

At 8pm on a Thursday

All week long we hear the same,
Politics, the news, the world in pain
But there is light at the end of the day
At 8pm on a Thursday

All these weeks in isolation
As we endure this time as a nation
At the end of the week our consolation
At 8pm on a Thursday

At 8pm we gather in crowds
Strangers, neighbours all of us proud
Of our healthcare heroes saving the day
At 8pm on a Thursday

Times are strange, this we know
But in the darkest of storms there is a glint of hope
A beacon of light called humanity,
At 8pm on a Thursday.

By Milly Owen