



Isolation Stories

A Selection of Short Poems With and Story
Based on COVID-19

A.S.K.I

Advice Support Knowledge Information

The Winner

This Silent Killer by Jay Hendricks

Second Place

Living in Isolation by Elsie Henderson

Joint Third Place

Feelings by Leonora Dixon

Lockdown by Mere Carter

Under 18 Winner

Isolation by Ebony-Mae- Bennett

Short Story Winner

Circles of Our Minds by Rhyming Slangsta

May 2020



This Silent Killer

After incessant blaring of horns
After all the scurrying of rat race ants
Little money too much money, u never loved me honey
After rants and abuse of unthankful spouses
At unruly offspring spewing profanity at every turn

After unrequited love, dreams, dashed hopes, fears
Over lost years that rolled into oblivion at devastation of corrupt
World leaders

Covid 19 took the lead bringing airborne disease
Concocted in Wuhans lab, went rouge becoming a
Scourge of the world, infecting countries rich n poor
Services down, nurses overstretched, crying, dying
While we pay homage by weekly clapping. clapping

The sound of silence roars, some knit, some sew
No one comes, no one goes

Government decree ALL STAY INDOORS
No venturing even to the gate
From palace to hut all sit n watch flat screen
stifling screams of frustration throughout the nation
Wife looks at husband, husband glares at wife
Only the shiver of curtains belie human life

Masked men, women offer food to those poorer
All in silence, no coughing, no sneezing, politicians advise maintain
solitary isolation, sporadic inward outward weeping
Giant crocodile tears as daily the ground opens wide its
jaws to swallow sinners n saints alike
..... as a ravaged, mistreated, devastated
Mother Earth finally was able to breathe.
.....and we KNOW that this too shall pass.

Jay Hendricks



LIVING IN ISOLATION

... Living in Isolation

It's a time to reflect,
Reminisce,
Get creative,
Learn lessons along the way,
And don't take life for granted ever.

I missed the children dem.
Grandchildren, other family members and friends too,
I missed socialising, and meeting up with people old and knew,
I missed my weekly activities,
I missed having my nails done,
I missed having my toes done,
I missed having my hair done,
I missed shopping in stores,
I missed dressing up and going out
And now I have to distance myself.

What a thing!
What a thing!

Hey,
I discovered a Gallery of hidden treasures,
And find myself visiting the only restaurant indoors called
the kitchen, with me being the only chef, waitress, and bottle washer
upper

What a thing!
What a thing!



My road is like a ghost town,
You can't see anyone walking up or down
People living in fear,
Like prisoners in their homes with a curfew
And relatives not able grieve for their loved ones properly.

What a thing!
What a thing!

I just wanna get back to socialising,
And have fun, fun, fun,
Girls just wanna have fun,
Amazing!

Elsie Henderson



Feelings

Isolation, Solitude, Occupant, lockdown,
Antagonised, Tigh trope, Imposition, Optimistic, Neutral.

Peering through glass windows, doors and gates open
at last, as its Thursday 8pm.

A chance to unite and clap for the Public workers, Doctors,
and Nurses.

Isolation that seem so vast, but what else can we do but to be safe,
wear our masks, and hope this wont last.

Corona virus crisis and less life will pass.

I put my head in both hands, thinking of the dead were
few and then became too much to view.

So please TAN A WI YAAD CORONA VIRUS will pass.

Leonora Dixon



Living In Isolation

Living In Isolation, I will never forget being
stuck at home, like seeds on a baguete.
I'm here thinking isolation is fine!
Others might be sulking and not having a good time.

News - hungry humans fighting for food,
I get annoyed and it sets off my mood.
I've volunteered to help in anyway I can.
I've been told - my Mother is in the "at risk category"
so my help has been refused.

We have to isolate from relatives, friends and people we know, other-
wise bad things could happen, you never know.

We look forward to seeing the rainbow so colourful bright and bold.
I can't wait, it'll be a sight to behold!

Now that you've read this poem, keep on isolating.
Remember - positivity is the key!

Stay safe, keep well, think how blessed your life will be.

By Ebony-Mae Bennett



Lockdown

Lockdown, lockdown Covid-19 have me in isolation.
This is quarantine time.
No freedom same routine, different days and time.

No socialising,
friends coming round seems a thing of the past.

Can't go to ASKI to see friends,
and to go for my weekly exercises.
Can't go to Croydon Can't go to Balham
Can't go to Brixton Can't even go to the Pineapple or Age Uk.

Doing my own shopping is a thing of the past.
The children does it all and advised me to stay in a me yard.

My phone becomes my sole mate use it to communicate by
WhatsApp and phoning friends here and overseas.

