

Minutes

Here we are
In the middle of a madness
Struck down, laying low
Through rain and sun and snow, but reaching out
Across the internet
To our friends, and into
A madness of our own making:
Into each other's fridges.
Yes.
In our minutes together
We reach into the spaces next to each other
Into the darkness in which you sit, Danni,
Haunted by Alexa.
Into Catherine's Bar
Or Hat School with Kate –
Wait – HOW many hoovers do you have?
And how clean is your post office?
And are the freezer chillis destined
For the wet cupboard, cold cupboard or hot cupboard?
And what of The Egg
Endlessly rotating through visits to the sweetie box,
And what else?
Jazzy pants.
Jazzy. Pants.

One day, my friends,
One day we'll cast off our pussy masks and emerge
Unperturbed, feeling like a Tiger King,
To seek out "tiny drinks" (or maybe Jäger WITH a bomb?)
To dance to songs by Shakira (and her muffins)
Just as we have, in our own homes and hearts, boogied
To the banana song
In each other's company we'll feel we belong
We'll smile and sleep over
Go out for dinners, another picnic,
The madness will be over, but not forgotten
When as a world we wake,
For we have gotten each other through
Weeks and months of uncertainty
Of pulling back the curtains to see
The same tired story
My friends
If I could name
Every thing that each of you has said and done
In these ten months of mindless chatting
That has made my world a more joyful place

We'd be here another ten.
And although when we're free
To be the way we used to be
I know we'll be pleased,
I also know that in my own home and heart I'll still see
Your faces on a screen
With pizza. And wine.
Danni in her vagina outfit lusting after men in drag.
I don't want to brag, but
I have the best people in my Fridays.

Here's to us
To our centenary
To all the madness we have made
And all the ways we have kept each other sane.
We're still going strong
So let's get on
Before Danni falls off the bed again