

Monday, 6 April 2020



NHS COVID-19 Notification:
Dear David Marron, your
COVID-19 test has come back
POSITIVE. If you are a key
worker, please inform your
employer. Follow government
advice on [www.gov.uk/
coronavirus](http://www.gov.uk/coronavirus) and NHS
websites.

20:57

a storm was coming
upon a new year
whilst we was just sat around
sat there waiting
uneasily watching
for what?
weren't too sure, really
cyclones, cytokine storms?
I mean, I don't know
we's sceptical for sure, see
it's our nature to write off, isn't it?
yep, ignore and carry on
tangled up in our daily business
safe in our sickness

our aches and pains
our occupied ways
it was coming though
like luggage, snuck in
on planes, on boats, upon the breeze
maybe, maybe
you hear that cough, from
across the net
over it comes
on the TV news
right before our eyes
no surprise really
it come out of somewhere though
some muddled beginning
it come of our interfering
maybe a bat's wing, a rat's tooth, a snake's skin
toil and trouble, man
cooked up in some witch's cauldron
bargained in some marketplace
possibly, possibly
or was it born of a cucu's egg
hid out in plain view
tended in someone else's nest
their head, my head, your head
this tiny seed
kicked back, stretched out in yer lungs
biding its time
shining yer phlegm
straight up. a time bomb
and there it was ticking
brewing, simmering away

like a pot of hemlock tea
boiled with water from the river Lethe
from those black glass waters
whose oil don't seem to flow
has no fish in there, see?
it's got nothing man
those waters, well
'll take your memories and piss them away
identity? screw that man
it ain't no use, no use at all
gets wiped out, see?
everything, every little morsel
you protest? well, yeah of course you do
I understand that, sure I do
but when it's gone, it's gone
ain't that the sad truth
those waters (whistle)
no hand washing there
'll suck you right in
get inside you and it did
it come among us
ran right through us
like the passing wind
some didn't notice the breeze
others disbelieved it, well of course
everything's a conspiracy, right?
yeah, okay buddy
you can't argue with stupid - waste of breath
and there ain't much of that to spare
some got blown over
in the storm

not for long mind
had to retreat, isolate – really
where you going?
cooked up, shook it off
a few days, a week, maybe longer
some didn't get up though
those poor souls
it stole their breath
you can hear it sometimes
panting away the time
as it flooded their lungs
with that blackened Lethe
as she sang toward the Styx
to Hades' sodden shores
where he's sat waiting too
even when you ain't ready
he's learnt patience
got time, see?
he don't mind, don't mind at all
the more the merrier, he don't care
not his place to
come as you are
ain't no party though
no drink, no food
no matter to you, I guess
as you got no taste
can feed you anything, dress it up
what do you know?
can't smell nothing
don't matter
he'll serve up the leaves of the Asphodel

not much of a host hey?
should brew up them leaves instead, man
Asphodel liquor, get that down yer
no, wait!
aren't you the Asphodel?
yes, yes of course you are
it makes sense now
I forgot, I drank the tea too, see
us and all them others
there you are, swaying
wronged in the meadow
rootless and sweating
fevered up, plastic oxygen breath
in a meadow that's got no sky
a sky that's just a memory
flushed away
still, maybe it's the best place
I mean, where else you gonna go?
the Elysium Fields?
no way Jose, you don't wanna hang there
full of them kiss arses
preening in front of mirrors
yeah, you know it
and as for Tartarus
well you know them suckers are doomed
serves them right anyway
twisted souls man
'bout time they got their arses kicked
that's for sure
so here you stand
in the Asphodel meadow

aggrieved and unlucky
makes me mad. mad and so very sad
you took the brunt see
casualties of indecision
and bad decision
herded up in the knacker's yard
treading down beds of straw
for a gambled immunity
who you kidding?
cooked up those odds were
see how that worked out
no safety in numbers
yer better off alone
get yerself out of favour
we're too unlearned to see
if it cares for favourites
just nods and knowing
'guess we all run out of gas'
too many of these old chestnuts
it's just those that checked out
had less miles on the clock
than was right
that's the beef
that's what's hard to stomach
but life don't play that way
and now you're here
round 2 is it?
laid up in some makeshift hospital
on a Shade-stained bed
in a ventilated ward
no loved one to hold yer hand

no one to kiss yer brow
no whispers, nothing
tears are spilt elsewhere
into phones, into rooms
and onto sleeves you once wore
discoloured and threadbare
crumpled on the floor
now held to keep you close
as your smell lies buried
in those polyester fibres
but you are not, you're not
you're gone see
taking with you the hearts of others
and what now?
a lost number
on the news
an empty statistic
all these swollen numbers
doctored and reported
wait though, look again
as love is buried in a digit
lost and incomprehensible
in those cautionary fonts
weighted and shimmering
in chameleon skin
you see them now?
ahh, I got numbers too
they're from the paint chips on the floor
from the charcoal dust
and the broken glass
from the crow's feather

and the littered mask
around stolen easter roses
and paper Christmas stars
slipped from under
the questionable ramblings
of a hoarse witness
hid amongst the herd
trying to remember
the colour of the Asphodel
whose painted thoughts
can't find no mouth
whisper those words to me again
slowly, slowly now
I think I can just make out your voice
cos it fell with the nocturnal rain
onto a cracked tarmac
that glistens distant memories
under the coughing streetlight
mind those tyres overhead
as they got no eyes
I see you there
I see you there
I see you there