Found a new friend called Netflix on the TV.
Watch films until early hours in the morning.
Go to sleep very late and wake up very late.

Do online exercises, go up and down the stairs, ride an exercise
bicycle. Walk in the garden. I am getting used to this, no money
spending, shopping been done for me.
Just lazing around doing self reflection.

Merle Carter



Circles of Our Minds

Living in Pandemic Purgatory - A Story, a Warning from the 21st Century

Her Majesty's Government, was a rather lazy and procrastinating respondent: our solitary confinement, becoming a most barbaric and arbitrary assignment. With this motley crew, it seems that chaos must ensue; when all hell breaks loose, will it be so deplored, that there'll be no choice, but to go to martial law?

Living in isolation, with all this Coronavirus public service information, is apt to drive x number of us, to desperation. This terrorism within, can only be seen under a microscope; yet we all must have hope and not just wallow in a cauldron of no hope, simply content to mope. No good to just see it, say it, sort it, rather we have to bin it, scourge it and kill it. Those with OCD and Agoraphobia could not be more ecstatic and in-amour-ia.

The Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies, (SAGE), seems conflicted in interest, doesn't know which way to pinterest; its prevarication, to which the public can attest, feels just like a cardiac arrest. The Daily Press briefings, offer no salve, they merely confuse and delude, though they exude, a kind of formal rectitude.

Boris' delayed reaction, to the Miley Cyrus, caused a very contentious protraction, through which we feel cornered and bound by inaction; realising that life lived in isolation, serves only to cause our egregious alienation. How then, can self-isolation, not be experienced, as a form of self-immolation?

The 2 Dominics, part of the Matrix synd, Raab and Cummings, sat in for Boris, and they blew ill winds; "We're following the science", prioritising social distancing and staying-at-home compliance, to wear down the curve, so that there's no peak, no clinical splurge. Matt Hancock, Health Secretary, expects unrealistic duty, from our NHS family with not enough PPE, working too intensively,

irrespective of regard for their own health and safety. Now the care home deaths are being included, for transparency's sake; was this a genuine mistake? The trust and integrity of this Government, has been deficient due to its misjudgement.

BoJo made it off oxygen, to Chequers to recuperate, he's well enough to work for the state, because he's had time to consolidate. Back to Downing Street on amoxicillin, he doesn't know what it's like, to have to artificially respire and ventilate; thankful to the NHS, that he never experienced an unresponsive chest. He might have been brought back from the other side, no one would tell the public, quite how bad his body was subject, to the Corona crest and the undue stress, where round-the-clock intervention, was the only illness' prevention. Now we're filled with trepidation, gone from elbow bumps to psychiatric land mine dumps; Corona going super viral, has led us down into a whirling spiral. One where we despair, never wanted to feel what it's like to go there, this sub-cutaneous attack, is a loaded, vitriolic virtuoso against pro-contact.

There is no peoples' panacea to what's endemic; so pandemic-panic is purely academic. Many of our brethren are stricken and appearing on the fringe, but we must come through this climate and never cringe. Pandemic panic causes social paralysis, will human kind contract, regress and, have to look back; with peaks of death expected, flare-ups, new outbreaks and phases, surges and waves, returning to attack, what is the final analysis, that can protect and keep us intact? This spike of a second peak, is racing towards us at quantum leaps; the Government's desperate to outrun it, divert it and unstead it with a punnet. Quarantining preferable, to being behind permanent visors and screens; casualties of war fatalities equals your co-morbidity mortality.

Far and wide, were the Venn-diagrammatic social circles, that we deliciously contrived; so as to find, the myriad of variance, in our own guise. Aristotle believed that the soul was reprieved, entering the body during the first time a baby laughs; yet how can we feed, the hungry souls, of our nutritional graphs?

Social distancing is proving to be multi-community listing; unlike the class discrimination on the Titanic, we're finding that it's totally organic. From the bottom up we're scared, of our basic sense of living, breathing; now the art of human friendship's becoming ever more rare. Although fear is our greatest enemy, I believe that we can conquer all, through creating our very own Gethsemane; a land for the soul.

Disassociation of a psychological kind, a splintered mind, led to a disintegrating life, as Nobel Prize Winner Prof. John Nash found that he was spliced; although he had A Beautiful Mind, his wife was the one who saved him; she saw his ability to rewind, and realised he could distinguish reality, and not carry on blind: conspiracy theories unearthed, disseminated and unconfined. To her, it felt like sleight of hand was being corroborated, dealing with the unhinged unabated. This Cold War-induced paranoia, a side effect, a gas lighting form of fighting, created a furore.

