

# Freedom

How strange to live in space so confined,  
a prison of sorts without the bars.  
Visitors may come but access is restricted  
and we are quite restrained.

We can enjoy nature in modest doses.  
Yet we are indefinitely tethered,  
allowed out to graze in narrow clearings,  
our movements held in check lest we stray

We are fed and watered, lack nothing  
except the joy of freedom to wander.  
Our invisible chains pull tight  
should our imaginations tempt us to soar.

Holiday vocabulary paces impatiently at the back of the queue  
While new ones enjoy their time in the spotlight.  
Upstarts like social distancing, lockdown blues, Covid deniers,  
came from nowhere and are now centre stage.

Once upon another life we moved unobstructed.  
Choice encircled us knowing no bounds.  
No limits - unfettered we would consider  
the world and its plentiful offerings

The sun, the sea, the hills, the pretty towns,  
cosy tea rooms, fancy restaurants, salty air.  
The world was our oyster then  
And we didn't even know.

But we know now and when we are unhitched,  
we will not be the same after such deprivations.  
We can never be creatures with finite dreams.  
We are already planning, foiling our captor.

Will there be merry making, festivals and feasts?  
Will we get it all back, and bound away,  
ungoverned, somewhat diminished but no frustrations -  
perhaps timidly at first, then without constraint.

The earth and its creatures have had a reprieve.  
They surely have not missed our absence,

but we are wanderers, trekkers, voyagers.

Guilt, gratitude, relief, sorrow will be travelling companions.....

Until we forget them.

*Anne White*