

# Unprecedented Times: Bards in Lockdown

Stephen Hobbs – 7<sup>th</sup> Bard of Stony Stratford

Slowly unnoticed along the hedgerows

Slowly, unnoticed along the hedgerows  
its fingers plucking at our busy lives  
it creeps in slyly; but we're distracted  
to find ourselves the prey on which it thrives.

So, fearful of ourselves we walk apart,  
growing cold with fear in a warming world;  
a predator who feels the need to pray  
whilst a glorious new spring is unfurled.

And then something else: unexpectedly  
a "Good Morning" or a "Good Afternoon",  
as we discover old kindnesses and  
expectations to see our loved ones soon.

And now it's here: birdsong and butterflies,  
and though we fear our future is unknown  
this regeneration calls out to us,  
reminding us that we are not alone.

The Wife's a Lockdown Commissar

She gets me up at dawn with a "Raus!" "Raus!" "Raus!"  
a cup of tea, a slice of toast before we leave the house.  
She's Captain Tom on turbo and sets a cracking pace,  
I mustn't stop or dawdle we'll lose the human race.  
"wash your hands" she says, and "always use a hanky",  
a morning hike, an afternoon nap – there'll be no hanky-panky!  
She always checks the neighbours – pensioners left and right –  
and keeps a list of all those who've snuffed it in the night.

**chorus:** The Wife's a Lockdown Commissar. I'm such a lucky chap.

She's acquired all her fieldcraft from YouTube (KGB)  
She's knitting masks for nurses to help with PPE.  
She's a one-woman Night's Watch curtain twitcher  
capturing the guilty on a smartphone picture.  
She's constructing a ventilator copied from Blue Peter  
some garden hose gaffer-taped to an electric fan heater.  
In everything she does she's following the science,  
and I have detailed orders to ensure my strict compliance.

**chorus:** The Wife's a Lockdown Commissar. I'm such a lucky chap.

And every Thursday evening we cheer and clap for ages  
thanking all those heroes who work for minimum wages.  
She's got me on Scrabble, Hangman, and Yahtzee,  
I mustn't swear or cheat 'cos she can turn quite nasty.  
Of course, she does the shopping as I really can't be trusted  
to leave the house unsupervised to buy a tin of custard.  
She even does a Briefing at 5 o'clock each day  
where graphs and 5 point plans show things are not ok.  
"you need to ramp things up", she says, and "pull your finger out"  
and "get on to the front foot" to turn this thing about.

**chorus:** The Wife's a Lockdown Commissar. I'm such a lucky chap.

Yes, the Wife's a Lockdown Commissar who dreams of being Czar,  
with an office next to Boris and a ministerial car.  
So, don't beat yourself up if you're not feeling grand;  
we are all in this together and the Wife will lend a hand.  
And me? Well, solitary pleasure is all the future holds;  
but I'm well trained and you can bet, I'll be wearing Marigolds!

**chorus:** The Wife's a Lockdown Commissar. I'm such a lucky chap. And that's a fact!