

LOCKDOWN: A POEM

by Keryn Walters

Lockdown has got me writing again
The familiar feeling of paper and pen
Sitting in stillness with these thoughts of mine
It's been quite a while since I last had the time!

Old-school is often the best for my writing
The laptop just feels so much less inspiring
Come to think of it, all the 'old' things I have done,
Like baking, and knitting, now that we have slowed down

As we processed announcements now made for our land
Confusion arose, things were out of our hands -
This stay-at-home mom had just wanted a break;
How would I now cope for 21 days?

And yet as we went through one day at a time,
Finding our rhythm, the days would soon fly
There were play times and chat times and quiet times and more
More meals around tables, more books to explore

More tears as well too, as we processed our grief;
As we heard on the news of a world on its knees;
More effort was made to connect and make calls,
More Zoom chats and trying to make sense of it all...

Is it safe to go out? Are there queues at the shops?
Could we take the kids with, or shall we just stop
Trying to see the 'outside', the world still out there
Why has this all happened, Lord, it feels so unfair -

That some of us 'have', and others 'have not'
We suddenly realise all that we've got;
All that we have to be so thankful for
And yet still there is loss, of so much had before

Our 'freedom' to move as we know it is gone!
At least until the levels will start moving down
Distractions, and comforts, the old usual things
Have kept us from facing our own stubborn sins

Time now was a gift; it was also a test
How do I spend it? Can I still rest?
How do I balance what needs to be done?
With children who need me, and housework undone?

Time was too easily spent on the News,
On Facebook or Insta, so what do I choose?
To stay informed or to be entertained?
As I grappled with sudden and massive change



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We celebrated Easter; now home-bound where once
We enjoyed the fellowship of many loved ones
The shared hot cross buns, the coffee and tea
But now we are home, my family and me

And yet He is with us, my Jesus is here
His Spirit is with us, He sees every tear
He knows about loneliness and about fear
Our Merciful High Priest will always be near

The things that have helped me without a doubt
Are my faithful journal, to pour my heart out,
My daily Readings, my Bible Study
And committing to pray on a prayer group, daily

Praying for those who are in need of provision,
For those on the 'frontlines', or needing direction;
And for grace to deal with the home 'school' frustrations,
Learning how much I need the Lord's gentle patience

Learning to name what it is I am feeling
And check-ins with others, and how they are doing;
Learning to bring all these worries in prayer:
Not to carry the world, but to give God my cares

Learning the art of daily Thanksgiving
And training my children through all we are living.
Finding time for our marriage and 'alone time' still too -
Striving for balance and as we work these things through

Our children - their simple and innocent minds
Their joyful spirits, and happy smiles
Have been an example of child-like faith
The kind Jesus said we will need every day

I have felt what it feels like to have little faith;
In the face of potential disaster we may
Come to doubt our great God, all we thought that we knew
Is He still in control? Is He Good? Is it true?

And yet He is so kind and gracious to me
Forgiving me, helping me – daily; gently
Who and what will we have become?
What will it look like, when Lockdown's done?

Give us courage we need Lord, stepping out of our homes
Adjusting again to a world still unknown
And as we start going, still help us Abide
In your Word, in your Presence, Lord – YOU are our Life!

