

# A Covid Christmas Career

by Anomy Mouse

It was, he thought, decidedly unfair  
That his career had just vanished into air  
No one cared to listen to him play  
The news was full of Covid every day  
This year no one would hear him yet again  
Though fully-vaxxed, he'd only play in vain

He regarded where his instrument sat waiting  
Gathering dust without a single gig awaiting  
His uniform was ironed and hung and clean  
His cap was blocked, the chinstrap straight and lean  
His boots were white and had a mirror shine  
His mitts were warm and waiting for their time

Virtual concerts, alas, did not provide the flair  
For he who had just one especial aire  
What could he do? There must be something more  
That gave the happiness that he had known before  
So he thought him long, and searched for inspiration  
Then sighed in pure exhilaration!

He made some signs and nailed them there and here  
And soon his phone was ringing loud and clear  
He shined up his buttons and combed his hair  
And gave his cap a little tilted flair  
Yes, he looked fine, but something still was missing  
He puckered his lips - but for thinking not kissing

Then he look into his mirror and gave a little laugh  
Then picked up his pointed sticks and knit himself a scarf  
He needed a carry bag, found a pattern in a book  
Then chose his yarn with care and crocheted with a hook  
And then because he knew someone would surely ask  
He made himself a bright red, quite festive mask

He took orders, promised dates and times  
And found that his work began to climb  
He carried here and there and back again  
His feet got tired, but he just ignored the pain  
Though his drum was still sitting all alone  
He told it his adventures when he got home  
And so it was as Yuletide came around

The happiness he wanted had been found  
Without his drum, he didn't need to croon  
The Little Drummer Boy played doorbell tunes!

(Does this have relevance to B&B, you ask?  
It does if you consider how they find and do their tasks  
For change may not happen much, underground there  
But challenge comes and jobs get done, with a special flair  
So lessons for us from that world, continue to inspire  
Our tunnel world is there, always, and we will never tire)



*Note: In keeping with tunnel philosophy, all items seen in the photo are either hand-made from remnants, or found second-hand in thrift stores. The little drummer boy, one of the latter, inspired this poem.*