



# At the Clinic

“We’ve waited a long time for this !”  
says the nurse, holding my urine sample  
in a film-container, meaning I hope  
the dazzling entry of Spring  
at last from the wings,  
spotlighted by the sun.

I’m entertained by a woman  
Who claims to have no blood pressure  
And a young man overheard  
Narrating dreams of Merthyr  
Turned into a giant fairground -  
“An I woz on 30 grand a year !”

Glaucoma sounds like an obscure glue  
High on the shelves of a DIY store.  
Hereditary, they told me. My grandmother  
Had an eye condition which meant  
She’d wear a poker-player’s shade.  
I could always work in a casino  
If things became really desperate.

*Mike Jenkins*

*This poem was commissioned by the poet David Hart on behalf of the Arts Council. It is part of a collection of fifty poems by different UK poets - each on the subject of waiting. The poems are for display in waiting rooms.*