



Words From Lockdown



LOTTERY FUNDED



Supported using public funding by

**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**

About Words From Lockdown

The Harwich Festival is running a digital Creative Writing Project from the 25th June – 31st July. All submitted pieces will be published in an online showcase on the HF website www.harwichfestival.co.uk.

The Harwich Festival calls for writers of all ages and abilities to take part by creating short pieces of writing: prose or poetry, but no longer than 1 A4 page reflecting their feelings raised by the lockdown. It could be about Isolation, although this is entirely up to the author. All entries will be displayed online.

The project is open to everyone, just like the 20 x 20 art project, and we hope that entries will be just as diverse. It would be wonderful if teachers and parents, involved in home-schooling, could encourage children to take part.

We hope you enjoy the work!

N.B. We have a small team working very hard to deliver the digital festival and, whilst we will endeavour to ensure all information is as accurate as possible, please let us know if you do notice any errors in the catalogue. You can do this via the contact form in the HF website.

Dates for Submissions:

Harwich Shorts Digital Film Festival will be an evolving exhibition and it will continue to be available via the HF website and Social media pages for the foreseeable future. Artists can submit work between the 25th June and the 31st July 2020. So there is still plenty of time to submit your work.

Using the Catalogue:

Work is listed in alphabetical order – by surname on the front page(s).

Please feel free to read through the whole anthology

Support the Harwich Festival:

The Harwich Festival is a registered charity and year-round arts organisation. We also run the Harwich Arts and Heritage Centre for the benefit of the wider community. The Festival relies on the support of external funders and public donations to continue its work. Any donation, no matter how small, will help us to continue our provision. If you feel able to donate, which would be greatly appreciated, you can do so here. Thank you.

<https://www.paypal.com/biz/fund?id=KQCQT2627ERV8>

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Day 91

Sunrise – yet another burst of heat

Those tasks I undertook so willingly at the start
all done so long ago that now they loom again,
and interest in dirty windows and the dust behind the fridge
no longer keep my interest.

We may soon be released, but things once normal,
hugs from loved ones, bus rides, supermarket trips,
now hold an unimagined terror.

Yet, marooned behind my garden walls

I've learned some strengths I didn't know were mine.

I've exercised in ways undreamt before,

Learned a new language,

Talked with friends who normally are only thought of once a year
when Christmas time comes round.

Found that technology can be great

When Zoom and Whatsapp open doors in unexpected ways.

Will we look back and reminisce about these times

As our parents did about that war?

Cathy Offord

Two Old Men

Two old men, school friends once, close as can be.
Feelings not acknowledged left unexplored.
Time passes, jobs, wives, children intervene
but now chance and a pandemic close the circle.
Each morning, standing the correct distance apart,
they talk, and know that though all's still unsaid,
in another life things could have been so different.
Yet now even idle chat's a balm in this uncertain world.

Cathy Offord

Turn of Tide

My horizons getting smaller every day,
It's hard to look ahead and see the way,
I'm trapped inside my head inside my mind,
I cannot seem to judge the speed of time.

Glass panes are now my window on the world,
The goldfish bowl of life beyond my home,
The TV showing nature out of reach,
A stagnant pond, no views of ocean foam.

Vacuous convalescence,
Translucent effervescence,
Ripples flooding far and wide,
Waiting for the turn of tide.

Susan Fairhall Smith - 17th April, 2020

Damaged dreams

Locked high up in the tower,
Rumpelstiltskin, had no thought,
For damaged dreams or well thought schemes
'Bout danger being caught.

Just have to wait, to wish, to dream
For now at least it's too surreal,
Refrain from doing what has been,
A time to pray, to hope, to feel.

But what now to consider?
Not dress, nor shoes or glitter,
Yes masks and gloves, no loving hugs,
And distant smiles across the aisles.

Nothing anyone can do,
Take care of others, see it through,
The other side I'll hope will be,
A better place for you and me.

Happy Huts

The day it started, lockdown, made my heart sore. Looking out over the sea, one of our local pub landlords told me they had been ordered to close that afternoon. It was that moment I knew, life will never be the same again. My work, self-employed, immediately ceased.

