

My Time in Isolation

Bedroom, Bathroom, Kitchen and Lounge, ceilings, walls and floors.
I walk the house, looking at them all, so much to do, so many chores.
Round and round and round I go, do I repair them, no no no.
Cracks, Gaps, Flaws, Faults, same old thing, same old blots.
Paint is flaking, chipping, faded, I should repaint, but I feel too jaded.
Garden is dying, the lawn is dead, isolation is doing in my head.
I can't play bowls or visit a friend, maybe I'm going around the bend.
So much to do, so much to fix, I think I'll just sit here, and watch Netflix.

