

An Mei: Warm Hands and Smiling Faces

Dedicated to key workers; heroes to be celebrated.

When it came the darkness started,
Weaving its way into every nook and corner.
The curtains of daylight seeming shut
With the dark falling
Like ashes.

They promised an 'ok', some even 'good' –
But no one could know, could they?
It was not the way it meddled and mutated...
Just perhaps,
The repercussions of its actions.

Yet it plastered the billboards, the adverts, the streets
With the 'melancholy' of its laughter,
Flawed happiness whispering from every flickering corner-
People longing to live and love as they had done.

And though the darkness remained,
From it came a candle; an allegiance of those doing all they could.

And the darkness was mended with warm hands and smiling faces –
So maybe it was 'ok', some may even say 'good'.