

Going Places

By Benjamin Stanley

Before, it was fine. We could all go places.

We could play, go to school, and see friendly faces.

I could go with my friends, and have fun,

Have fun all day under the sun.

Then things got scary, like a mineshaft as a canary.

Everyone was dying, and those who weren't were crying.

We went into lockdown, no more smiles on faces,

For now, we could no longer Go Places.

We stayed in our homes, at home with our thoughts,

The only connection to outside, a screen on a box.

We tried to go back, but all efforts failed,

All those who tried found their tries curtailed.

Now we are here, still living in fear,

As we try and pin all blame on the year.

But now things are normal, or maybe so-so,

At this point we really don't know.

Now we can go places, we can go and have fun,

But we can never forget those no longer under the sun.