

A Home-schooled Lesson in Lockdown and Confusion

I am encased – we are enclosed – in this husk shell house
within this postcode-rationed land
and the radio is chattering as the virus sweeps the nation
and at the slightest offence the kitchen tap honks
and bellows while streaming
and I'm looking down at the bug-eyed mewling cat
like it's somebody else's child
and in a corner the floor above the leg from Next is leaning
(a mannequin side-quest relic)
and mum is stirring porridge until it
smells like global warming
and stone slabs prod my wincing underfoot blisters
with the coldness of closed borders
and the zinc penny tablet clouds my tumbler
with yellow mineral pus
as it burns in holy water
and I've let go of the oar
and now I'm a refugee
of timetable-torn Time
and orange light slants westward and down from behind me and
through the aquarium bi-fold doors
the rust-coloured grass is drowning.