

BIGSKY WRITERS - TOGETHER





Altogether, The

Don't take me for a naturalist
pursuing creatures great and small,
in short, I am a naturist
both keen and proud to bare it all

I'm not a crank, it's not perverse
to let one's body ventilate,
tight clothing is a modern curse
and helps disease perpetuate

So round the house or at the club
unclothed is just the way to be,
there's no pact with Beelzebub,
and *loose* is wrong, we're just more *free*

My way of life's now under threat
though toleration's all I ask;
my breeze-filled world was free from sweat,
but now I have to wear a mask!

Richard W / Will I

It'll Be Over By Christmas

Confusion, confusion all is just uncertain. Edicts
are passed our lives depending on them.
Interpretation well, that's another thing.

Complications, complications for lives left
in isolation or at least social distancing.
Extraordinary the diversity in debt.

Contradictions, contradictions all the while our
health wealth and wellbeing in a balancing
act and on a knife edge.

Contagion, contagion face masks two metre distancing
d'rigour. University and other places of
further learning locked with full occupancy.

Communication, communication indications are into
the future these measures. What's to happen
about and to our national treasures.

Continuing, continuing into the distance as far as
the national crystal ball can predict. But and
here's the thing pandemic viruses seem to stay.

Christmas, Christmas the cry goes up. In another
time "it'll all be over by Christmas" was the
rallying logo fifty one months then. What now?

J R Tizard

Together

Some people know what to do

To stay at home and work
To work and not stay at home.
To only be with six
To only be with fifteen
To only be with thirty.
To go back to university
To study at home and not at university.
To eat out and save the economy
To eat at home and save the NHS.
To use your car and not travel far
To go on public transport and save the trains.
To use the app and be traced
To wear a mask and stay spaced.
To book a holiday and spend, spend, spend
To save your money as there is no end.
To have faith,
To have trust,
To work together.

And other people don't.

Gillian Rennie-Dunkerley



Toilet Rolls

John entered the car park, stopped and stared at a queue that went halfway round the edges of the car park. As usual the drive to the supermarket took about twenty minutes, so he decided reluctantly to join the queue. He collected a trolley and he walked to the back of the queue. A couple were in front and he asked them if it would take long to reach to the door.

"We've only been here about three minutes, but we are slowly moving. I would guess fifteen to twenty minutes."

"Well I might as well wait. At least we have a sunny day."

John looked around at the people and noted that some were wearing masks covering their nose and mouth. It was strange to see the masks and the people wearing them were wary of getting too close to people, especially without masks. However there were more without and like him they had never thought of putting on a mask.

The shoppers moved slowly, but as they reached the door they stopped and the trolley handles were disinfected as were people's hands. John thought how strange it felt and he wondered what it would be like when he went through the doors. The doorman watched people come out at the exit and then he let people in. John saw the arrow pointing one way and a notice saying, 'keep two metres behind people in front.' He thought it wouldn't work since some people stop, look at their list and check what they want to buy. In fact he had to get past some shoppers looking for something on the shelves. He passed them by about two foot and went on to the bottom of the aisle and then he moved up the next one. The most he wanted was fish, meat, vegetables and salad. After that there wasn't much to get, but he had to continue following the arrows on the floor. He thought that this will not last long, people don't want to go up every aisle. When he moved on to the next aisle he saw that the shelves for toilet rolls were

empty except one. He had seen a lot of people with trolleys full of toilet rolls, but he hadn't thought there would only be one left. One middle aged woman in her forties had a pack in her trolley and was about to get the last pack. A younger woman was getting nearer and shouted, "I need that!" There was no answer from the woman in front as she wanted to get the second packet of toilet rolls and put it into her trolley.

John was surprised and looked around to see if there was anybody who was working on the floor, but there was no one to be seen.

'They're never here when they are needed' he thought. All he could do was to watch and see what happens, albeit he may be able to help. The young lady was loud.

'You've already got one pack. The last one should be mine.'

'Sorry, but I was here first. Just like others have been. Didn't you read the sign as you came up the aisle? You can take no more than two large packs or more smaller ones, but they are gone. So I'm taking two. I'm sure you will get some as soon as they are brought out from the warehouse.'

'But I need it as much as you. I could be waiting here ages until the toilet rolls are removed from the warehouse.'

John stared at the young lady who had left her trolley and was moving to take the toilet rolls which were already in the trolley of the first lady. He was amazed as the first lady was about to run with her trolley, but she had to get her hands on the trolley handle and then get moving. However she was too slow and the young lady was there and within seconds she managed to pick up one pack and run off. The first lady was about to run after her, but John put a hand on her shoulder. He was surprised that she wanted to rush off to get a packet of toilet rolls!

'You've got a pack and next time when you come the shelves will be stocked.'

'But what if the store is shut?'

'It won't happen. Don't worry.'

'You're probably right. I was getting worked up. I suppose this big packet of toilet rolls will last for a month or thereabouts. Thank you.' She smiled and walked off.

John moved along the aisles up and down and was amazed that there were other shelves empty also. It was like people getting products which they were going to stock at home in case the supermarkets shut. But he knew they wouldn't so he calmly walked on and picked up the rest of his food. He thought to himself, 'When I come here next week I'm sure it will be back to normal and nothing like today!'

MSM

One of Trillions

We live together, tiny friends,
that's you in me and me through you.
We rub along quite famously,
in fact, interdependently,
but never can I see you guys
and you don't know the face of me

Though some of you are nasty sorts
with pathogenic tendencies
we coexist; it all comes down
to care in my communities

Essential genes, far more than mine
you've passed down through your pell-mell trees
to keep my family limbs aloft
and branching in those mitoses

You are my trillions in support,
my microbiota. You teem.
Together we're a whole in one,
a mutual survival scheme.

Will Ingrams / Richard W

Tutti insieme

Sunlight slants sideways casting rays
through Hawthorn, Poplar and Ash that sway.
Illuminated as if on stage
yellow flowers perform.

Shadows sallow and sultry enhance
or soften the scene,
a pleasure to look out upon.
During
these times of constriction, a bonus.

Silhouettes shimmer and shift as
the breeze realigns the backdrop
that the trees create.
Altering the vista with ease.

Sublime, subjected and sensational
our reflexes are kept enthralled.
The weather in the role of
stage manager,
set designer
a magnificent whole.

Social spacing, separation
rendered entertaining.
A natural cast of
Cretaceous monogyna
Populus nitrate betulifolia and
Fraxinus excelsior excelling.

Special selected species
ensuring our undivided attention.
Enabling life to continue as though,
all together.

J.R.Tizard

