

Hammill Peter

"Patient"

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A system in the making
self-healing for the blind,
sitting in the waiting-room
of the patient mind....

Raging at the illness,
when the rage may be it's cause.

The purpose of the will is lost
in the search for an escape clause,
Fatal convalescence, the wound
becomes a weal:

the poison is in essence just
the virus of the real.

But there's sympathetic healing,
the power of the soul, bandages,
concealing all that we can't control,
Waiting for the doctor to come

A system in the making,
self healing for the blind,
sitting in the waiting-room
of the patient mind....

But there isn't any answer

the consciousness can't quote
when the loaded dice of chance
are there rattling in the throat.

Waiting for the doctor to come

You put your faith in others -

the fear could not be worse...

But nature's not your mother now,

...just your suckling nurse

And there isn't any doctor,

there isn't any cure -

That might come as a shock to you,

but can you really be so sure?

can you really be so sure?

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