



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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