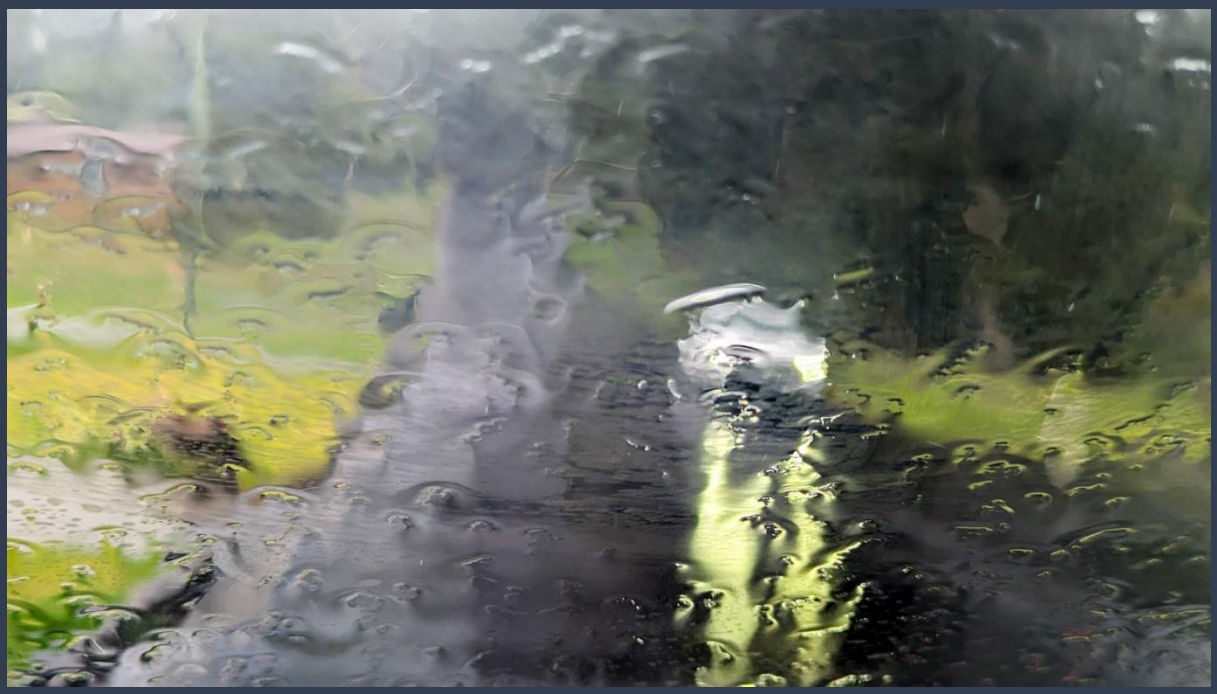
Outside the surgery

12 Aug 24

I’m waiting for nearly an hour. The rain insists
on blurring the windscreen, long live Clarice Becket!
A Masked Lapwing crosses the road and drinks



from a puddle, an Ibis follows. No chickens.
Visions from my acid trips repeat, form
as plastic, bending, sagging, light flaring.

The world is in flux, changing moment
to moment. Our bodies lose roughly
three hundred million cells a minute.

So much depends on a brown wheelbarrow
but much more on the white smoke rising,
the rain falling and news of a diagnosis.