One of the most famous self-isolators, was the innovator aviator, Howard Hughes; he felt contaminated, at risk of being terminated, by bacteria and germs from loos. Obsessive thoughts fermented, by these he was tormented; OCD took over, dominating his life's persona. Corona would have caused him to become disordered; cut off, all at sea, on the crest of Covid-19 idiocy.

Infectious diseases breed only persecuted receivers; those that are vulnerable are quarantined and can become slumberful. Via counterfeit lives, led without any feeling or innocent, soulful vibes; their sense of balance interrupted, by a lack of the serially uncorrupted. An ill-functioning, dystopian convention, with no practical hope of sound prevention. Aliens among us, it's like the walking dead have been sent to confront us; bio-weapons' labs leaking, is so crazy, so utterly freaking.

2 metres apart, in a solidarity of lockdown, yet it seems to prise, and mean, a cleaving and disenfranchising breakdown.

Not just a merely physical transition, but a multi-faceted type of wholly mental imposition; utilitarian in effect, but not egalitarian in contribution. Millions at risk, we're on a population countdown. To liberate our minds, means calling on nature's own adaptive designs; such new parameters to navigate, and yes, all these spreaders to utterly eradicate; no appeasement of any kind, they have no advocates in mind.

Frontline social and healthcare workers, putting their lives on the line, bespoke tailors making PPE, gone blind. Saville Row steel, apparel to wield, we should be arming our health service's forces, with respiratory-proof corsets, thanking the NHS on the battle lines, with blessed prayers from saints of the holiest orders, their rosaries entwined. Now the Royal Mint's making visors, instead of monetary dividers, using specialised trades, all hands to the deck devisors, they're industry colliers, operational mobilisers.

United in their aims, our appreciation they have gained, 8pm on Thursdays, we come together to maintain, a manifested social gathering, just separately where we're cheering and banging. We turn from elation, to a morbid fascination, where we come to a halt for an 11 o'clock minute's silence, mourning those taken, by the Corona-pronged trident. Some are asking for, a more obligatory folk lore, a national day of memorial and remembrance, to recall the Covid-induced toll; our fallen heroes deserve it, they're over the precipice and warrant such a roll-call.

Late-out-of-the-blocks, the lockdown can't stop, or it'll slay these sentries and our defences will be lost. Asymptomatic carriers, dramatic Covid carriers. This is why the first to have immunity passports, those on the frontline, should be fast-tracked and out the door, telling people they're disease-free, no risk to humanity. It'll be the next wearable tech, smart clothing to protect, wearing your health not just your heart on your sleeve; a bio-passport making you eligible for leave, sounding to me, like a digitally-derived reprieve.

Survival of the fittest, you seek to be a picture of health; yet your lived-in skin's, beginning, to be vicariously thinning; not in the literal sense,

but with the will to survive crumbling; this being where we all find ourselves out of love, just stumbling. You hear of new ologies, that you never knew existed, you can't fathom them in your mind, so you Google them, always interested.

The National Emergencies Trust, sounds like a body that we can turn to, when the captain's off the bridge, or extinct, we need a 5th emergency service to keep us from the brink. Set up after the Grenfell and Manchester Arena tragedies, our hearts and minds our tethered, to the newly-co-opted Corona, that's Livin' La Vida Loca.

CBILS, the Coronavirus Business Interruption Loan Scheme, has been set up so there'll be no bankrupts and runners out of steam. The Self Employment Income Scheme, for those Company Directors paid by dividend means. Bounce back loans, for small business survival, 21st Century arrival, after our nation of shopkeepers all went viral.

The Blitz Spirit's never been more needed; Captain Tom Moore, we salute you, for embodying the best of British and having such steel; standing as a moniker, to all those tempted to free wheel. You're a Colonel now through honorary rights; I'd want you on my side when the time comes to fight! You came into the world a year later than the Spanish Flu, that must have already taken, many that your family and friends formerly knew. You were on parade, at 10am today, beamed across Piccadilly Circus, pixilated, celebrated, your image up in lights, revered; two flypasts planned, one from the 1940s, the other the most modern forms of aviation sorties.

A hundred years later you still stand tall, having given your service for us all, when our backs were up against the wall. What you fought in WW2, must have divested you of ghouls and cloaked you in courage, to stand as a beacon, showing that we'll never be beaten; all assassins drained, defeated, undone.

Born 28 years before the 1948-glory, the jewel in Britain's crown, part of its social story; you helped bring in the welfare state, for us all to

partake, a socialist vision, for a population riven with health inequity, the best care for all, free, at the point of our need. I think this' why you bequeath it all your energy.

