

Stockport2020 – video transcript

Video transcript of Stockport Write out Loud poetry reading by Dorinda MacDowell.

One of These Days

One of these days, he vowed.

One of these *weeks*, he corrected himself –

I won't let it get me down –

Was it really six weeks since he'd seen her,

Touched her, kissed her hand?

Love of his life, his wife, his missus,

God how he missed her!

Once again, he'd vowed not to let the week ahead

Bring him low.

Once again, he'd failed.

Spectacularly.

His friends all said don't worry;

She'll be home soon;

Her depression won't last;

It's amazing what they can do these days.

They meant well. They didn't help. Not really.

How could they?

They couldn't feel his gut-wrenching pain

Every time he had to wave goodbye to her,

Through the window in that God-awful psychiatric ward.

Sometimes she waved; often, she yelled at him, her face Contorted.

When lockdown's over, he vowed, it'll be better.
At least I'll be able to touch her, stroke her hair.

Until then – he vowed once again
To get to grips with the coming week

He looked at the box of her favourite Milk Tray chocolates
There on the kitchen table.
He'd bought them for her this morning.
And wondered why he'd done that;
He couldn't give them to her. Not yet.

Shaking his head, he put the box in the cupboard
And hoped they had a long sell-by date.
He didn't have the energy to check.

"I'll get a grip", he said, "I will:
Next week, I'll do it..."