

To be played on a continuous loop in a hospital...

Night-time's longest in the wards —

we count out hours like desert dunes.
A starling sky provides some comfort,
stars delight the eyes that find them.
Worlds roll on, time does pass
till morning dawns on lawn and car park
where urban fox runs, nurses bustle

on, about their daily business,
bend to listen, plump a pillow,
bring a drink or check a reading.
Chink of cups or sounds of feeding
tell us how the place has wakened,
is taking forward healing's business

where voices can be very soothing,
sound like honey poised and oozing
off the spoon, manuka dressings
slathered over wounds and heartbreak,
convincing us that there's tomorrow
and it's no matter if we know that

night-time's longest in the wards —