

27/05/2020

Running, recently, I saw police on horseback in the park. I had just been peeing in the bushes. I seem to need a lot of nervous pees.

Keeping seeing police. Seeing horse-poo on the street, from where they've ridden.

And that song, 'All coppers are handsome'. Keep singing it like a little tic.

And, sneaky, whispering to myself 'I see a bee'.

I really have seen lots of bees now, since the flowers are out.

'Stop and smell the flowers.'

It's hard to be living through something new and bad, whilst on the precipice of something worse.

The feeling of sliding on a sloped floor, in your socks.

Falling. The fear of falling.

I bet Jeff Bezos is absolutely loving all of this. Besos, kisses. Chef's kiss. Jeff's kiss. Oh, you wouldn't want that.

Why is my conversation style like a BuzzFeed quiz? I've been asked. People have noticed my conversation style now they're locked in with me.

Which pasta am I, for instance? If I am a pasta.

What would your last meal be?

I've decided on my ultimate answer to that question, which is leftovers. I would choose everybody's scrapings and leftovers and pick and pick and pick. I'd get a bit of everything.

The good bits, at the edges. I would love it.

There are drawings in people's windows. And messages. He is Risen. Thank you NHS. Give them PPE. Rainbows in most windows, drawn by children. Some are drawn directly on the glass.

The parks are open again. They have to be. Where else can people go? Especially without gardens.

The graveyards are still closed, though, except for funerals.

We have a garden. I've been spending time unstitching all the bindweed from its soil.

And worms. There are big lively worms in it.

And I have a new phone now, from Cex, and an online job providing study skills. I'm making about £22 a day. Better than Universal Credit, and it's only a few hours a day unless I'm tired.

And lockdown is extended. Which we knew would happen.

Some countries have absolutely no ventilators in the whole country. E told me that.

For instance, Zimbabwe has a dire shortage.

Bolsanaro and Trump have been playing fast and loose with lives quite recently – and always.

And Boris Johnson, too, Alex, sick at Chequers.

I don't even know what it's like. I know that.

L's moved in here. He's made weights out of milk bottles full of pebbles. Lashed them to a broomstick with cable ties for a dumbbell.

He's hurt his neck now, lifting things. So he's been taking baths. He told me his special technique for stirring the bathwater with his foot so that the temperatures mixed. It sounded like the way that everybody mixes bathwater, I thought. But he was pleased with it, and he's pleased with his weights, which is pleasing.

We have the easy side of lockdown. All of us at home, and the home good.

None of us driving the buses or nursing. And no children. And our rent cheap.

At first people were saying that 'at least this brings us all together', but it doesn't. It really doesn't. Lots of people only noticed that when Emily Maitlis said it. Didn't notice it before that, or something. Couldn't notice, for their, for our own sakes. Well, at least she said it I suppose.

But still.

Some people have been doing flute solos, saxophone solos, during the NHS clap.

'Your MCM is out here clapping for the NHS. But which way did he vote last year?'

I bought things for the foodbank again. Want to be doing more, but not sure what. Want to sew PPE, but don't have a sewing machine here.

Bought tins mostly. Two of the tins I bought were tuna, and unpriced. They were £2.79 each when I bought them. Is that normal?

On the phone, my sister told me about price gouging. She said that's what had happened, with the tuna.

I thought that would mean making things cheaper, like price-cutting. But it doesn't.

Gouging is a good word, though. Visceral. With an 'ow' in it.

I've been thinking about Animal Crossing. And about a game called Stardew Valley. Wondering if I'd like them.

Almost every targeted advert I get now is for Chonky Angry Seal Plushies. And now there's a bat one they've been advertising to me. Carrier of Love, not Diseases. Makes me feel itchy, that tagline.

Vomit emoji.

Mask emoji.

Animals everywhere, apparently. Birdsong, and dolphins in Venice, and deer in north London.

I saw the horses again, the black and white police horses. We were cycling through Lewisham to Blackheath, then through Greenwich. It was all so full. I suppose we were filling it, too.

I saw two old men, on another of my walks. They were sitting and pointing on a bench, in Blythe Hill Fields: 'That young lad, he should go back home, those young kids, go back? Go back. Them, they should go back. Him with the rugby ball, go back. Her, them, go back as well? Go back.'