

THE MAN FROM WUHAN RIVER

by Harry Dunn
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There was movement at the station, for the word had got around
That the bug from old Wuhan had got away,
And migrated to Australia on a luxury cruise-liner,
Qantas airlines, Virgin and Cathay.
This Covid 19 virus, another Sino-phobe
Loves us tribal elders, seventy and older,
Rampaging round the globe,
And growing ever bolder.

So the local quacks have gathered and ready for the fray,
All the tried and proven doctors, from the clinics near and far,
The hospitals, the nursing homes, the bowlers at their play
Where some older Invy burghers were
Still playing day-by-day,
Before they had to close the bar.

The bowling - drinking classes down here in Inverloch
Were not at all alarmed,
They thought they were protected 'round the clock
One was even heard to say; We're too pickled to be harmed,
And while this bowls club bar stays open, dispensing medication,
We're immune from that 'novel' virus, with all its fear and dread
Until he saw the latest regulation,
On a sign out front, which read:

Bar closed indefinitely, no more strong drinks!

Await further information,

But don't go on the rinks!

Or words to that effect

So we're in a state of lock-down, more or less,
And if you sneak in for a roll-up, you do so at your peril;
And you *must* stay well apart - don't high-five, wahoosie or caress,
And make sure your hands are 'steril',
Wash your clothes, don't pick your nose -
And see a doctor if it drips!
Don't touch your face, your eyes, your mouth, your ears,
Stay two metres from all others and never come to grips;
This way, we can outsmart that evil virus
And live on to have some great post-corona years -
Even when we're suffering from - the dreaded *bowler's yips*.