

## Draft Email

I probably won't send this, but I just want to say that while you sat snug under a chandelier, inviting us to gaze past you into a salon fit for a king – the kind of king you imagined you would be

until this *devilish disease* came along – we were stretching our elastic bands, measuring the distance from our noses to our chins.

I wonder how you got to a place where making masks out of old T-shirts

seemed an adequate instruction from the leader of a *world-beating economy* (and if you don't possess a T-shirt *try a vacuum bag instead*).

Your terrible pretence at making progress always starts with *let me be clear*:

No, let **me** be clear: apparently this Sunday we were not at level 4, or at level 3, but *transitioning* from 4 to 3 – exactly where you said we were 2 weeks ago when you told us that you could not lift the lockdown

then you did. You are out of your depth:

waiting for the sun to rise in jest while lonely Saturn orbits the sky and Monday is not Monday anymore but Wednesday:

a day that you told us would go very well so long as we kept alert, tried peeing in the dirt because public facilities were not yet due to re-open. And now that we can drive ourselves to death in some other place

where no-one will care if we end up on a hard shoulder while you get your hair cut again (in a vain attempt to look sober before your next vacuous oration on the subject of – why I'm not the fool you think I am),

you seem even more like a sieve through which all reason drains, however hard you try to clench your fists, threaten to punch the living daylight out of anyone bold enough to bring you to account.

That's it for now,

stay safe.

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