

A quiet place

I came back. To see for myself. And to remember.
To remember the activity.
The earnestness, the intense desire to help, to heal,
to repair though ill-equipped.
An old man in intensive care with heart attack
brought on by fear.
Me holding a worthless saline bottle aloft
as the groaning patient's blood drains from her open belly.
The weeping mother with her shattered infant in her arms.
The teenager bleeding from her aborted womb.
The child of six or seven crying for his lost legs.
The anguished women moaning along the corridors
held by their blank-faced menfolk.
The constant scream of human agony.

Then the second hit.

Now the bulldozers and the diggers
have removed much of the rubble.
Together with the body-parts.
It is a quiet place now.

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