I took to walking, along the esplanade as far as I could go. It's 4km from Harwich to the far end, so I was covering 8km each day. I began to notice the beach huts, and the amazing variety of paint and colours, sizes and designs. How happy they all looked. Hundreds of brilliant huts, each showing their individual character, proving just how diverse their owners, how loved they are, the exquisite delight they must bring to the soul.

Their names; Jabba the Hut; Scallywag Island; My Happy Hut; Seas the Day...

And statements

By the sea, all worries wash away; The line where the sky meets the sea, it calls me; We all went to sea in a sieve...

Spots, stripes, dolphins, seagulls, pineapples, storks, hibiscus flowers, bargeboards shaped like waves, and every colour of the spectrum. My favourite, a VW campervan.

I began wondering if I could find a beach hut to invest in, once all this sadness and madness is over.

Lockdown began to ease and people began opening their huts once again. I risked asking every person I saw with huts in the area, whether they knew anyone selling.

It pays to ask.

I now have my very own Happy Harwich Beach Hut. I can sit by the sea and listen to the waves, shifting sands, the ever-changing view. The sea

never the same colour. The peace. Such a different perspective on life.
And this has made my heart soar!

Food

The screaming stops
As baby Sam clamps his lips
Around his mother's breast
This is bliss like nothing else

Next door toddler Tom
Throws his porridge on the floor
Third time that morning
Watches her
Exasperated face
And learns
About power

Across the road
Melissa binged all morning
Now vomits loudly
In the bathroom upstairs
Her parents exchange a look
Where did they go wrong?

Two streets away Selina frets
over the
Salsa Cruda and crepe suzette
Hates cooking
Stupidly

Say yes to a dinner for eight

In town the food bank volunteers
Pack cereals, rice
And baked beans into carrier
bags
While people queue outside.
Smile a thank you
Others grunt and don't look up

In Caracas
Maria's mother
Searches garbage bins for crusts
The government says
There's plenty of food
Maria cries with hunger

In Yemen a sick child
Wails and screams
Then falls silent
And waits for death .

Meanwhile baby Sam
Continues to suck
Then sleeps contentedly

Knowing nothing of
This troubled world.

Home Schooling Syllabus:

Covid **A**,**B**,**C** ...

By Tony Francis

Anti-**B**ac **C**ovid **D**isaster **E**conomically

Furloughed **G**reat **H**itherto

Indestructable-institutions **J**ustifiably

Keeping **L**ockdown-life **M**atters

Newsheadlines **O**ver **P**andemic

Quantity **R** **R**ated **S**elf-isolating **T**aboos

Usefully **V**ariable **W**hilst **X**enophobic

zoomers-**Z**oomed.....

Lock-Down Laconic Lingo.....

By Tony Francis

When Wuhan wobbled wet market warfare WHO would take toilet roll thousands to tills toppling top-heavy trolleys that pandemic pandemonium panic-buying people purposefully predicted profound pursuant persistent pooing.

Lockdown language lingered lazily lying low, leaving laconic levels laboriously lacking.

Stay-at-home, shop-essentially, self-isolate, stay-safe.

Should sinister shadows show, self-isolate.

Hand wash, wash hands, helping hands, hidden heroes, hesitant herd hinderances.

Anti-bac aristocracy audaciously avowed axiomatic authority, furloughing favourless fellows from flippin' first-div football formulating further formidable foment.

Do daily-exercise, don't dilly dally. Definitely defer dithering down doorways. Do distance, definitely disperse. Disinfect dodgy Donald diatribe.

Clatter and clap, cry out criteria congratulating Covid carers.

Dominic Cummings are NOT your goings.

Face spikes, Face unemployment, Face civil unrest. Face mask, not mask face.

Lock down hair, lock down kids, lock down Grannies. Lock down loonies on the beach and lock down lefties lingering lawlessly in London.

R rates are not your rates.

Blow Boris bubbles.

Live a long, laissez faire, lockdown like life. Laconic in lockdown linguistics.

Fund the fundable with fun and funds.

Feed the food banks and find your neighbour's needs.

Return revived to revive, replenished to replenish, resistant and right to right rongs.

Reach reliable Rainbows.

THE LOCKDOWN LIMERICK

Once there was a virus called covid
So we went and hid
We had to go into lockdown
Shut down went the town
Stay home was the government bid!

For if we didn't covid would stay
We wished it would go away
No school for me
Stuck with my family
Day after day after day!

