

My Coronavirus poem

My primary school is lots of fun,
We like to play when work is done.



English, maths, science and art,
We are all made to feel a part.
Friend and teachers, we are a team,

Even throughout quarantine.

Boris Johnson said, "stay in",
"You can't go past your wheelie bin".



Coronavirus was to blame,
We must stay in, what a shame.

It is a little like the flu,
Cough, sneezing and feeling blue.

Wash our hands to baby shark,
Wearing masks and all that lark.



The virus spread extremely fast,
But some people sadly passed.

We could not find a proper cure,
So stay inside what a bore.



Going for walks an hour a day,
Then in our houses we have to stay.

One metre apart we must stand,
From others houses we are banned.



Queues outside the local shop,
For essential goods like bread and pop.

Everybody shouting faster,
They're almost out of bread and pasta.

The NHS won't stand alone,
We clap our hands outside our home.



For now we do our work at home,
With teachers ringing on the phone.
So Google classroom and Purple mash,
Mum says, "let's give this a bash".



Then home fun with mum learning to cook,

Then maybe later read a book.

They now think they have a job,

I do hope so that would be fab.

Stay home and safe our work is done,

Then we can get back to having fun.





Then hopefully it will pay,
So we can go on holiday.

Right now this will have to do,
I can't wait to see my friends, can you?

Alexia Hoddle aged 8

