

The Little Rainbow

*Through the dusky haze of the invisible enemy,
Day to day we carve the way.
Through the masks, the distance and the yearning,
The glimmer of hope of the little painted rainbow.*

*On the wards, alarms and sounds,
The visible grief and struggle of the ill.
Relentless support of doctors and nurses,
Propelling our fire and unison to fight.*

*The stresses and strains crippling and smothering,
Flutters and tingles, thoughts bombarding.
Memories of roaming and holding each other,
Bracing our energy to fight once more.*

*Restrictions tightening and businesses gasping,
Grown-ups paving the glimmer of new normal.
“When the germs are gone” she uttered,
With her paintbrush and the little rainbow.*