Lest we forget, your fortitude promptly projects. A personalised birthday message from the Queen, 150,000> birthday cards sent by tiny tots that love you, to admiring teens who subscribe to your fortitude. Salutations from across the globe, arrive to congratulate you 10,000-fold; I'm pretty sure House Party, will curate your birthday celebrations: it'll have so many hits, that you'll be virtually, virally blitzed. How fitting someone with the Blitz Spirit, should be blitzed by Internet surrealists.

Conspiracy theorists wonder, if Covid's a deliberate, over-75s plunderer. You've bucked the trend, you're our friend to the end, you've even a number one record to your name, Michael Ball's your duetting partner, in tandem you fought harder. You'll Never Walk Alone, never a truer word said, even through what could be ahead; we expect you'll be given a Knighthood, you really are a God-send!

Over 70s are seen as fragile, vulnerable and told to self-isolate, who says this disease fails to discriminate? A 2019 mild winter leaves, those old, frail and weak, risking mortality leaks, likely to make the death rates spike, and breach the peak. There's a country-wide saying, a green Christmas, leads to a full church yard in spring. Let's hope this timely phrase, doesn't lead to such a slaying and malaise. if you're lucky you age, if you're unlucky you die young, amongst the green sage.

This human-leaper, kamikaze-reaper, has a vicious, virulent virology, they need to find out its behavioural and organisational sociology; some think there's a connection, with the religion Scientology. With a history behind this, we can surmise, that these primeval-time drifts, had aliens injecting DNA into our veins, to refine it. These evo-interruptions, from our past, with their creative corruptions, are not without discussion, sceptics repelled, and non-believers remain, resolutely unaccustomed.

Viral loads are detected and tested for, your immune system graded and categorised galore, you're not strong enough to fight the loss, the doctors shake their heads, can they just write you off..... Corona-induced flat-line comas, not critically alcoholic, but that which can cause you to become a systolic. Intensive care, on a ventilator, you're now a candidate for a defibrillator; your pupils unfixed and dilated, and so you need to be fibrillated.

You awake to everyone disguised, you can't see past a Hazmat-haze, with your temperature far too risen, it's scorching, you're ablaze; consigned to the isolation ward's silent dormitory, this' certainly no reformatory. They proselytise, that you need the last rites; calling forth the spirits to take you on your last flight. Respiratory support, via intensive care cohorts, result in evasive ventilation, that's not without its frustrations. Corrosive harm to your lungs, from the scourge of Corona, cuts across race, class, wealth and every type of persona.

The intensive care you need, is for your soul to live as a phoenix, set free. Where that joy and laughter in which you were brewed, as the Aristotelian-babe, returns to make you come forth anew; when the end for is desperately prayed: all human forms of changelings forbade, where you find that the ether is your only escape.

Therefore, your final psychic's night séance conveys, shot through with its effervescent, luminous green swirling essence, its life-affirming vapour, while you pray for a beam-me-up Scotty theft, of your soul, not like that in the zombie take-over, known as 28 Days Later. Visions of Westminster Bridge, lost in a primordial swamp; these creatures coming for you, evidence of prehistoric mortals: the missing link, that humans thought extinct.

For in ancient archaeology, you must pay the Ferryman his never-changing fee, his charge for that expert ornithology, letting you fly high as that wild phoenix needs, with your chi that you'd foreseen, a sign of the human soul's energy. The peak of mountains, on top of the world, not needing any compass twirls; just heading towards heaven's fountain; to your city of gold. This karma, your holistic hedonistic nirvana;

a cornucopia of a utopian futurama. One where you have the Midas touch, and that allows humans to rise above the ash and dust.

If you don't want to end up in an obligatory no man's land, betwixt times and worlds, where inhabiting that frontier's out of your hands; in which you dream the soaring of the eagle, means the foretold story's not a myth and really just a seagull: and the final countdown, to the end of all known humanity, is averted, and becomes, a nation's historical and profound, introverted profanity.

War Games of the 21st Century, can't be played on X-Box, to ward off your journey to respiratory gyratory; your collateral damage needing machinery, can't function alone, requiring amenities. Remedial attention at all times, be aware that the order to DNR cannot rewind; vaccinology isn't available: treat with care, do not prepare, for intubation to re-invigorate and change your fate.

Counter-clockwise is just fake news, command and control won't renew your bio-cells' troop moves. The race for life will surely suffice, not the famed thousands' run against cancer, but the dead-zone Corona-led strife; it's one that just won't culminate, in the end of our species' life: no we don't want to go down in history, as being the generation of zombied, COVID-19 defeatees.

