



### A senior citizen's lockdown in verse

Sheela Jaywant

Freelance writer

**Corresponding Author:**

Ms Sheela Jaywant

Sangolda, Goa 403511

Email: cmjaywant at gmail dot com

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My spectacles I sat upon, lenses came out of the frame.  
I know I have a spare somewhere, but cannot find the same.  
Yesterday, spouse said, the hearing-aid battery's dead.  
So, spouse can't hear. There are many things I have to tell,  
have to leave unsaid.  
With lockdown, things are worse.  
(Chuckle: getting from worse to verse.)  
We cannot to a dealer go, nor reach the optician.  
Can talk on phone but cannot meet our regular physician.  
We manage.

A minor abscess, somewhat painful, pink to yellow turned.  
Punctured it, it sobered down: we have a new trick learned.  
We're afraid of falling down, b-p spikes, sugar-level variations,  
Of living life with vertigo, and renal stone formations.  
We manage.

Every task is a mountain-climb.  
Doing one takes effort and time.  
Clipping nails, shaving, trimming hair with trembling fingers.  
We manage, but occasionally need help. Apprehension lingers.  
What will happen to the insulin if the fridge stops working?  
Our soiled clothes, if our machine does not the washing?  
We manage.  
Most of all, we aren't assured that all is well that's happening.  
We need to hear a human voice, see a face, and not on screen.  
Be assured that all is well, around here and on the national scene.

We're on our way to meet our Maker,  
Sooner rather than later.  
Into the sunset we must go,  
We know.

But till to walk and talk we're able,  
Through the news obtained on the cable,  
We should know, not opinions,  
Facts, true projections.  
Of where things stand, where lies the future;  
Strategies definite and clear.  
We manage, but...

What should we do if there's a tooth-ache?  
Where go if a rash comes a-wake?  
Who dial if we just need to talk?  
Without wanting to baulk?  
Then, how will we manage?

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