

Buckland's Lockdown Poetry



2020 Poetry Competition

Organised by Richard When

BUCKLAND 2020 POETRY COMPETITION

We had a very good turnout of poems for the Buckland 2020 Poetry Competition, which are set out on the following pages. Our thanks for taking the time to enter this competition and giving us all some interesting poems to ponder. My thanks also to my fellow judges, the Revd. Anna Moore and Sarah Bridger.

The following table sets out the names of the winners of the three divisions, and recipients of Highly Commended awards.

AWARDS

Under 11	Winner: Arthur Bourke Highly Commended: Fabian Bassi and Ella Daley
11-18	Joint Winners: Charlie Knap, Esther Mistry and Layla Gibson Highly Commended: Ruby Walters, Sophie Earwicker and Leah Routledge
19+	Joint winners: John Lane and Peter Wheen Highly Commended: Meike Laurenson, Trevor Cooke, and Tim Wheen

If you are named above and have not received your certificate by mid-February (perhaps because I have lost your contact details), please contact me at The Grange, Rectory Lane, Buckland, Betchworth RH3 7BH, or by email to rwheen@hotmail.com.

Thank you, and happy reading.

Richard Wheen

READ ON!

CHRISTMAS OF 2020

This jolly season will be weird,
As we say hello to those from a 2 metre distance,
Our Families the people we love so dear,
Won't be coming for Christmas this year.

Dinners will be bland without my family there,
We'll be hoping for our friends to be near,
The christmas tree is alight with many presents left spare
I wish you a Merry Christmas to all this year.

Megan Crofts year 7 St Bede's, T10

2020

In the first month of Covid my carer said to me one country in a quandary.

In the second and third months of Covid my carer said to me three virus strains, two metres distant, and a country in a quandary.

In the fourth and fifth months of Covid my carer said to me five days alone, four "Nightingales", three virus strains, two metres distant and a country in a quandary

In the sixth and seventh months of Covid my carer said to me seven vaccines working, six people meeting, five days alone, four "Nightingales", three virus strains, two metres distant and a country in a quandary.

In the eighth and ninth months of Covid my carer said to me nine centres testing, eight patients coughing, seven vaccines working, six people meeting, five days alone, four "Nightingales", three virus strains, two metres distant and a country in a quandary.

In the tenth and eleventh months of Covid my carer said to me eleven o'clock closing, ten days isolating, nine centres testing, eight patients coughing, seven vaccines working, six people meeting, five days alone, four "Nightingales", three virus strains, two metres distant and a country in a quandary.

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In the twelfth month of Covid my carer said to me twelve trackers tracing, eleven o'clock closing, ten days isolating, nine centres testing, eight patients coughing, seven vaccines working, six people meeting, five days alone, four "Nightingales", three virus strains, two metres distant and a country in a quandary.

*John Zetter (with apologies to Frederic Austin)
member of Buckland Bridge Club A9*

CONFUSION

Confusion is a black balloon of annoyance
It's a bit like 2020
Confusion is a cold dark bubble of denial
that won't go away
It's a teaspoon of icy blue water
A dash of angry nothingness
It's a stake prodding and probing for weakness
It's a tablespoon of crushed Brussel sprouts
It's an annoying pinch of rotten luck
That I can't make go away

*Arthur Bourke, aged 10
lives in Buckland and attends North Downs School, Winner C2*

AT THE END OF 2020

At the end of 2020
I felt empty
With the uncertainty
Tired of that daily mention
You know what they say
Mask, hands and space
And no chance to embrace.

*Meike Laurenson lives in Buckland,
Highly Commended A3*

2020

2020, first of Jan, picture an idyllic scene.
In hazy sun I sat, enjoying peace on Buckland Green.
With markets up and taxes down and a peaceful year ahead,
And no foreboding sense nor any fear of future dread.

But in far off lands the seeds of death were being sown
To fright the souls of Buckland folk with horrors yet unknown.
I went about my quiet life with light steps and a laugh.
No thought of nightmares yet to come; it wasn't in the Telegraph.

From the orient comes chop suey and soup from white shark's fin,
But then they switched to stewing bats and the endangered pangolin.
This deadly mix released a bug that went around the globe, Covid 19,
And all the world's governments stretched to find a good vaccine.

Gnashing teeth and wailing, shouting "We're following the science"
And shutting up and locking down to encourage all compliance.
Jabs all round (the oldies first), but when all is said and done,
This year is just a write off, so roll on 2021.

