

HOSPITALISATION

SIR JEREMY MORSE
London, England

'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 cruellest 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.