Lock down     
                        Yes there is fear  
             Yes there is isolation   
                Yes there is panic buying  
                Yes there is sickness  
                Yes there is even death  
                 **But**  
             They say that in Wuhan  
                after so many years of noise  
                You can hear the birds sing again  
                They say that after a few weeks of quiet  
                 The sky is no longer thick with fumes   
                  But blue and clear  
                  They say that in the streets of Assisi  
                  People are singing to each other  
                  across the empty squares  
                  keeping their windows open  
                  So that those who are alone   
                  May hear the sounds of family around them  
                  They say that a hotel in the West of Ireland   
                   is offering free meals and delivery to the housebound  
                   Today a women that I know is busy sending fliers  
                    with her number through the neighbourhood  
                   So that the elders may have someone to call on  
                   Today churches, synagogues, mosques and temples are  
                        preparing to welcome and shelter the homeless, the sick, the weary  
                    All over the world people are slowing down and reflecting  
                    All over the people are looking at their neighbours in a new way  
                    All over the world people are waking up to a new reality  
                    To how big we really are, how little control we really have  
                    To what really matters , to Love.  
                     We pray and remember that Yes there is fear  
                    But there does not have to be hate,  
                    Yes there is isolation But there does not have to be loneliness  
                    Yes there is panic buying , but there does not have to be meanness  
                    Yes there is sickness but there does not have to be a disease of the soul,  
                    yes there is even death but there can always be a rebirth of love.  
                    Wake to the choices you make as to how to live now.  
                    Today breathe,   
                    Listen behind the factory noises of your panic  
                    The birds are singing again              
                    The sky is clearing,  
                     Spring is coming  
                     And we are all encompassed by love  
                     Open the window of your soul  
                     And though you may not be able to touch across the empty square  
                     **Sing!**

*Poem by Brother Richard Hendrick Franciscan Monk)*