

Bluebells

BLUEBELLS

How long I stared at the waiting room wall

and the watercolour painting of bluebells,

An hour? A lifetime? I can't tell

for they were the same as I'd seen as a child

framed by the kitchen window

where a cluster grew wild.

Later, in the drab and dreary box of a courtyard

walled in by pre-fab concrete panels and glass,

blinds drawn on every window,

staring at the ground – all grey gravel and slabs,

cold as misery and shaking

drawing the warmth from a cigarette

on a weathered wooden bench

huddled in silence under a snow laden sky

like a bluebell without the where-with-all

to lift its head and face the world like a buttercup,

to soak up the sun and smile

at a world beyond the shadows of a concrete compound

where the only things that grow

are the case notes

and medical files.

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