

Three Poems for Easter in a time of Covid-19

By Bruce Gulland

Good Friday

Where can I turn, when I feel alone,
When I feel the door rattle, and hear the wind moan;
When there's no reassuring hug or a touch,
And loved ones stay at a distance, for such
Is the need to take care - tell me then where
Will I find the deep comfort and warmth that I crave,
When I don't feel strong, calm, peaceful, or brave?
What if, in the gloom, in that deep darkest night
There is One who will put all my worst fears to flight?
And when at my lowest, weak, sick, in despair,
I could know with the feeblest of trust – You are there.