Trevor Cooke, lives in Buckland, Highly Commended A1.

2020 CHRISTMAS POEM

Carrots are put out for the reindeers,
Holly wreaths are hung
Ribbons help wrap Christmas presents.
In front of the tree merry songs are sung.
Stockings are placed on the mantelpiece.
Trees are decorated with tinsel so golden
Mince pies are cooking in the oven,
Advent calendars only have a few doors left to open
Stars shine up in the sky and look down on us from heaven.

Elsa Nilsson, year 7 at St Bede's, T9

A 2020 CHRISTMAS

2020 will go down in history,
As the most horrible year of all,
But maybe, perhaps, not for long,
For Santa has happily heard his call!

Get that turkey roasted,
Decorate the tree,
When all the presents do arrive,
Our happiness will be free!

Get ready for all the fun,
For all the christmas cheer,
Hand up all the stockings,
Prepare for his reindeer!

But don't forget to hug and kiss,
For soon all this christmas bliss,
All this joy that may be missed,
Shall be swiftly, sadly, packed
away,
And 2021 is coming your way.

Sophie Earwicker, Year 7, St Bede's Highly Commended T6

THE POSITIVES AND NEGATIVES

You know 2020 wasn't the best year,
But you still should give it a good old cheer,
you maybe couldn't go for play dates
But you can still zoom you're best mates,

All the kids would ask their mums to play in the park,
But they would always say it's getting too dark,
They beg their mums for ages
And the kids would always say,
I just want to go and have a good play with my friends,
Their begging works and their mothers say,
Alright only till the end of the day!

*Fabian Bassi lives in Buckland,
aged 8, Highly Commended C3*

(Untitled)

O' the rain forest, lungs of the earth
No one dare venture after dusk
But yet due to greed
We are trying to destroy this place of birth
Trying to turn it all into sawdust
Please do not do the deed
Destroying the lungs of the earth

O' how the forest is in pain
And how much do we really gain
Destroying the lungs of the earth
In this sad year of 2020 up to 7 billion trees have been obliterated
How long will it really take
Or will it be too late
When we realise
We have destroyed the lungs of the earth

Charlie Knap, aged 11, at St Bede's, Joint Winner T8

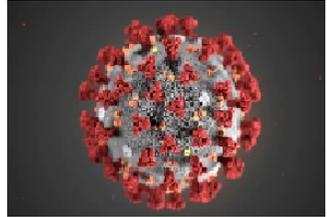
HELPING ANIMALS IN 2020

Animals are dying out and we need to help them like we help others
Non reusable plastic is bad for animals
In the ocean, plastic is causing a commotion
Make an animal house
All animals need help
Large one's & small ones too
Saving animals is what we need to do

*Ella Daley aged 8, lives in Buckland
Highly Commended, C1*

MY CHRISTMAS POEM 2020

Just because you social distance
You may keep 6 feet away
Wearing a face mask
Staying at home
Christmas is once a year
So celebrate it with good cheer
And make each day
Bring joy your way
Maybe no holiday
Pleasure stays this way
Lots of lights
Make it bright
It's Christmas time Hurrah!



Darcie Moakes, year 7, St. Bede's T15

2020 - NOTHING LASTS FOREVER

Nothing lasts forever
Except perhaps today
For although time is clever
It will always slip away

But today will last forever
As tomorrow will be today
Even though tomorrow
Never is an actual day.

Nothing lasts forever
Except maybe today
And as it lasts forever
Seize it while you may

*Layla Gibson, aged 11, lives in Buckland,
Joint Winner T17*

CHRISTMAS 2020

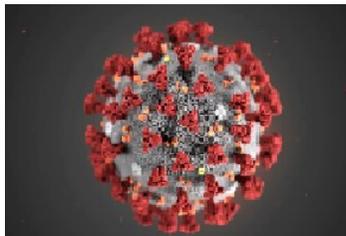
Christmas 2020 is going to be a strange one,
With restrictions in place it won't be the same;
That isn't to say that it won't be fun.
My point is that this Christmas is going to be a strange one.

December 2020 is going to be a strange one,
With little celebrations, parties or Christmas services,
We must approach it a different idea of what Christmas is,
Like I said this Christmas is going to be a strange one.

Christmas Day 2020 is going to be a strange one,
But it brings to mind what we must not forget;
Something that we must correct;
As we've become obsessed;
We've forgotten what the true meaning of Christmas is.

