

A Window to the Past by Anne King

Inexorable progress grinds down a higher peak
No standing still or backward turn can we
Legislate, regulate, adhere to now or mark.
Nostalgic sentimentality too shallow to see
The problems we faced then, conditions too stark
So we papered the cracks with memories free
Of the toils and tribulations felt then.

Yet as traffic stops and cities empty, people disappear,
This world-wide pause a cause for consternation.
Amidst the lifeless streets a blackbird shows no fear
In hopping on the tarmac lawn alone.
On exercising walks we spot the deer
Close to our homes and far from usual run
The tales perhaps are real, of how it was back then.

Skylarks sing. We hear them rise in glorious tunes and trills
We haven't heard in years. We need to act
To forge a forward path, where thrills
Learnt from the recent impact
Of what matters most – each other, not the spoils.
So too our world wide web of nature, cracked
Though not yet broken, now or then