

LIKE BEFORE

“When all this is over” we say “and we return to normal...” thinking that there will naturally be a shore or river bank to which bridges that won't burn, reach across a channel, estuary or sea.

We are standing on the beaches waving, not drowning, not us, not yet, but for the grace of some or other god. Some will set sail, braving currents and storms in small boats, to reach the normal place.

We sit under willows, by rivers of Babylon singing to the unbelievable rule of law, usual, regular, custom, habit, keep calm and carry-on ordinary lives, histories, exiled from 'like before'.