The true meaning of Christmas is about a baby,
Who was laid in a manger,
And was born to save you and me;
So let's remember that the truth never changes.

Esther Mistry, year 7, St Bede's, joint winner T12



2020

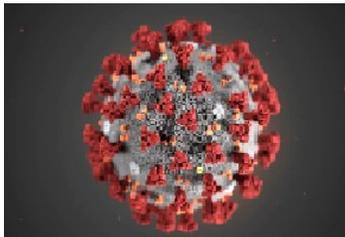
Oh! I was bored and rather sad
As, yet again on my PC,
I Googled all the signs I had
That Covid might have got to me.
I wasn't even pleased to find
That all my searches nothing earned
For I had reached that state of mind
Where fact and fiction - both I spurned.
Then came a faint but hopeful dream,
When I was asked to pen an ode,
To try to win your slight esteem
And rid myself of dismal mode.
So I put my mouse away
And pulled the plug on my PC.
I know what Google wants to say,
"Everyone is Covid-free".
Now in my hart a hope is held
For everyone health, peace and plenty.
If you can find a word misspelled
I guess your eyesight's 20/20

*John Lane, adult, Lives in Buckland
Joint Winner A2*

20/20 HINDSIGHT

The dawn of a new era which promised plenty;
A global pandemic is the legacy of 2020;
Quarantines, lockdowns and self- isolation;
Affecting people of every faith and in every nation;
But acts of kindness also brightly shone;
Like claps for carers and the amazing Captain Tom;
Which prove that despair and adversity can be overcome;
With kindness, humour (as well as some furlough income);
And the promise of a vaccine coming shortly to our rescue:
Provides some hope and cheer that is so long overdue;
But Covid-19 was not 2020's only news story;
Donald Trump also tried to avert democracy;
By claiming victory with votes yet to be counted;
Then claiming fraud with no evidence to support it;
The Black Lives Matter movement also came to the fore;
As a result of police brutality with protests galore;
The Brexit saga just rumbled on and on and on;
And the national debt has now passed two trillion;
We'll meet again soon - have faith everyone;
Stay safe and join me in saying: bring on 2021!

*Timothy Wheen, adult, lived in Buckland for many years,
Highly Commended A4*



A VIEW OF 2020 BY A LABRADOR

My name is Nelson and I am a Dog
My mum is helping write this Blog
Being a Labrador I like my daily routine
My walks, my meals and some naps in between
I live in Buckland up an un-made-up track
I am 9 years old and my colour is black
We walk at home and sometimes on the coast
The beach at Wittering is where I like the most
Suddenly in March 2020, it all seemed to change
Mum muttered Lockdown with lots to arrange
All visitors stopped coming to see us
Something to do with a nasty Virus
Groceries now delivered by a Sainsbury's van
Such fun seeing it come and helping the man
I still sometimes see my canine pals on a dog walk
When mum can welcome a socially distanced talk
Social distancing is beyond my comprehension
'Cos, I like being friendly with lots of attention
No real celebrations or pals at Christmas and New Year
Please kick out the virus and bring back the good cheer

*Nelson Cox (with the help of Ianthe) adult.
As he says in the poem, Nelson lives in Buckland, A10*

2020

A funny old year, as I finish my training,
The world is upended, but E2 is still reigning
A year of much sorrow, but there are some mixed blessings,
Some small silver linings, I think worth addressing.

More cooking and baking, more runs and more walking
More time in the morning for coffee, and talking
More time with the paper, (and less on my phone...)
More time in the garden - the tomatoes I've grown!

Less commuting, less traffic, less parking space panic,
No ironing, or polishing, or scruffiness-admonishing
More T-shirts and jeans, more tracksuits (no seams!),
And no suits and no ties; "socks don't match"- no one cries.

A paragraph about Trump will invariably fall short,
To the time and worry he has managed to extort
From my year, my life, (and from the US-of-A),
I really can't wait till they lock him away.

A new baby, new job, new flat, and new car
Old friends, the old country, the old man, and my ma.
Life can be a bit tricky; 2020 did tire us.
In addition to this, there was some news of a virus.

So not all is so bad, a "reset" some may say,
A good story to tell of "back in my day"
The grief and the misery, are real too - though
In my small world round me, some benefits show.

