

### COVID-19 – UNFINISHED BUSINESS

*a poem by* LYND A MCCALMAN

The world as we once knew it  
Will likely never be the same  
The result of a deadly pandemic  
Where we all became fair game

It does not differentiate  
Whether by age, gender or race  
And once there is transmission  
It is difficult to outpace

Fever, dry cough and tiredness  
Are symptoms that we're told  
With breathing difficulties acute  
As our lungs are taken hold

Still millions of confirmations globally  
With the death toll on the rise  
It unleashes a tsunami of hate  
We show solidarity in our despise

We're told "let's not assume  
That we're not going to be infected  
But prepare as though we may be  
And follow the guidelines as directed"

Being kept indoors for weeks  
And with rules we had to adhere  
Suspicious of all around us  
In our hidden darkness of fear

Isolated in our own bubbles  
As we whiled away the hour  
Stocking up wildly on toilet paper  
Yet running out of flour

Venturing out only when needed  
But continually remaining guarded  
We're let down by our Ministers  
Whose own rules they rashly discarded

With borders closed to non-kiwis  
Or those on compassionate grounds  
Running low on approved accommodation  
Transporting confinees to various towns

Our economy is under pressure  
Businesses are struggling to make ends meet  
Unemployment is on the rise  
As some jobs become obsolete

But kiwis being kiwis  
We seem to take it all in our stride  
An increased focus on buying "local"  
For in our country we take great pride

We know we played our part in New Zealand  
As the world watched on in wonder  
Now the Ministry of Immigration is inundated  
With migrants wanting to move down under

And let's not forget our dear Ashley  
The full support that we received  
So attune was he to our feelings  
A certain calmness was achieved

A crisis can bring about emotions  
That unchecked can cause much strife  
With humanity we were cared for  
With limited loss of life

But there's still unfinished business  
As the world awaits a vaccine  
It could be months, but likely years  
Before a cure is on the scene

Until then we remain vigilant  
As we wait for the COVID cloud to lift  
We're reminded that yesterday is history  
Tomorrow a mystery and TODAY IS A GIFT