

Three Poems for Easter in a time of Covid-19

By Bruce Gulland

Easter Sunday

Already three weeks - in our homes confined,
Anxiety speaks, plans to future consigned,
How long will this unmasked-for crisis extend?
How will I cope, and when will it end?
Why is it that so much that usually matters
Lies at my feet now in rags and in tatters?
Come away to a far ancient time and there meet
Others whose hopes, dreams lay crushed at their feet,
Friends of the One who had loved them, who died
Who they loved like no other - the earth itself cried;
Yet in their great sadness, that deep darkest night,
The morning brought gladness, deep joy, life and light.