

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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