

Fall, The

"Medical Acceptance Gate"

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I worked for future salary the nightshift
in Spalding Street. The respect is worth it.
1.AM at the front gate it had just been
sunday night stood this man, tall and twisted back.
He spoke loud and said Come out of there that
grill on the wall contains a crowd and
that twisted shape you call the laundry
post reminds me of my origin.
Your criss-crossed fences are avenues.
Paid for by the NHS, you need it more than
the patients for mortgage fees and medical pranks.

but you wont fix my quartz chip
or repair my broken kind
kindness borne of mousey brain
twisted with kin of bitter world
Vicious dreams of EC1
and lapland girls and green purse
with tall and chaste inducements (*?pronounced
inductments?*)

the porter went to move the man
and we got back to practice time
but his hands went through the man
he was made up of liquid pitch
his legs two propeller sticks
crisscrossed fence posts were his eyes
his mouth red like a twisted reich
his mouth like a twisted knife
he wreaked of bleach and hospitals
he wreaked of bleach and hospitals
the porter swears this is true
he wreaked of bleach and hospitals
the porter swears this is true
and drinks too much in his brown and white hut
but the thing clings to the acceptance gate
the thing clings to the acceptance gate
the thing clings to the acceptance gate
the thing clings to the medical acceptance gate
and nobody says he's seen it
It only bounces young MDs

we are dedicated to fight disease
to fight disease
disease
disease

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