



We've just spent

Six Months in a Leaky Boat

Or how we coped with COVID-19 (with apologies to Tim Finn)

January

The summer is gorgeous, care-free and holiday matters
Politicians are absent, news just slim, only some mad hatters
We have no idea what looms just ahead and plans are made for the year
Sports will be big, with Olympics and Rugby and Cricket, no fear
We'll be there and life is a breeze. Nothing on the radar to say otherwise.

February

School is back, the kids are busy and we return to golf. Perhaps some bowling
Then there's news from China, some virus in Wuhan. It's somewhere else, let's keep on rolling
More such reports from elsewhere, the virus has a name now. They call it Covid and added a number.
It seems to accelerate, up there, even transits to Europe. Will it affect us, as the world awakes from slumber?
And then, at the end of the month there's a case – right here. It may be time to mobilise.

March

Concern is mounting, doubters gather. It's just one case, even two, hardly gigantic
Jacinda steps up, Dr Bloomfield in tow. She takes charge, he calls the stats, growing panic
Announcements come tumbling, will events get cancelled? Do we still have bog rolls?
The supermarkets are buzzing, long queues at the counter. Some shelves show gaping holes.
We hear about Alert Levels, no-ones sure. What does it mean? Then – Level 4 – shutdown.



April

Eerie quiet, no cars moving outside. We can exercise and boy, do we get rocking.
We step outside with PPE and sanitisers, circle around one another, perhaps the odd elbow knocking
No planes overhead, but the internet is buzzing, everyone buys and Liz brings those things
Food arrives too, courtesy of kind drivers, just dropping it off, no doorbell rings
With nowhere to go, we get inventive, some zoom, some clean but everyone scales down.

May

There's lots of wailing as businesses stay closed. But – what is this? The daily cases keep on falling
We have been good, the PM tells us. Not long to go she beams. In other places it's appalling.
The news gets better as the month wakes up. Then no more cases and just one patient taking up space
The team of 5 million wait with baited breath, then Bloomfield says, we've won the race.
We meet again, get hugs, give kisses. It's time to shop, go out and watch a rugby match up close.

June

So have we done what others can't? I'd say we did but at some cost. A new campaign has started
Support local, we are told. Keep business humming when all the tourists have departed
Kiwis everywhere are coming home, they get nice rooms, for two weeks quarantined
Sadly some, we see each night, bring in the dreaded virus, much maligned
But all the same, the job's mostly done and dusted, as our daily lives return to normal, I suppose.

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