

## POEM

## Flutterings

A fullness in the neck,  
a slight fluttering of the heart,  
a warmth of the skin.  
No need for coats or heating.

And then the crescendo of the flutterings,  
all goes quiet with the feeling of being  
removed and disconnected from the body.  
All energy seeped out now.

The pill is swallowed and abstinence follows.  
And gradually, the crescendos lessen;  
we are now in the second movement of this concerto,  
diminuendo or andante perhaps?

Further visits for the jelly but the nemesis remains,  
hidden from the waves. Beware the silence now,  
as the flutterings may return at any time  
with renewed vigour. Be vigilant for vivace  
as andante may not last forever.  
Will this concerto ever end?

**Andrew RL Medford**

**Correspondence to** Andrew RL Medford, North Bristol Lung Centre, Level 6 Gate 10, Brunel Building, Southmead Hospital, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol BS10 5NB, England, UK; Andrew.Medford@nbt.nhs.uk

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