My mum made it nice for me
I made notes for my Postman to see
I love to bake
I ate lots of cake
And a sleepover in front of the tv

By Jasmine Jay aged 7

The go away Poem

Corona virus is bad.

It makes me sad.

Corona virus

annoyed us

It really is mad!

I wash my hands to keep the virus away

I do not want it to stay

My school got shut

It did my nut

Just go away!

By Millie Osborne Aged 6.

Corona- virus limerick

Corona-virus came to town
And we all began to frown
We bring hand gel to the shop
It feels like a lot
It made us all feel down.

We went out
With not many about
Wearing a mask
Feels like a task
And I really needed a shout.

At school we cannot share
And when we work we cannot be a pair
This virus is bad
It makes us all sad
Corona is a scare!

We don't want our family to get corona
It will make them moana
We have to be 2 meters apart
But I miss them with my heart
It's travelled through China, England and Barcelona.

Corona isn't going away
We can't go to the bay
I don't want to be left alone
But it's making me feel like its' unknown
We have to stay home.

By Teddy Calver age 6

Covid-19 Poem

I've been told to wash my hands every day.

But at school I still have to pray.

Mummy has gone shopping in town.

When I'm stuck in due to the lockdown.

I really wish coronavirus would go away.

By Ava Okongwu

Age 6

Covid-19 Poem

I have to wear a mask.

Which is such a task?

Washing my hands every day.

Keeping the bad germs away.

Corona virus has not been a blast.

By Hollie Matthews

Age 7

Coronavirus poem

Corona came from across the sea.
Boris Johnson shut down the country.
Mask for me and my family.
To stop us getting covid-19.
Schools are shut.
But there is a but.
We work at home.
With mum not alone.
We make time for our daily strut.

By Logan

Age 7

Covid-19 pandemic

We have been hit with a pandemic called corona.

But I make sure in the morning I eat my granola.

We need to be 2 meters apart.

But at school I love to do art.

I don't want to become alone.

At home I need to play with my brother all alone.

Whilst my mummy texts her friends on her phone.

Wash my hands every day.

To get corona to go away.

I hope corona has not grown.

By Meadow Cornell

Age 6

My summer of 2020

My favourite things to do in lockdown are,

1. Speaking to sienna and Lucia.
2. Taking Max for a walk
3. Playing with Taylor
4. Staying up late and watching Movies
5. Going roller skating on Sunday
6. Playing on Mummy's old phone

Things I didn't enjoy about lockdown

- 1 Having to do my schoolwork at home
- 2 Not being able to see Grandma and Grandad
- 3 Not being able to see Amelia
- 4 Not being able to play with Sienna
- 5 not being able to speak to Lucia for 3 weeks because she went on holiday

Paige Rowse

A Blessing Or A Curse?

At the end of March the prime Minister made an announcement,
He said that all normal life as we know it will be in for major adjustment,
We must stay in and not go out,
Only once a day if we are lucky to walk about,
A two-metre rule distance from people to avoid judgment.

So in we stayed,
We laughed and played,
School and work now all to be done from home,
Far and few went out to roam,
In we all stayed whilst normal life was delayed,

This year took a turn for the worse,
But we all managed to save some pennies for the purse,
Nature took off in leaps and bounds,
There countless amounts of happy hounds,
So ask yourself is this a blessing or a curse?

MY LOCKDOWN POEM

There was once a boy named Ernest
And he wished he could put corona in a furnace
And he wished he could go to Blake's home
And play with foam.

Play with my tablet on the table
And charge it with a cable
Call Blake on skype
And type
I'm sad
But I have an art pad

I think I'm going crazy
But I also feel so lazy!!!
I will not watch the news
But I will go for a snooze.

By Ernest Johnson

Lockdown.

How exciting, It's going to be just like being on an extended holiday from work. Maybe four or five weeks.

Except, we can't go anywhere, or see anyone apart from our daily walk. We have to stay in.

That's ok I can use the time wisely to fix things in the house, things that I have put off forever.

Except I don't have the right tools or the ability to do all the things that need fixing so I need to pay someone to do them for me and no-one is allowed in the house to do them.

I know, I will do some cooking, banana bread, apple sponge, Krispy cakes. All the yummy recipes I have stored in my head for when there is time to try them.

