

Bed Thirteen

Written by PAG

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(The cardiac recovery ward was short-staffed, struggling along with half its normal staffing , so Sister said. Contemplating the ceiling and infinity. I wasn't inclined to poetry at the time but the good old subconscious filed away an idea...)

Hello, you Bed Thirteen?
Sister said I should come and
talk to you as I've nothing
better to do. I'm on work
experience. you know.Maybe
I might be a nurse one day.
Excuse me. You're rather faint?
You're 'not feeling very well?'
I see, of course, wouldn't
be, would you? That's why you're here.
If you don't mind me saying
so, you look a little queer.
And Bed Thirteen, well, I mean –
Twelve A would sound lots better,
don't you think? If I was
In Bed Thirteen, heaven know,
I'd be turning up my toes.
But don't let me worry you.
You're 'going to die?' Not now,
wait till a real nurse is here.
'Where are they?' At lunch, I guess,
left this place a right old mess.
'Who's in charge?' Me, I suppose.
You do look funny! Gobsmacked.
With your jaw dropped open, and
your eyes rolled right up like that.
Anyway, if you haven't died,
you haven't lived, they say: the
best night's sleep you've had in years...
(that's a joke...) Well, please yourself.
I must go. All the best. If
I were you, I'd get some rest.

Jeff Garland