

When the virus hit town

At the start it was a rat who scurried through towns unknown,
People pushed it to the curve like a stray cat,
The virus didn't want to be nice anymore,
It stood on their feet and took belongings which once they
owned,
Like lives of people who were young or old,
But the one thing that the virus didn't know is that the
people on the streets wouldn't give up,
There fear was only a weapon in disguise,
They didn't know that lockdown would cause close
relationships,
Their laughter and love connected,
Instead of walking past people smiled and waved,
One day this will all end.

Poppie