

Betty's Poem

This beautiful poem was sent to us by Grapeviner Bettina Welch from Tewkesbury. It was written by her 16-year-old granddaughter Lola, whilst she was in lockdown awaiting her GCSE results.

She is sitting there in her spinning chair
don't you worry?
She's not going anywhere.
as her books are lit by the morning sun
her hair always placed in a messy bun.
she doesn't care – she's not going anywhere.

If she could just buy a necklace,
nothing much but would it leave a trace
of despair to clutch?
Do you worry? She's not going anywhere.

Her hunger is driving her mad
a restaurant with friends.
would it be so bad?
She does care, but
she's not going anywhere.

Hitherto 12 o'clock
Her refuge is in cuffs, everything in lock
Nobody will worry
unless she goes somewhere.

All this energy but nothing to do.
Surroundings always the same, nothing is new.
She can't sleep all day.
What is it all for? Why does she have to pay?
Who cares anyway?
Still she's not going anywhere.

Longingly, she looks out of the window pane.
Summer fills the land, this is all a strain.
She's wishing for the key
Or some more company.
Who will worry?
that she's not going anywhere.

The moon is the sun and the sun is the moon.
What time is it? Is it over soon?
She really cares,
She wants to go somewhere. Anywhere.

She just wants to experience the world right now.
Yet there is a barricade which won't allow.
Stuck with four walls
and nobody hears her calls.
It feels like nobody is awake
and everything for her is at stake,
for the punishment she doesn't want to care.
Still she's not going anywhere.

Anywhere
Somewhere
Where would she like to go?
Out in the countryside for a hike.
She's been waiting for so long
her muscles are wasting but her heart is strong.
However, forever, it'll be her in the wrong
if she doesn't care,
and goes somewhere.

How did she get in this mess?
Why was she given all of this stress?
If only the pictures in her head
were not painting picture perfectly of dread
She's not going anywhere.
She's not going anywhere,
Just yet.

Maybe it is safer inside
She thinks she can hide from danger,
She won't get hurt by any stranger.
Yes, she will not have to worry
She's not going anywhere.

If she went out would it be too much?
Would it over rule her system with such
energy to wipe her out?
She's struggling with doubt.
She worries and cares.
For the moment she's not going anywhere.

She can find her own peace at home,
her little garden is enough for her to roam.
There are alternatives in this world,
she whispers to herself as the pen swirled.
She's sweeping aside her worries and cares.
She doesn't want to go anywhere.

She opens her book to a new page,
for she has moved to another stage.
She's not going anywhere.
So she spins around in her spinning chair.

Lola Middleton-Welch, 3 September 2020