

WEDNESDAY'S JOURNEYS

PATIENTS

Playing Twister with a car
patients hunt the unoccupied space,
contort metal into a parking spot.
They walk down the corridor of their fears
enter rooms filled with the unknown.
Nothing to read, nothing to do, they look from
clock to receptionist, back to clock,
back, forward, on and on, until their name is called.
Petrified, frustrated, afraid of being ignored,
their spirits lift once the consultant appears.
Some will enter the mystifying world,
where limbs, bodies, no longer follow the script.
Others leave, clutching a smile, enjoying the sun.

PARAMEDICS

We collect the lonely, lost, annoyed,
those sad it's come to this.
We cling to the fact everyone's pleased to see us.
Knowing their problem's being explored
their anger turns to chatty, cheeky friendship.

NURSING STAFF

We battle through days lined with difficulties.
Short staffed, wards piled with anxiety;
when trepidation relaxes and patients smile
feeling the relief of tomorrow's possibility,
we too are comforted, enjoy their gratifying thanks.

A PATIENT'S STORY

Between beginning and end, broken by love and loss.
One bald and mewling, another shrunken and lost.
Both, the women that shape me.
Both create the mother within me.
Losing one, gaining another,
I'd break myself, if I could keep you together.