

Time passes slowly and continues....

It is so long since I held a hand, felt a hand of comfort, friendship or love.

Our hands get so little attention, we clean them, care for them, but normally we take them for granted. Suddenly our hands take centre stage. They become the warriors in our new war.

This battle does not involve weapons of mass destruction or military planning, this war will be won, more or less by how we handle our hands.

Alongside the scientific and expert fraternity stand our Hands.

These beautifully formed things usually reserved for work, lovemaking, sweet touches, gentle soothing are suddenly tools in the fight against Covid 19.

We are living in a time of constant flux and movement when goals set are not the milestones we want them to be, but just get moved further into an unknown future time.

Time is framed by dates now not days or moments. When will we be free again? When will these hands be able to hold another hand and know that all is well?

Hands are our saviours in this battle and when the battle is over and they can stand down from their battle stations then they will go back to being our tools for communication, love, bringing comfort and connection with our loved ones. Oh how I long for that time. I long for that tactile instrument to bring joy and safety and connection back into my life.

Hands waiting out there on the outside as I wait on the inside for time to continue less slowly.

Section 2

In an extraordinary move today the government has acknowledged the valuable role our hands are playing in the COVID WAR. Although we are aware they have been standing tall alongside the various experts, suddenly there is interest globally in the vital role our hands are playing.

With this in mind I decided to seek the opinion of a pair of hands and hear the impact this is having on them at this crucial time. Please be aware these thoughts only represent the views of one pair of hands and in no way represents the views of I hands everywhere.

As I sit in the press room waiting for the announcement about the restrictions today, I am struck by the cavalier attitude of some of my fellow watchers and waiters. I am thinking back to March 11th, my last day of normality as a hand when blue skies meant freedom and walks and holding children, lovers, parents, and friends. How things have changed.

Life has become more distant for me since Covid 19. As a stand-alone hand this is hard, my role is now one of guardianship and alien actions. The worst part is the gloves and the sanitiser; essential but a further reminder of isolation and barriers.

I know how essential it is to comply and I feel privileged on the one hand to be at the front-line in the defence of humanity. However it comes at a cost; it fundamentally changes how you operate as a tool of nurture in the human race. No matter what age creed or colour of hand you are, the same sense of change and weight of responsibility is with us. The monotony of the day is the same for us all, how do we fill our time safely, respecting the rules of this chess game? This is a game where the stakes are much higher than a title or trophy, the moves in this chess game decide life or death. It is a heavy burden to bear as a hand. It also depends on every part of the anatomy doing the right thing. A rogue thought leading to a dash for freedom if left unchecked by the brain is too much for the hand to bear. It leaves us feeling useless and undervalued. Why are we doing this if not for the greater good?

SECTION 3

This is a war of many parts; a tiny speck in the grand scheme of things has brought the world to its knees... and yet we can beat this. Hands need to be connected to something, nothing works in a vacuum. We need each and every molecule and atom of our being to stay focused on the safeguards. I feel I am a warrior, isolated in my ivory tower, a watcher of the world, no longer a participant in the way I used to be. Sterile now, not tactile. Watching the trees bloom, the grass grow, flowers bloom. Hearing the birds serenade me as I watch and wait.

I have learned new skills and they will serve me well on the outside: but first we need to get outside. Today I sit in trepidation waiting to switch on the TV for the big reveal at 5.30pm. Sitting here I feel the tension rising as I try to stay calm. The clock acts like a metronome ticking away at the silence but not moving in any constructive way. Outside the wind blows softly and the birds sing sweetly and though it is not lost on me I cannot focus on its beauty as I watch the clock slowly inch its way to the half hour.

I have this sense that something must happen to give hope even a small beacon of light in this pitch black tunnel. The chess game is suddenly at stalemate and what happens in the next hour will move it in one direction or the other. I pray it is the other.

Tick tock tick tock tick tock every little cell is strained to breaking point, bursting for freedom harnessed tightly in case of disappointment. The rustle of papers and people stops the metronome..... and the symphony begins.

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