

My Sister's Wig

I am trying to gather the darkness of this
I am trying to gather the strangeness
How we tipped over from a weekly Zoom
to a weekly wake
When Covid came to join
the sisters at the table

When we were children
you picked yourself up
We were a big, uneasy tribe
You could be pushed over
when no one was looking
That was family

In this threatening year
we came back together
Felt we had learned to be careful
smart and worldly wise,
self-reliant and steady
Politicians had let us down badly

After Christmas to shake the gloom
And celebrate a birthday
We donned outrageous wigs
Pink, blue, green and gold
An acrylic pageant of
rebellious, exuberant alter egos

Only two days later, unannounced,
came another transformation.
An unwitnessed liminal shift
from punk star to Ms Covid
My sister, hijacked in her own home
with no one to pick her up.

She, no nonsense corporate to her core.
Smart and in charge, always
(the least likely of shapeshifters)
led our psychedelic challenge to despair
But, she lost the argument, and
we are left, in life, with her wig.

March 2021

