



A Wonderfully Incredible Amazingly True Tale of COVID-19 from the Chair of the Mayor of the Biggest Little City in Canada

In a place called Wuhan, the Sleeping Giant arose,
A deadly virus was travelling down that long Silk Road.

A country forced to lockdown
In, and out only for food,
People were angry and confused,
What exactly was the government trying to prove?

What caused this outrage, this cause for alarm?
Why stay inside – could this virus really do any harm?

Yes, was the answer – don't fool with this bug.
Tempting with fate oh, a-many-graves will need be dug.

So the public took heed – they froze like possums,
Hoping things would blow-over in time for spring cherry blossoms.

And as they waited – that long..... long pause,
One by one – people succumbed, despite following the laws.

Two by two – ten by ten – 100 by 100 – they all did fall.
In fact, it seemed like nothing could stop this intruder –
not even the Great Wall!

Week after week – isolation, distance – and some police intervention,
Got the attention of locals – and even some worldwide mention.

For that virus that seemed like a world away,
Was coming to a neighbourhood near you one fine day.

In the west, in Europe and many other lands,
Covid-19 seemed like it may actually have some fans.

“I don't care if I get it, what's the big deal?”
“It's only a flu, how bad can it really make you feel?”

I don't eat starfish, worms, dogs or cats.
I don't eat live frogs, scorpions or the heads of bats.

This won't come here to my home or my town.
Don't cancel little Jimmy's birthday party –
for his smile will turn upside down.

His friends will be sad, the caterer will be mad
and we'll be out a whole-lot of money,
We've only invited 25 people for dinner –
“That's ok still, isn't it honey?”

No need to close the whole city, businesses, arenas and pools,
Whoever thinks like that – well they must just be fools.

And then – like the speed and sting of bees,
The Coronavirus brought my country, and province and my city to its knees.

Emergency declared,
“EVERYONE GET PREPARED!”

Our Hospital responded to this five-alarm fire,
PPE and ventilators on order so the situation wouldn't be so dire.

Field Hospital opened – St. Clair College closed,
The University shut down, Police, Fire, Ambulance workers sharply on their toes.

And as the heat of this fire from across the river did burn,
A “hotspot” they called it our city did learn.

A crisis unseen in Detroit since '67,
A pandemic of “epic proportions” – the border closed –
something not done since 9-11.

But our brave health-care workers across that border they travelled,
Even as their own lives at home slightly unravelled.

“Don't let them go,” some in our city did say.
“They'll bring home this virus and we'll all have to pay.”

But our American brethren were too important to ignore,
You see, we've been friends since 1812 – since the end of that “other war.”

Those nurses and doctors, their work and their love;
As a recovered patient in Detroit said,
“These people were sent like angels from above.”

But these angels save lives, they aren't here to escort them away,
That will be left for your God to do one day.

Now back here at home, the solitude we all face,
Self-isolation, social distancing,
rules of no more than five people in one place.

Flattening the curve is the objective of our State,
But with runs on flour and sugar,
one really needs to consider flattening their weight.

As we long for handshakes and kisses, or even a hug,
No one knows for certain when we'll say goodbye to this bug.

Roots needing colour, barbers and manicures in high demand,
Boy, when these businesses open a high price they'll command.

Once illegal to go in a bank face covered by a mask,
The tellers no longer care, they don't even ask.

Netflix on overload, virtual meetings and teachers;
One Sunday soon, I hope to again see my preacher.

Parents will confess to patience wearing thin;
Their kids always home, no real education, taking it on the chin.

Although their frustration will ease with the passing of time,
They hope their kids don't break laws – for it's a \$750 fine!

Hydroxichloroquine..... is a word I never thought I'd use in a poem.
God don't take that stuff – and for heaven's sake don't leave your home!

Property taxes deferred and library fines gone away,
Free parking for all and transit starting again in May.

Courts closed, flights grounded, no opening for Caesar,
My wife's unsure how long my working from home will continue to please her.

The Good Ole' President of the You-S-of-Eh,
Has some unclean ideas to keep this virus at bay.

Drink Clorox, or Lysol or bleach, he said,
Do any of that and you'll soon be dead!

For that lemony scent is just a tease,
Head in your elbow please if you need to sneeze!

We're all adjusting and adapting in the way that we do,
Working together in every way as we Windsorites get through.

Caring for one another – taking groceries to seniors for free,
Getting smarter as we go – realizing there's no need to hoard T.P.

First responders – health care workers – essential work and others,
Neighbours helping neighbours,
treating one another like we're a band of brothers.

“We're in this together” – these, the words of our day.
Even those without religion you find starting to pray.

But Doug Ford, Donald Trump, Justin Trudeau and Mayor Drew,
Tell us each day that we will all make it through.
Things will get better – a new normal is near,
Soon will be gone days living in fear.

So tonight when you go – to lay your head on a bed,
Know one thing Windsor, better days are ahead.

Hope and inspiration are in front of us all,
It won't be long now before we can return to Devonshire Mall.

And as you look back on this time spent together,
Layoffs, shutdowns, 2-metre distance, and even crazy weather.

Remember one thing. One little thing that should touch each heart;
One thing I've known from my very start.
From the very beginning, remember I can.
From the days before I politically ran.

Windsorites are smart and clever, they're cool and robust,
They're resilient and helpful, they're passionate and just.

When the chips are down, no sweat do they show,
Helping one another along as they go.

Weather the wind's at our back or hard in our face,
There's nowhere on earth quite like this place.

From Sandwich to South Windsor, Riverside to Walkerville,
Downtown, Ford City, East Side to the very top of Malden Hill.

Now tune your best voice and be ready to yell,
Grab your blowhorn and ring the cowbell,

Calling everyone in Windsor it's time to proclaim,
Calling each and every one of you, all 240,000 by name.

To your balconies, and front porches, or for those with nice grass,
Get out there and tell Covid-19 **that we're here to kick its ass!**

And if this should last all-the-year-long,
Don't worry about us, for we are Windsor –
We **#YQGSTANDSTRONG**.