

Lockdown Food

By Olivia Walwyn

Thanks to the courier who brought all our stuff
driving, cruising through the morning rush

when the schools were back, always just about on time
with a cheery smile and prepared to while away a while –

a few minutes of friendly door-step chat –
enough outside to bring refreshing change to that

house we'd spent the last weeks, years within,
only venturing out for our allotted exercise regime –

usually a walk from our door.
No, there wasn't a lot to look forward to

except the regular delivery of little, varied treats –
something perhaps a little different for us to eat.

Ginger marmalade or bacon, ice cream.
It perked us up, we made it part of our routine –

a way to mark time's passing – every weekend
we knew it had come by this happy end:

a feast on Saturday – curry, chips or once
when we made a mistake, the basket was filled

with a stack of lamb shanks. Yes, we dined in style;
the best home dinners for a country mile!

So thanks a lot, yes, thanks to him –
the man who kept the good stuff coming.