

PE1841/M

Campbell Duke submission of 22 February 2021

“On Day Three Hundred and Twenty Four”

♡ THE BREAKING HEARTS CAMPAIGN ♡

♡ On Day Three Hundred and Twenty-Four
Our souls lie bleeding, crushed and sore
While savage edicts keep us parted
We weep forlorn and broken-hearted.
The world strolls by and looks askance
Then hurries on with scarce a glance
They fear that we protest too much
In yearning for some human touch.
And thus it has become a sin
To pine for friendship, kith and kin.
No one hears our silent scream
No one shares our broken dream
No one clasps our empty hand
No one seems to understand
No one whispers in our ears
No one dares to share our tears
No one kisses love starved lips
No one presses finger tips.
Our basic needs are paid due care
By perfect strangers everywhere
Their smiles are hid behind sad masks
As they perform their righteous tasks.
We sigh. We cry. We bleed. We plead.
That someone somewhere intercede
To end this hellish near obscene
Now outrageous quarantine.
Unlock these doors! Let in that light!
And free us from this dreadful blight
Let us live our lives once more
On Day Three Hundred And Twenty Four" ♡