

Isolate

Cut short a trip in New Zealand
As Covid 19 explodes.
Fly back to tropical Darwin
Where the virus has not taken hold.

So race around the supermarket
And load up with supplies.
Never mind the toilet paper
Chocolate is my choice to prize.

Head on out to the station
In the glorious NT outback.
Catch me if you can, I'd say
To that bug that has all attacked.

Unpack my things and set up for,
The fourteen days of isolating.
Write a list, make some plans
I'm stuck inside for quarantining

Clean the cupboards, inside and out
Make war on the cockroach hoard.
There's plenty to do, windows to clean
So I'll never ever be bored!

Catch up on the loads of laundry
They dry nicely in the fresh NT air.
Day six comes along quite quickly
This time is quite easy to bear.

Discover the SBS world movies,
This kills over an hour or two.
And heaps better for the mind and soul
Than wiping up cockroach poo.

Restrict the time in my PJ's
It best to attack the day.
Occasionally there's a rapping knock
There's some mail and food, they say.

O the joys of online shopping
To get some much needed goods.
But there's no eucalyptus or sanitisers
For us in the bushy backwoods.

Day ten the novelty is wearing off
How to while away these days?
I think that I will stay in my bed
While the DVD's can play.

Thank goodness for the duty free
That's helped me along the way.
It must be 5 o'clock somewhere
I say, to the tipple and ice tray.

There's no one else here with me
I'm doing this alone.
So talking to myself is helpful
The 4G's erratic on my phone.

Day 12, I'm screaming at the walls
I've had enough of this.
Why did you have to mutate this way
To end our life of bliss?

The sunny days continue
As I'm locked away indoors.
The minutes pass by slowly
I'm over mopping the floors.

Eventually the fourteenth day arrives
And I have done my bit.
Stayed home and isolated,
That was in Mr Morrison's script.

Good old fair dinkum Australia
That lucky country of ours.
I'm walking the tracks and breathing the air
It's now all within my powers.

But nervousness is a feeling
I now have in a group.
Who's been that truly mindful?
Now that we're all back in the loop.

The sanitisers now have arrived
So I'm all set, ready to go.
But I'll have to email this poem
For this year's Katherine Show.

