wrong with that?

It's not that there's anything much I should say.
Same Covid depression, gets worse every day.
The virus mutated, improved its contagion.
Now people are locked in across all the nation.

So I couldn't have visited this year at all
And sent never so much as a card or a call
But you must know you are close to my heart
Despite all these months of us being apart

So I'm sending my love to you and to Dad
With thanks for the memories of times that we'd had
Of Christmases past that passed on too soon
Of parties and singing those 50's old tunes

Or the songs that gave comfort throughout the long war
That old Dunkirk spirit is needed once more
The invader this time just a speck of a germ
But the enemy's people too stupid to learn

They think they're immune from the bug and the rules
So they party and mingle like ignorant fools
'Til infected and weary at the revelling's end
They take the bug home to their family or friend

I'm glad you've no need to feel worried or scared
Of infection from those who so carelessly shared
But I miss you at times that still catch my heart
I think I should ring and then wake with a start

That you're no longer here, the funeral long gone
I grieved at the time and I thought I'd moved on
But just now and again I seem to forget
And remember to call you... so it's not over yet.