
Numbers into which, the dead are turned

Dead are
numbers

2199

*Another call, usual these days.
Quite a few, every day.
Over the net, through Skype.
A dear good friend, living in Canada.
But born and bred, elsewhere.*

*Usual greetings, to begin the meeting.
How are you? Keeping safe?
No problem! We are doing well.
Except being, stuck in a room.
Busier than ever, working online.*

*Then comes advice, to make things better.
Stay at home, shop online.
Wash your hands, don't touch the face.
Wash the nails, even the mails.
Wear a mask, when you are out.
Keep your distance, if you are shopping.*

*Then comes analysis, being a nationalist.
We are doing good, here in Canada.
Twenty-three deaths, for the day before.
Not that bad, lower in the curve.
We are doing better, compared to yours.
Goata's [1] doing great, locking his country down.
Only six deaths, so far there.
Mum lives there, safer than here.
We are lucky, to have Goata there.*

*He keeps talking . . .
I keep wondering . . .
Dead are numbers, attributed to nations.
To their presidents, and their actions.
Infected are numbers, dead are numbers.*

*He keeps talking . . .
Of these numbers, not of the dead.
Not the infected, but of the curve.*

*He keeps talking . . .
Now of the infected.
Boris the Johnson.
Charles the Prince.*



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*Why not Trump?²
Other than anyone.*

2200

*He keeps talking . . .
performance of the nations.
And their presidents.
In terms of numbers.
Into which, oh, my god!
The dead are turned.*

*05/04/2020,
Covid-19 pandemic*

Chandana Alawattage
Adam Smith Business School, University of Glasgow, Glasgow, UK

Note

1. Nickname for Sri Lankan President.