

Lockedowne aventure

a mid-pandemic journey towards the new Playstation

It was de hundert daye of lockedowne
und we hat to travailen a hundert myles
from de Porte Citie of Livingpoole
to de Canale Towne of Manchooser.
Our grayle was clar : to fynden for my sonne
de new FlayStathion, digitale modelle
(myne sonne liken de downloades).
We risen like de zon itself
to taken de rayle & boarden with spirits gud.
Den de aventure beginnen to chayngen
as de trayne manager maken a God in voice
on de tannoy & explaynen dat de paysengers
travailen from de Tower Two of Livingpoole
to de Tower Three of Manchooser maken
themselves layable to criminal charges
for traversen de laytest virus restrainens.
Myne sonne & me looken across de tayble
und blush : doen de FlayStathion maken excuse?
Myne sonne looken into de picksely skye
of hith fone as I konkokten a long spielen
to saye as to de rayson for our travailen.
To our grayte releefe no manager maken to
ask us of our reasone und we arriven den
in Piccadillie as liken two parts to one peece.
Now for de Tram Wagon to de towne
of Altrincham und de staw naymed Argos.
De Tram Wagon was boozie with like-mynded
travailers to de grossen Retayle Park
in de aforesayde Altrincham.
Und der wat byrds above de Matalan
und de Carpet Warehouse, a crowde
of blak-tipped gulls liken dead saylors returned
to lead us ever onwoods to de Argos. We
wayte at de playce called de chekout
for de FlayStathion to worken as alchemy
from de ordained number to de material goods
of de thyng itself. Und lo!
Like a tabernacle of de holiest ranke a maiden
of de Argos appearen from de bak of de staw
with de FlayStation, this holiest altar
that is myne sonne's to taken forth as his.
We standen und see it shyne like de star
as Argos Maidens und de shawpers staren at de box.
Then comen forward de Maiden of Airforts
und ask, 'how did you retrieven de FlayStation
wen so menny failen?' Myne sonne explainen

de trycke in de Chrome browse, to claren de cache
und finden click & collect & callen downe
from de grayten god Argos de FlayStation.
'Where do you vaygrants liven', she asken, und
we reply we abiden in Livingpoole. Den she
forwernen, 'Do not returnen on de Tram Wagon
through Altrincham for de scallies
und poachers of Manchooser will maken
of de FlayStation their owne. Instead, comen
in myne wagon und I driven you to de Airfort.'
Und in a flashen myne sonne und me are in
de wagon, forgotten de lawe of de sociale distance,
haws power purren for to taken
us onwoods for de Airfort. But lo! De engine
keepen kутten out, und de Maiden starten
to Text into her fone und I maken to panicke,
thinken dat she arrangen for her husbande & men
to intervenen on our aventure und taken
de FlayStation for his ownen. Mine mynde playen
dese tryckes of duress until soonen
we arriven at Manchooser Airfort.
Und it is lyken de bleak landscaype of Ballard
dis place that hath no playnen in de heaven
nor no passengere on de grownd.
We thanken heartilee de Maiden und walken
in to de whitelande of de Airport for to fynden
de trayne to Livingpoole. It happene next dat
de trayne not departen for an houre so we
maken for de Spar to quellen de appetyte dat
growen like de beare for victuals. We maken
with de flapjack und pretzels und deepe ridge
snacken for de trayne. But lo!
Due to virus restrainens we be forbiddene to eat
on boarde, so we finden de bench for to snacken.
At last we boarden with de FlayStation but
this is not de enden of de tayle, for now boarden
de Vocalmouth of De Fone
who pronouncen de entirety of his mynde
into de wagon from Manchooser to Livingpoole.
'I hope I maketh to be sectioned', he pronouncen,
'in order to receiven de gift of free rent'.
Und so awn und so awn he goen, 'I need
to sorten out my lyfe & taken a bath'
und so awn, until myne sonne und I must texten
to each und explainen dat dis is de parten
of de Lockdowne dat we missen not. Und all de whyle
de FlayStation lyes between us, it mynden not
de wynde talken by de Vocalmouth,
like de God, it looken only forwardes,
as if for to unlocken its owne dreames.