

Anzac Day In Isolation

The morning star sparkled in the east as the sun spread her arms of salmon pink rays at the wispy clouds above. We walked out the gate with lighted candles and placed them on the driveway.

Our neighbours came into the semi dark on the other side of the road and one by one placed their candles on the cool grey sidewalk, clasped their hands and bowed their heads.

A curlew called from the river as I turned the volume up on my speaker phone. The Last Post mournfully swept around us, lifting through the trees, gathering volume with the radio's playing the dawn service across the town. The finches and honeyeaters twittered in the morning glow of stillness.

As the bugle played the final notes and the rising sun sent its golden rays of warmth through the trees, I contemplated a world that had fought wars since time immemorial and today, we were fighting a war against an unrelenting enemy. It is our new normal.

Will we gather in fifty years' time at cenotaphs with an anthem and candles to remember the COVID 19 War of 2020 and the millions that lost their lives to the insidious virus of a pandemic?

**And with the going down of the sun, and in the morning
We will remember them.**

