

Kate Noble

COVID I

**Died Alone**

Lone drop, hung, quivering  
frail, bare, translucent tissue-hold  
awaiting gravity's predictive  
eternal pool immersion,  
and re-aligned atom-construct  
to purposes beyond our ken  
mapped out in forms not ours to know.  
While like-drops hang which cannot reach  
watch helpless the known dripped descent  
and wonder for their mirrored fates  
faint puzzled for their own recourse  
extend each muted grief farewells  
unknown the fates themselves allowed  
will be reborn of different forms.

COVID II

**Snacking**

For women in declining years

(metabolism changing gear)

weight gain becomes the primary fear.

With virus lockdown now the case

Evading death seems commonplace

Whilst chasing scale dials ups its pace.

COVID III

**Limerick**

There was a young fella from Belfast  
Who couldn't source even one face mask  
His ward struggled through  
There was nowt else to do  
And the management signalled they weren't arsed.

## COVID IV

### **Survival Science**

Street stop silence, bird song thriving, clean air transport

Distanced closeness, urban soundscape, prison skyscape

Global kowtow, vaccine know-how, oil slump, blame dump

Fiscal meltdown, fearful furloughs, frozen hot-desks, suited casuals

Job-less role-plays, darkened theatres, masks essential, busking bank loans

Breakdance blackouts, lock-down breakouts, jammin' food banks

Real-life, screen-life, hand clap weekly, hostelled homeless

Stockless shelving, soap-less handwash, soup-less kitchens

Together tensions, grey-hair shielding, childless caring, home-school play-time

Isolate safety, queues and spacing, sound bites grating, graphic data

Threat and mind-bends, greet new normal, mourn by evening.