World War Z is this pandemic's not-so-secret code name; along with 21st Century pollution, it's making millions' lungs inflamed. The one that'll bring humanity to its knees, just like the 1918/9 Flu Pandemic, every continent aggrieved, ceaselessly bereaved, by this Edwardian, 20th Century's deadly disease; mercilessly scythed in fields, asking why the Gods are so displeased.

The decoding of this novel virus, is not one that Station X can provide us; those Bletchley Park genius', can only mathematically convene the odds of us dealing with it. These computer-generated modelling of pandemics, are over-simplified, merely systemic, seemingly academic; they don't reflect its Machiavellian morphology, nor do they take into account its counter-intuitive biology.

WHO is a world spectator, and a grand machinator, our advisory saviour, shaman-prophesising soothsayer. But it comes up with anthropomorphising analogies, yet the genetic genome, for this man-made laboratory free-roam, can't be found in ancient writings, it must be generated by AI-created chromosomes and technological lightening. When will it strike and we strike out; the world's asking the question, based upon earnest global reflection?

Yet, we've our own Dr. Who, with her array of knowledge, she's an alien being from planet Gallifrey, carrying great souped-up power rays; a super heroine, unafraid, with two hearts that beat for the human race. I wonder, can her sonic screwdriver prevail, and be our saving grace? So, I turn to her with a crisis call, an SOS, shooting smoky sky flares, these are my rainbow-coloured prayers.

I see crop circles made in reply, Sixth Sense-style as in that film and Signs, feeling blessed and divine. The opposite of social contracts, Zoom, a whole new virological vocabulary, yet all I want is just a rapid, Covid-response constabulary, to protect me from the UK's invidious, covidity morbidity.

My imagination runs away with me, I'm tumbling through a tour de vortex, never knowing when, I'll jettison now or at the next jump off. I travel far from this earth's catastrophe, want to stop the world and get off, so that I'm far from this breed of Corona Virus-broth; a murky concoction, cooked up by black ops, now locked off. Where's the antidote to infection, Porton Down at the forefront of this insurrection; not working on bio-weapons, to combat all that threatens?

Sci-fi skirmishes with this opponent, can we pull it off and pause this moment, working feverishly through this nightmare, we've never needed to be so Corona-cogent? Vaccine-discovery's what we feverishly explore, that all the countries of the globe, wouldn't give their eye teeth for; alchemy with curative properties, the mythical Red Mercury, found in tombs of Egyptian mummies.

Biotechnology and nanotechnology, the modern theatres of scientific biological war, no carnage irreparable, multi vaccine neo trials our new weapons galore. The Andromeda Strain, this sci-fi film foresaw, the pandemic flaw, the plague that would rage, until we were no more.

Will we inadvertently create, some sort of a superior, fantastical pre-eminent race? One that is a eugenics-dreamers' panacea, a frightful new dawning, without a toxicity warning. A Brave New World awaiting, is this what Aldous Huxley envisioned, a country, a nation, a world that is sub-divided, portioned off and health-provisioned? We must see past the Newspeak and truth seek.

The next Nobel Prize for Medicine, who will be the new, biological prodigy, just like Edison? Pharmacology, the NHS' driving methodology, what is the whole tautology? SAGE's Behavioural Advisory Group, social distancing measures, no mixed messages from the authorities, must interrupt the chain of spread from household to household, so let's not lose our heads. We can't let the chain of transmission, take hold and re-imprison, heralding pandemic pandemonium, immunity unrisen, this is the Government's vision; its underlying precognition.

Now we see Corona's epidemiology affecting our notions of space, time, impacting detrimentally on our phrenology, as well as our disease pathology; ultimately impeding our time on this earth and so our planned and cosmically-plotted, mapped-out chronology. For bleach and disinfectants, there won't be any chemical acceptance; we need an effective creed, of antibodies, so Covid-19 can't breed and use our lungs for its territories.

As we forego the usual greetings and meetings, often informal, yet never just fleeting, our fortitude and resilience, is found to be seriously depleting; so we then must deduce, that our very nervous constitution, is now a floundering institution, that desperately needs a resplendent restitution; to fortify us in national union.

It's not a police state, we're not treated like totalitarian freight, it could be worse, queuing is one thing, thank goodness we don't have to pro-

duce identity cards at whims. Out and about on a prayer and a wing, no longer free to roam, a kind of new captivity that this Covidity could bring.

Even viruses come from families, besieging bodies with their malady. Drugged to high heaven, mortality-profiled brethren, can you conceive that your loved ones might be cryogenically preserved, just to be scientifically ahead of them?

