

# Stockport2020 – video transcript

Video transcript of Stockport Write out Loud poetry reading by Andy Millican.

## **The Small Hours**

Quiet streets, empty skies; that pre-dawn stillness,  
that preternatural sense of humankind  
in hiding, trapped by over whelming fear  
you feel as you drive home exhausted  
from the new plague. A sinister illness  
lurking in the mouths of strangers, your mind  
numb from the images of others' tears,  
and loneliness for the dying and dead.

Your quiet house: a brushing by the cat  
against your leg. He'd waited by the door,  
knew you were homeward bound before you did.  
His softness no antidote to your pain.  
You washed and scrubbed at hospital but that  
doesn't feel enough. Your heart yearns for more  
air to cleanse your soul of those who lived  
briefly, but died in ICU, again.

Almost quiet, your husband in the bedroom.  
The oblivion of his purring snore.  
You want a cool spot but need his skin too.  
Adrenalin pours through your veins with wine  
you found in the fridge. There is so much gloom

in the world you wonder just how much more  
you can take. Life is precious. So is time:  
and yours, in saving lives, is what you do.