# Prayer in the waiting room

Banished from health I enter the unknown
As the Two did stumbling from Paradise.
Never in my life have I felt so alone.

In this doctor's waiting room, many-eyed,
My censored secrets are married to my fears
Like a shot-gun bridegroom to his bride.

When I was a child I thought blue, I said green
And with a magician's sleight of hand, jubilant,
Would squeeze apple-pips from a tangerine !

Now, doctor, magic me. Let me be released
From clawing ills, let home be Eden-like
Where, thankfully, I may fast for God or feast.

*Danny Abse*



Poems for… is a Hyphen project. "Hyphen-21" is a company registered in Cardiff no.2925831. Registered Charity no.1040077. www.hyphen-21.org