Except, it's only week three and my bottom is getting bigger and bigger by the day.

I will exercise, Joe Wicks is doing PE for the children every day and it will help me to lose the weight gain.

Except, have you seen how hard that is!

I will get an exercise bike instead, that will get me fit and healthy.

Except there is nothing left for sale unless you don't mind paying £500 or more.

I'll get one anyway, it's an investment in my health & fitness.

Except by day 3 I've busted my knee cycling 10k and now I have to sell it.

Sure, I have the perfect idea, I will join in with the Grayson Perry Art Club, I will enter a picture every week and become a famous artist just like him.

Except, although I give it a try twice, I miss the submission deadlines or muck up the video by laughing and now I won't be taken seriously as an artist after all.

I could try Gareth Malone and his singing group every night online, it's in the house and no-one can hear so it doesn't really matter what I sound like.

Except he's going all technical and doing harmonising and asking everyone to record themselves online and I can't really sing or do all that technical stuff and I don't want to be on the TV anyway.

I can declutter the house.

Except all I have really done is move piles of things into different places and as there are no tips open to throw things away and there are no charity shops open to donate all my decluttered things to, I'm left with piles of things in different rooms.

I should just put them all back, so it looks neat in my house once again, then I can sort them out when things are back to normal.

Except, I'm not going to do that, I'll just leave them in various piles everywhere.

I can plant some seeds and get self-sufficient like Tom and Barbara from The Good Life.

Except, you can't get seeds anywhere or compost or plants.

Well, I can neaten up the garden instead. Weed it and cut it and tidy it.

Except, it's back breaking work and I'm too old and the sun is out so it's too hot. I may as well lie down on the lounge for a while longer with a nice glass of wine.

And before I know, 16 weeks have passed and all I have really achieved is getting a suntan. And gaining a stone and probably doing a bit of damage to my liver.

Please just let me go back to work!

Melanie Moss-Burton

Pensieri d'Italia

Bergamo flickers on
Frightened nurses doctors
Italians expire
But they kiss cheek and cheek.

What can you do?

Bergamo remembrance
Train trip to Varenna
Bel Lago di Como
A way of life to change?

What can you do?

Italian lockdown
Sopranos entertain
Lockdown alla UK
Sopranos on TV

What can you do!

Pauli wants espresso
Leonardo Leotardo
Sylvio kills a rat
Tony eats cannoli

What can you do!

Cannoli di Deli
A new lockdown excess
Pistacchio dripping
Memories da Lucca

What can you do?

Come to our aid they said
Nobody didn't hear
Nobody didn't come
Its your own fault we said

What can you do?

Peter Davis - July 2020

PANDEMIC BIRTHDAYS

It's the lockdown and four birthdays coming up – not a lot.
Ignoring count of households, social distancing, and such
With careful thought, we'll give it a shot.

The first is early May, a twentieth celebration,
Too soon to meet, we managed low key
Email, texting, twitter-ation.

The second, early June, the young man now nineteen.
Enjoying fish and chips and views across the Stour,
We six on grassy bank together, such a merry scene.

By first July, we were much more daring
So jelly, drinks, and cake with fifteen candles,
A party of six – indoors, ignoring social paring.

The next will be in August, I'll be eightyfour.
Will there be a second spike? Who knows or cares?
I'm just glad to be here still, I couldn't ask for more.

Lockdown Birthdays

It started in March,
A happy family gathering,
celebrating 40 years in active style.

More sedately
Tea with friends and 70 years gone by
But anxious thoughts of future change

The first Lockdown Celebration, no special milestone now,

Took us on a seawall walk

In April Sun.

Children and Grand children stand outside,

Holding a banner,

HAPPY BIRTHDAY GRANDDAD.

4 years old, and some freedoms beckon.

Beach hut visit with Grandparents

But lockdown party at home

With teddies as invited guests.

Venturing over the border to Suffolk in June,

Campervan carrying facilities

For a birthday treat,

Yellow horned poppy on the shingle beach,

Cups of tea at Shingle Street,

Returning home to tea and cake.

July arrived and the weather changed.

Unsettled times as we gently lift our lockdown lives.

Two birthdays celebrated in one weekend.

Family visits.

Barbecue, bouncing and beach hut fun.

Cautiously kayaking in choppy seas.