

## JOHN LEGGET POEM

“Covid 19, an unclean thing. Separating us from all our friends, that now become perforce, old has-beens.

Of a previous life, not so filled with strife, One in which we could meet, indeed speak and have a chat, even a hand shake or a tap on the back, rather than our hands only meeting on a Thursday’s hand clap.

So our warm and friendly feelings, go the way of our meeting and greetings, not to be joined: except maybe by the phone, whilst we still stay at home alone.

As boring as this may seem, it’s given us the chance to reflect on what’s important and been a treasured part of our previous life and living.

Not so much one of our taking, more one of our giving, that’s very appealing, both to others and ourselves, receiving a lovely warm feeling inside.

Not a bad result from us being so far apart. Remember too, this period will not last, it will soon be, just a dim memory of our past”