

Ode to a Commode

A cry goes forth "Nu-urse...Nu-urse!"
down the ward in tones of urgency.
Please, a commode to ease the ache within myself....
Soon comes the sound of rattling wheels and running feet, and the squeak of curtains being drawn.
Then to the sufferer comes a long drawn breath.
A relieved state is followed by a quiet five minutes wait.
And again the bleat of "Nu-urse...Nu-urse!" echoes through the hall and walls.
A hurried rustle of paper
Then the same relief for bone and flesh of the aches and pains that flesh is heir to but bears with fortitude.
And so is bid farewell, for the moment, this instrument of necessity and dread.

To a bedpan a ballad

by Amy Bowman

When lights are dimmed
and all should be within their beds asleep
A tremulous sound swells forth, like a flock of sheep, in querulous tones, the bleating call of sheep to sheep in dire distress...
"Nurse...Nurse...Nurse...Nurse..."
"A bedpan please....A bedpan please....Can I....?"
"You can, you can", a gentle voice replies.
And to each and all comes the dreaded pan....
Then from the company of sheep comes a sigh of joy and pure relief when the pan is removed from steaming flesh and aching bones.
And then the softly sleeping flock is left in darkness and alone in peace.