

TLC poem: by Ben Norris

disaster movie

hollywood didn't prepare us
for a temperate pandemic
where we could tend our gardens
walk our dogs and queue
for things delicately see the faces
of loved ones more often slow
our olympic hearts get well again

we were told burning debris
would fall from the sky
or at the very least
it would be overcast

socialism is seldom the answer
to blockbuster problems
and yet

isolate-together is my new favourite oxymoron

this is not a thriller but a tide

I'm practicing piano baking bread
scraping the rust off my boyhood
practicing gratitude for having a piano
and housemates I can touch
how community exists
outside of tube trains
how rarely people need to fly

today it's for the satellites
and our sheer muslin sky
experts in the quiet work
of keeping us alive