Where is our talisman out front for all to survey; St. George and his Dragon, a real legionnaire from the Crusades; is he one we can still rely on, to be forever brave? We cross ourselves with St. George's English symbol, compliant with God's laws, out on a limb, to him we implore, how much more can we endure? There is Twitter conversation trending, about awarding not just lending, the St. George's Cross to the NHS collectively, to celebrate its courageous legacy.

Immune suppressed, cut socially adrift, psychologically-tripped, Covid's got us in its grip. No contact-facing are we allowed, yet the Government plans to contact, track and trace, isolate us, through these clouds; when can we go back to being human beings? Human contact tracing and NHS App dating; not in the sense of Tinder-mating, but tracking the dates of your inter-relatings.

The fear's become tangible, we're fleeing. Did you know many people have had a Corona Virus, but it's Covid-19, that's seen as the plague from Osiris? All these trials and tribulations, lead to complications, no mutations, although mandatory stipulations.

Shielders need protecting, from super spreaders' infecting, great consternation felt, so we're still under the lockdown's belt; it won't completely end, till 2020 no longer contends. We're now at the maximum risk time, so lockdown being eased or lifted, is not a path to be gifted. Social distancing, may be a new way of interacting, to combat community transactions, living without infraction.

Community de-transmission's the goal, $R=1$ the equation, medical gold, infecting less than an existential person, life's mathematical Game Theory in foundation, used with contrition, Professor Nash its royally-appointed Tsar, seeing scientific patterns from afar. ONS death figures from death registrations via care homes, hospitals, hospices and, one day the city Nightingale pop-up stations. The risk of another widespread outbreak, need the academics to help us turn the tide for all's sake.

Where's our moral authority, we're all under great pressure, to identify, test, contact, contain, isolate to maintain, its arrest in great measure. Conduct disorder, is not far away from civil marauders, sun worshippers up in arms, worried they'll suffer from Vitamin D deficiency. Covidiot's conspire, not to lift the nation higher, if we're all in it together, where is our collective grit and fire?

Our Department of Health and Social Care, gives very short shrift to our needs in terms of mental health affairs. Those unfortunates, that are on the verge and past down-to-earth cares, caught in a struggle, a self-isolating muddle; can't see the light ever to be prevailing, whilst stuck in the tunnel with goggles, in which they're consumed by doom, quite prone to vacillating; no roadmap.

As Benjamin Franklin said: "They who can give up their essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety." Free and libertarian thinkers provide, their unblinkered points of views; without them, we wouldn't be imbued, with the ability of stopping society from coming unglued; we need to find the fulcrum, the apex of starting life anew.

What makes us of the prepossessing, human kind, is connecting with some of the ties that we take for granted we can bind. No longer, in any way, socially dexterous, we're forced to coalesce, with those that may perplex, and yes, also vex us. When will this close proximity end, we can't go through this Summer, stuck indoors with just one another, the need for a brighter future must be transparent, or the fault in our stars is likely to become more apparent.

So far apart, we've never been closer, intrinsically, psychologically, so we try to devolve our unanimity. The context of our relationships, at the mercy of fortune tellers and fatalists; masks of normality, shot through with sheer, insistent, bloody insanity. The crystal ball of Mystic Meg, challenges us with its superstitious dread, physic babble won't placate the rabble; communicable disease, takes over, where we once communicated with great ease and fervour.

For the health of the nation, play it totally home grown, Stay Home Now, Don't Travel, Save Lives, to live long and prosper, protect the NHS, that's ours to foster and at our behest. Yet our blue brigade, for which we want to Stay Home Protect the NHS, Save Lives, play it safe, doesn't necessarily equate, when it's the other way around, to being SHN; i.e. in a Safe at Home Now state.

Albeit behind closed doors, there are some of us that just silently endure, with the secrets that we hold, becoming ever-more die-hard and far too underexposed. They say a man's home is his castle; yet these moats and towers, against fight or flight and our lack of power, cannot help to chase away the prophetic signs of why we're in these castles in our minds.

Mind games as opposed to physical exercise; Stay Home Work It Out; exercise your relationship because of the strains placed on it. Where is the authority in charge, that will free us, by raising our mind's guard? These mental shredders, gate keepers forever, are domestic violators, they're familial abusers of the worst nature; a war with nurture their only alerter.

They call this endemic claustrophobia, the shadow pandemic, this is my polemic against, a truce we can't cement. Controlling and coercing, these men track and trace, contain and isolate; their intention is to take hold, command and control. Expert contact trackers and tracers; the 18,000 in the making, Big Brother's Army that the Government intends uptaking, who never tire but work with such ire: mercenaries for hire.

