

Like Lady Macbeth

By Barbara Schiff

I feel like Lady Macbeth
Constantly washing my hands
Although there never was
Murder or crime in my plans
Like her I always watch out
And check my hands for stains
Although it's germs not blood
That I fear still remains
We're all a bit like lepers
When we walk down our own street
Afraid to get too near
To neighbours that we meet
Will this isolation ever come to an end
Will there be a time when we can
Go close to hug a friend