



from Bell-Ringing

...The attainment of perfect rest
is when chaos is held on a point ;
and poised, just so,
the moment cups you.

Here in the waiting room I am cupped.
I am held aloft.
My poise is perfect here.
I am almost flying.

Rogan Wolf

Written following conversations with the wife of someone with long-term mental health problems. Reprinted here by permission.

Poems for... Self at Sea

<https://poemsforthewall.org>


Central London
Clinical Commissioning Group


United
Response
support that changes with you