Hospitals and care homes, aren't the only frontlines, 14 women and 2 children died, in the first 2 weeks of domestic detaining, no one heard their cries. DIY Injunctions can be applied for online, FLOW means Finding Legal Options for Women to Survive. If push comes to shove, dial 999, if it's dangerous to speak, simply press 55, and wait for the blip and for when they come and shoot from the hip. This sends a message you're at risk, via the open, silent line, when those in authority, will co-align and make your safety a priority, no more land mines of the mind.

Exercise Signus, a Government pandemic response scenario run in 2016, remains unseen, too terrifying to release to the public; an FOI request refused, will now lead to, a judicial review. We'll Meet Again, Don't Know Where, Don't Know When, is Vera Lynn and the Queen's refrain, we're all sailing through the same storm but in different boats, during what could be our Sovereign's regicide reign.

Should we now take pyrrhic stock, of being away, gone and entirely destitute, from our flock; before we're water-boarded and subconsciously drowning, causing us to recoil, and withdraw, and be forever despondently frowning. Churches are closed, God's on his Seventh Day of yearning, whilst we're on lockdown, we can't pre-determine, when these pious preachers will ever return him.

As agricultural needs expand, there's a move to bring us back to the land; the farming of crops, need multiple pickers of hops; only a third of the needed Eastern Europeans co-opted to be land ox, so furloughed workers are expected, to up sticks and become a cooperative collective; asked to reform the Land Army, to bring in the harvest, first class fruit selected only.

It's down to every one of us, if we don't want to waste a tonne of the stuff. We can't let, this furrowed produce go off in landfill crates, our farming industry to decimate; fresh fruit and veg will help to keep the population healthy; we need all the goodness we can get, to help boost the immune system's breadth, to protect all of us that could be potential Covid deaths.

Through a paradigm shift, perhaps it's possible to stop this rift. Seek and it shall be given unto you, well tell me where peace of mind can be found. Multiple personalities, fractured under the weight of duality, they simply cannot withstand this critical reality. Universality of the psyche is not a basic given, when barriers of the mind are built up, and our precious sanctity's overridden.

Will our inner life's fiends, brought forth and never contravened, now mean that chimeric conspiracies, have become king and queen; where we're then forced to believe, in the intuitions of ESP? This seventh sense purports, to have the answer; albeit fraught; along with EVP, it enables the schizophrenic among us, to fly all the faster, with their companions coming through ever sharper....

Our real senses are out of focus, our mental health prognosis, just one diagnosis. What if, in the projection, of our mind's derelict inventions, we merely see our own insipid reflections, where we can only find, in these perceptions, the very essence of deflected self-rejection? Microbiology, creates an anthology of its own, speaking silently, with no microphone. The living dead traversing a microscope, a live film record of futures just so prone.

How then, can we be expected to find, any underlying prismatic sublime, within these undefined and unending circles of our minds? When you can't escape the circles, but you want to find the prism of light, in order that it'll give you sustenance, and thus inner strength burning so bright; what now can you do, is it simply a case of fight or flight?

This Darwinian throwback, dwelling so near us, yet also a Millennium Orwellian, is it now the great fight back, far-reaching and enveloping? However did mankind survive, the lavender-blue-inducing, Spanish Flu? 100 years of antibodies = antigens, they should be able to cure this one too.

We're in the post Age of Aquarius, apocalyptic and nefarious, is this the end of our primate reign of evolution, the start of globalisation in reverse, a very bold, yet precarious solution? Can we rewind time, to

go back and traverse this break-neck speed melodrama; like Superman turning the world anti-clockwise, creating the necessary break in time, so that we have some Jurassic-era armour? 5 tests society has to pass, for its safety to be classed; there is a consensus, that's been agreed, meaning all of the following are the country's basic needs:

1. Protection of the NHS's ability to cope with the outbreak, and provide critical and specialist treatment across the UK.
2. Metric daily death rates have to consistently come down and be sustainably decreasing in every setting and area.
3. Reliable information showing that the rate of Covid infection is decreasing to manageable levels.
4. Must be confident that the country's testing capacity and PPE availability is managed, and that supply and demand is able to meet today's and any future relayed.
5. Any changes we do make, will not risk a repeat and secondary wave, of infections and another peak, taking citizens to their grave, or the Government will be impeached. Can we then relax, roll-back the strictures of lockdown, to kick-start the economy, and finally get it off the ground?

The fear is that this contagion, won't be contained interregnum. They say we've got through Phase 1 for all of the above, that the Government's won, and so the NHS isn't done. Others disagree, quite contentious and vociferously.

