

# COVID CASTLE

by Harry Dunn  
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When you're inventing something new  
You never get it right first time;  
So you persevere with variations,  
To your imperfect first-run brew,  
And then, one day – Eureka!  
The bells begin to chime,  
So you call your friends and rellies  
Crying 'Break out the ice-cold champers,  
I think it's party-time !'

Now, look at William Anderson,  
Scottish blender and distiller:  
Willie tried eight and sixty different vats  
Before he got his killer;  
Vat Sixty- Nine was where it's at,  
A mellow blend to grease dry Scottish throats  
In the land of haggis, kilts and 'pipes  
Not to mention horse - food, porridge oats,  
And old Nessie, that waterbound gorilla,  
Mostly seen at night by chaps who drank  
Vat Sixty-Nine, Johnnie Walker and Glenfiddich,  
And other Scottish blends,  
All different but sim-illa.

And then there was that German chap,  
Let's call him WD,  
Who tried for years, with several peers  
To blend solvents, soaps and oils,  
For the perfect recipe  
To disperse moisture while it lubricates,  
Then sell it 'round the world,  
And from the proceeds and the spoils  
Live rich and fancy-free  
While he trod this mortal coil.  
It took him two-score tries to get it right,  
Not bad, all things considered ;  
It just came to him one night,  
As if by heavenly decree,  
A magic spray to loosen rusty nuts,  
He said 'I'll call it Forty W -D'  
Or was it the reverse?

He said *'You vill youst haf to vait und see!.'*

And how about that Madam Coco,  
The lady of Chanel,  
A perfumier from gay Paree, Coco was determined  
To create the perfect smell,  
At a time when it was needed,  
For it was to perfumes that ladies all resorted -  
Ladies of refinement, good breeding and well-heeled,  
Who'd forgotten how they needed  
To be soaped and scrubbed and watered  
At night, after they had peeled.

Well, lucky Coco only tried four tries  
Before she got it right -  
Her first four blends were all false starts,  
In fact her trusted 'nose' declared  
They all smelt like fairies' farts,  
But on only just her fifth attempt  
Madame Chanel, part-genius, part crack-pot  
Got it right with her blend Five,  
And really hit the jack-pot  
This fifth-try blend was heaven-sent  
So vibrant and alive ;  
Her sales went off the perfume charts,  
This was no ordinary scent,  
And easy to pronounce -  
She named it Number Five  
And sold it by the ounce.

Which brings us to a new inventions, current,  
The topic of discussion on every peasant's lips,  
In supermarkets, public toilets, locked-down bars and pubs  
The fear of an unwanted free admission  
To the newly formed and opened - Corona Virus Clubs,  
With their booming memberships.

It seems, like Frankenstein and Dracula  
And the dreaded rat-borne Plague,  
That it started somewhere in the east -  
Although its origins are still mysterious and vague,  
It could have been at Covid Castle, in the land of Fu-manchu  
Where world-domination's all the rage  
And they were working on a brand-new viral brew.

The early versions were unpleasant, sure enough,  
But they were aiming for perfection, and devoted to their work,  
The boffins up at Covid, where they understand this stuff,  
Were on Viral Test Nineteen,  
And needed time, another day or two  
When the genie left the bottle  
And went on its merry way  
In search of me and you.

That's how Covid Nineteen virus *might have* started out;  
And who's to say it didn't?  
But if it *was* a new invention  
Of the gurus at the castle or elsewhere,  
Whatever their original intention,  
Let's hope those careless bastards  
Are now working round the clock  
And tearing out their hair,  
Lest they themselves get coronated,  
Looking for a magical vaccine  
To outsmart the evil monster they created.

Let us hope these careless jerks  
And others working on vaccines  
Soon find one which works,  
Long before they get to number  
Nine plus ten - nineteen.  
That could take forever;  
We're getting tired of all that soap and water,  
And the disinfectant-clean,  
We're trying to stay Covid-clever:  
But we all need a cleansing ale  
Following our roll-up on the green