HOSPITALISATION

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‘Mother of God’,
You awkward squad.
You drive me mad;
Let go my plaid,
The staff nurse said.

She propped his head
So he could read;
The invalid
Watched all she did –
    The invalid
    So highly keyed,
    So steely eyed,
    So early greyed.

Each day he made
His promenade,
But found it hard
To cross the ward.
Sharp as a sword
The nurse’s word;
The sick man heard
And plucked his beard –
    The sick man heard
    The cruelest word
    She could afford.

He went abroad,
But in the road
His weak tears flowed
His head was bowed –
    His motions slowed,
    And only shewed
    Their life renewed
After he chewed
A little food
That warmed his blood
And did him good.