

Lockdown

A new wind gathers momentum
Across empty streets, fields
And closed borders, sweeping
Sifting;
Behind closed doors,
Ears that are pricked
Would be whisked off and
The deaf drowned clinging to
Their superannuated songs.

Ellen Chia lives in Thailand and whilst pondering over the wonders and workings of her tiny universe finds herself succumb time after time to the act of poetry making. Her works have been published and forthcoming in The Ekphrastic Review, The Honest Ulsterman, Neologism Poetry Journal, The Tiger Moth Review, Zingara Poetry Review, Poetry Hall and Chiron Review.

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The Pangolin Review, Issue 16 (May 2020)