

Circle the Wagons

*Circle the wagons, ride low in the saddle,
Keep an eye on the sky fore and aft
Vigilant be to the utmost degree
You're not alone on this raft*

*Pestilence looms, seeking fodder for tombs
Striding the world back and forth
And we seem not to know just where it will go
Up, down, south, east, west or north*

*We've had this before, just as deadly, or more
When the Spanish Flu had its lethal run
Too, the bubonic plague, Black Death, or some ague,
Or SARS, and, cryptic, the H-1-N-1*

*So gird up your loins, and jock up your groins
And head for the proverbial hills:
Stay at home as you're asked, and do wear a mask,
Limit your contacts to needs and not frills*

*All the powers that be cannot seem to agree
How to repel this particular hell
Pay no heed to the fool who flaunts every rule
Whistling, by dark, his own fear to quell*

*Open your heart to your neighbours and friends
For their ease, if not your own
Be it pointless to you, respect what they do,
By this kindness will you then be known*