

Dead Rite

Dead right that we're globally under attack.
This world we've been trashing is trashing us back.
We took it for granted. We're watching it crack.

Though lifelong we've always been part of the pack
Our self-isolation sees us on our jack.
We've no one. We've nothing to take a new tack.

We're losing the pattern, the plot and the track.
Our families and neighbours lie stretched on this rack.
We're sick and it sucks cos they'll give us the sack.

This tightrope we're walking seems suddenly slack.
Where there's no known cure for these coughs we can't hack
We've some who won't make it. We've those we'll soon lack.

Like junkies grown drunken on skunk, coke and smack
Our interest is fading. Our daylight grows black.
We're restless. We clock-watch. We're insomniac.

We're groping for answers. While facing fresh flak
We swim through statistics. The numbers don't stack.
Grim Reaper's here mouthing: 'hypochondriac'.

Nick Toczek is a British writer and performer who has published dozens of books and recordings.

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