

## POEM

# Reliving the day

There's a general hum on the wards:  
Beeps, bells and buzzers  
Mixed with carts rolling, drawers opening and  
Voices helping.  
An occasional delirious, "Nurse!"  
Rings out, followed by  
A soothing reassurance.  
It's a measured calm, a sensation of  
Welcome.

Without warning a chasm opens wide around us,  
The air from our lungs sucked into its depths.  
Panicked shouts are followed by  
Overhead pleas;  
The mood turns tense with the electricity of  
Fear.  
Runners pass by, ruffling onlookers' hair  
With their breeze, like the  
Breath that is missing.

A frenzied pace settles in  
Along with a desperate hush.  
The chaos turns into a  
Resolute cycle of, "1, 2, 3, 4..."  
As breaths are squeezed and elixirs infused.  
10, 20, 30, 40 minutes tick by and  
The silence is peppered only with orders.  
The silence is deafening;  
The anticipation, immense.

At once the quiet is shattered;  
Not by noise, but by movement.  
People walk slowly away,  
Shoulders slumped and hopes dashed.  
Beeps, buzzers and bells begin again,  
No longer muted from the urgency.  
Carts start to roll, and  
As the chasm slams shut,  
The sobbing begins.

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