**Through it all, he stands**

Wash your hands, stay at home

Contemplating, surely this will all blow over soon?

Daily walks, wide berths

Through it all, he stands.

Clapping hands, monotony

Pondering, this isn’t going to be over soon.

Leaves fall, furloughed still

Through it all, he stands.

Chapped hands, ground hog day

Overanalysing, when will this be over?

Sharp frost, tearful eyes

Through it all, he stands.

Gloveless hands, roadmap plans

Yearning, I think it’s nearly over?

Daffodils, new life breathes

Through it all, he stands.

Madeleine McManus