

## Shifting Positions – Rhona North

Shifting my position is good  
Easing a muscle  
Diminishing pins and needles  
Even a fresh chair  
Or a different room  
In Covid 19  
is good

But I have to venture out  
I need my vitamins  
Is it all a ruse?  
Some say Vitamin C  
Others Vitamin D  
Some even both  
You see...  
I'd do anything to avoid  
THE VIRUS

I stick my head out  
And walk to the bank  
The cash machine isn't working  
And the bank is only open  
Mornings  
And I went at half past two!

I venture further  
To the SHIPLEY Market Square  
I know  
The Halifax has two ATM's  
I take out my anti-viral alcoholic wipe  
And clean it all around  
I'm beginning to feel a bit safer  
Until  
The man  
In red  
Appears  
Instead of six feet behind  
He's at the next till  
Only a foot away  
I ask him to move  
To change  
His position  
But no  
He continues  
I shield myself as best I can  
I should have walked away  
It should have been me  
Who shifted my position



I walk uneasily  
Up to Asda  
It's very scary  
First time in  
All sorts of staff  
Have changed their positions  
Far more now at the entrance  
And whilst the aisles  
Have a  
One-way system  
The entrance is still like a Merry-go-round  
A kind lady helps  
She changes the position of the barrier  
Let's me through  
You see  
I only want  
The one thing  
My vitamins!



People are whizzing past  
Some look harmless  
The old lady with the shopping trolley  
But there's a very tall man  
Dressed only in black  
With a mask and glasses on  
Black gloves to complete  
He could pass for Burglar Bill  
I'm feeling a bit of fear  
But it could be  
The old lady with the virus  
Not him  
I shift my position rapidly  
Trying to avoid them all!



I clutch my booty  
And make haste to the till  
All the workers rightly shielded  
With thick Perspex screens  
I shift my position  
From one foot to another  
I'm anxious to be out.  
The man in front is very slow  
And  
I can hear the increase  
In the sirens whizzing by  
More people ill or dying  
Please Lord  
Don't let me be one

Finally it's my turn,  
I take out my debit card  
Carefully wiping it  
And the card machine  
In and out the letters  
Numbers too  
Not forgetting the enter key.  
The lady has my vitamins now  
And  
With  
Gloved hands  
I take them from her  
Wiping them all over  
Is she offended?  
I'm scared of getting the virus  
From her  
She's scared of getting the virus  
From me.

I try to exit  
Shifting my position  
As more and more people  
Pass me in all directions  
I dodge to the left  
To the right  
Right again  
And to the left  
We are all like dodgem cars  
Passing in the night  
Some with masks on  
Some not  
Some very scary  
Some not

Finally I'm on the homeward straight  
Down the hill I go  
Although I can see the people  
I can't see the virus  
Who has it?  
Who hasn't?  
We are like the cars now  
Shifting positions as ambulances  
Or people  
Are in our way  
Seven days will tell  
Whether I've caught IT or not  
But the one position I'm not changing  
Is beside you Lord  
For you are  
A Safe Refuge  
In times of trouble

