# Lockdown Beneath the Waves

It was an ordinary day

Above the sky was blue

The sun was shining brightly

Of worries there was few

And as the night approached

The sky blushed a pretty pink

And freshly sparkling dishes

Dripped beside the sink

And in the sea the fishes sang

A rather mournful tune

For Shirly had been missing now

Since the 20th of June

Many fishes disappeared

Every single day

And the woeful, bubbly melody

Echoed in the bay

“I have some rather happy news”

The Prime Minister declared

She was a graceful snapper

So the fishes stopped and stared

“Now, as you all well know”

(The Snapper projected well)

“Our friends are going missing

Which isn’t very swell”

“But over the last weeks

Our surveys have shown hope

For much *much* less fishes

Are being lost to hook and rope”

A murmur arose from the depths of

The quietly listening crowd

It seemed that hope had never stood

Quite so tall and proud

Questions erupted soon enough

And it was hard to try and calm

The excited bunch of fishes

Even with the Snapper’s charm

“We have not yet found a reason

Although the Rays are on the case

It’s been hard not to be excited;

We must take things at good pace”

The fishes were ecstatic

Their fins flapping in rejoice

Even the grumpy cod

Didn’t have a choice

“Thank you for attending

Now go and have a rest

For this is rather stirring

And sleep is what is best”

Just a few days later

The newspaper did come

Printed on delicate seaweed

(The crab put down her rum)

It read that boats were fewer

And only one fish had been caught

And although the news was lowly

They said that he had fought

The latest news about

Why humans did not roam

Was that they were, for some reason

Stuck inside their homes!

The fishes stared and laughed

Holding the paper in one fin

Even the Octopus Accountant

Put his paperwork in the bin

Every little fish

Every dolphin, every shark

Danced around in happiness

There was lightness in the dark!

Ruby Botica

year 10

Motueka High