‘I must down to the pub again’ …

courtesy of John Masefield.

I must down to the pub again, to the lonely roadside inn.

And all I’ll ask is a tall glass, and a pint that’s newly in,

And the crowds come and the landlord’s cry and hand gel shaking

And a distanced table and a masked face that brings the second round’s slaking.

I must down to the shop again, for the call of the empty cupboard

Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be ignored.

And all I ask is a salad leaf and a Hector’s pie that’s wide

Then the blue bag, and the walk home, and rain that can’t be denied.

I must down to the moor again, to the vagrant distanced life

To the crane’s way and the egret’s way, where the ground’s like wetted strife.

And all I’ll ask is a merry yarn from a distanced fellow rover

And another pint in the Westbury Inn until this long saga’s over.