*Peter Wheen, adult, lived in Buckland for many years
Joint Winner A5*

BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATERS

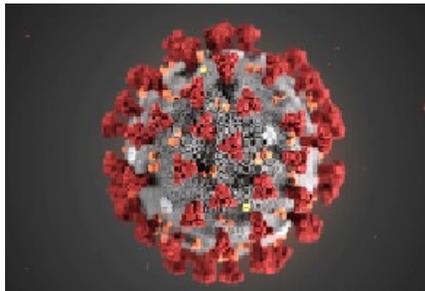
When you're down and out
R numbers are up
Reading Room is closed
Nowhere for tea
Robots replace friends
BBO will comfort you

Sail on, COVID,
Sail on by
Your time has got to end
All our dreams are on their way
See the cards, how they'll shine
Oh, if you need a friend
I'm playing by your side

Like Bridge over troubled 2020
This game will keep us sane
Like Bridge over troubled 2020
We WILL meet again

[BBO is Bridge On line and, as the poem says, robots can replace absent players]

Helena Pollock, adult, member of Buckland Bridge Club, A6



LBB

In 2020 I had a LBB friend, a Jenny Wren by name, who visits twice a day.

Outside my window, his morning run across the clematis is fast, flighty and jerky. He dodges up and dips down, crossing from vine to leaf as he looks to startle any unwary beasts.

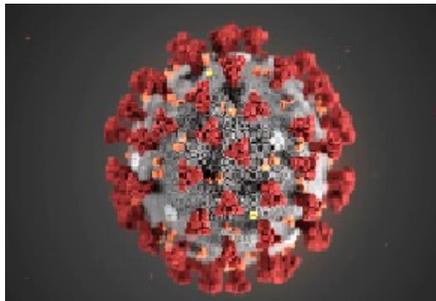
His constant cries are a high-pitched trill, as he banters with his mates above and below. With the occasional alarm call on days of suspicion or concern, I too do hear.

The afternoon visits are far more sedate, conducted in ease, but with a higher degree of thoroughness. Inspecting every leaf, nook and cranny. The search for any hidden beastie missed this morning or yesterday.

Once or twice a week, he scours the window frames, bobbing up and down. Peering in, to check he is safe. Then along the frame to give himself line of sight. He scrapes his bill with his foot, freeing it of the spidery silk, while searching for the ghostly culprit he is sure is hidden close by.

My LBB is a Jenny Wren, he visits me twice a day, he's kept me company in 2020 and hopefully will in 21.

Howard Longstaff, adult, lives in Buckland, A8



THE NEW DECADE OF 2020

The new decade arrives with plenty of fizz, but after three months we'd be staring into an abyss

As spring comes around Covid's the new name in town, home schooling starts with more than frown

The weeks roll by with beautiful weather, country walks and quiet roads leave us feeling much better

Social distancing and space become new buzzwords in haste, our lives move online to accelerate the digital pace

The summer shines with beauty and brightness, the cancelled holidays leave us feeling more righteous

Staycations and daytrips help us pass the time, no flights or travel stress make us feel sublime

Autumn appears with more than a bump, in comes the rain with a heavy dump

Lockdown returns like an overnight spread, shut pubs and dark nights send us early to bed

December beckons making less of a sound, no parties or events at which to spend the odd pound

So the year rolls out in less than a flash, the new decade has arrived and left us feeling in a mash

Some may say "2020 get out, we will say goodbye without doubt"

But when truth be told there was plenty of delight, despite the mighty Covid fright

Paul Daley, adult, lives in Buckland, A7

DICE

Black, Black, White
We are not as different as we think
All the lives they take
Because they are a different race
Just like a dice
Black, Black, White

Grandmothers weeping
Parents wailing
They say simultaneously “why did they have to go”?
They were killed because of their race
Beliefs
Appearance
Family

2020 is the year to change
1660 women’s rights was allowed
2104 same sex couples
1990 anti-communist
Will 2020 be the year that racism is abolished?

Ruby Walters, aged 12, St Bede’s T3

MY 2020 CHRISTMAS POEM

A squeak on the stairs	I better keep still
Could it be santa?	Cant make a peep
Better pull my duvet	He doesnt leave toys
Up to my ears	Unless your asleep
He comes down the chimney	My door just opened
Thats how he gets in	Someones my bed
He uses his magic	It wasnt santa after all
To make himself thin	Cause hes not in red.

Leah Routledge, year 7 St Bede’s, T13