Told we're flattening the curve, levelling off the peak, making sure, that the reproduction rate has no fate, doesn't increase over 1 to date; it seems a small leap. Everyone's on heightened alert that Covid ad infinitum will always return to bite 'em. And new waves of death and disease, will make the Spanish Flu pandemic look like a bit of a breeze.

Phase 2 is being thought about, what the Government et al fought about, the wish to engender the drawing up of mitigating measures, for shops to re-open at people's pleasure. The new normal's coming, we can't head it off at the pass, the secondary effects of the lockdown fast approach, told that they're set to everlast.

The nation's armed forces, Army, RAF and Navy, will provide the logistics over air, sea and the grounds, across which this scourge of England's green and pleasant lands can be found. Our Royal United Services Institute, the astute, allied fraternity, influencing, somewhat directing, the Covid war map's strategy.

Our green and blue all-week warriors, with the emergency blues and 2s, our brightly-glowing kryptonite to Corona-embedded carriers, when scientific theories can give us no more clues. The Disaster Emergencies Committee, the International Rescue Committee, will they both come together, to repel this armageddon; invictus over Covid, the Nobel Peace Prize given, for being biochemically streetwise.

We need Dr. Who's TARDIS, to take us to this perfect future, Hawking's wonder in beryllium, it leaves some of us espousing, can it start a climate change continuum; gargantuan, continent-crossing, a tour de force clash of titans, accidentally led, by a wannabe Churchillian. Is this man a legitimate changemaker, could he be the world's environmental Quaker; its ultimate Gladiator; or is he just a fake, Indiana Jones-type, fortune-braver?

Newly-arrived Baby BoJo, might restore our Prime Minister's mojo, he might face off against Corona, just as fast as FlowJo, they may take it to an eliminator rodeo. Generation CoJo, he'll hear stories of how his Daddy beat 'ol Corono and surrounded him with a DoJo. A boy born in the month of the patron Saint of England, for the glory of the kingdom; St. George the dragon-slayer, the sign of a saintly conveyor: quite auspicious, some may say, for him to be protected in this way. Perhaps he's The Golden Child, Eddie Murphy searched for all that while; a symbol of the fertile Nile, the chosen one that can beguile.

A spring beginning beckons, the Year of the Dragon to be reckoned, Chinese good luck charms, not like just reading your palms, instead, they leave you with no qualms. It's a good omen for the future, brings you out of your stupor, the cards foretold, a new life to behold; another heartbeat at no. 10, a little ray of sunshine to attend, a time full of promise, after the golden hour cometh.

Father, look kindly on your children, who put their trust in you, bless them and keep them from all harm, strengthen them against the attacks of the Devil, and lead them unto you. May almighty God bless you, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. Each era has its own Devil, coming in disguise, the Corona invasion may be its current guise. From life's inception, to the seventh age, care home collateral, fully in its gaze, the lowest hanging fruit, a different type of harvest, the daily numbers carveth headstones on more and more tombs.

You might see, what I mean, as we all yearn not to be, medically contraindicated and socially and colloquially ill at ease, yet find there's no beginning and no end; no corners to hide in, no fluidity, nor any form of Hadron Collider-style bends: just a pressure cooker of decreasing, concentric circles leading to infinity's end.

All you can do, is attempt to not fence with it, but just go surfing through, on this, the longest journey, that you're now condemned to. Guard the gates of Hades well, perhaps we're already through, just don't want to dwell. They say the circumstances of these times, are unprecedented, yet the 2016 pandemic run-through, indicates, that this' somewhat of an untruth.

Living across from a church accrues no protection, look at the tombstones' dates, they're all dodecahedron. A century's elapsed, but these dates of our great grandparents entrap; like a perennial time-warp, that can send you straight back. It seems that the Grim Reaper, is a magnum quantum-leaper, a physical assaulter, an annihilator-vaulter.

From 1918-19, these deceased from the past, are warning of re-interment, our families aghast. Ignore them at your peril, but know that the past will repeat itself and herald, this desolate ground, with its warnings abound, can impale you with its echoes, of death after life's great surround.

Hence, all that's left to contrive, for me and you, is to coagulate, and re-evaluate, our chance to survive, amidst the doldrums, church-carved, set-on-high gargoyles and Lord of the Rings Gollums, that thrive, sit astride. They evoke our worst fears, not the path for forgivers. Haunting and taunting, they're society's intermediate livers, deadly killers, of not just our loved ones, but all those, that have so far, been casketed, and delivered.

Rhyming Slangsta



E: info@aski.org.uk | T: 020 8683 2191

Head Office

33 Brigstock Road | Thornton Heath | Croydon | CR7 7JJ

www.aski.org.uk

A.S.K.I

Advice Support Knowledge Information



CROYDON
www.croydon.gov.uk