



The In-patient Meal

A hungry man
a tired soul
a new world.
A plan
unfolds
to eat to live
to have this meal
I know is mine
and do not steal.
What can I eat
and how much
at a time ?
When can I speak,
what worlds
may I claim ?
I know today
that I am not free
but I shall eat this food
with dignity.

Andrew

*The author of this poem was a patient of the Park Royal mental health in-patient unit, Brent, London.
He wrote it during a creative writing group held there. It has been reproduced by permission.*