

THURSDAY SKILLS

We are the domestics,
skills a plenty, we kill
the unseen dangers
hiding in every corner,
keep the hospital ticking,
keep the doors open.

NURSE'S STORY

In front of me the patient's racked by chronic pain.
Pain blocks their thoughts, writes on their faces,
pain defines them. I make withdrawals
from my bank of skills. Together we explore
the flow of anxious streams from brain to body,
delve into those un named corners sitting on panic's border,
discuss social dangers, aim to keep them moving as much as possible.

DOCTOR'S STORY

People look up to me, the doctor, high on their pedestal,
but I too am learning, new cases, new diseases.
Jaw dropping diagnoses keeps up my energy
drives me to the hospital each day
to beat the disasters lurking near the lovely people I meet.

CLERICAL STAFF

In the pressured world of tasks, needed by yesterday,
we help each other out, sing along to the radio.
Patients bring us broken biscuits and Haribos.
Collaborating data we are statistical ball jugglers,
keeping priorities in the air while dealing with those on our desk.
In an office stacked high with busy ness,
we are supportive, hectic, challenged, enthusiastic,
and through the sea of facts and factors
allow our enthusiasm to surface.

PATIENT

Treated in the middle of the night the registrar got me out of a pool of pain.

it makes you want to sing, 'Roses are red, Violets are blue, you've got every chance with BCU.'

This is no game, no place for faint hearts,

expertise poised on the brink between life and death, people are alive today because of our skills.