

Poetry in a Pandemic

The Gift

Jo MacFarlane

She called it a gift,
the fire that razed her house to the ground.
And so it was, in its own perverse way.

Each calamity that befell her
was an opportunity,
each disaster a blessing.

We called her Pollyanna,
laughed behind her back,
rolled our eyes in knowing tedium
each time she walked our way.

Then one day she died

and the rain beat so hard
it felt like hell was being unleashed.
All our crops drowned and we had to start again.
We learnt to feed each other's mule,
share each other's well,
hold each other's hand.

We began to understand.

Life's Indoors...

Rosie Meade, *Co-Editor, Community Development Journal*

There's fierce intensity
In our mindful watching
Of the cat stretching
Across the kitchen floor.
Trapping sunbeams
In her belly.
The lightness of her
Black browning fur
Draining the outside in,
While we try to keep it out.