

The Nurse's Dream of Flowershops

by Donal Thompson

On overfilled wards she wards off ills.
pills and painted corridors,
peeling and drab, flatten her hours.
from 4B's windows she sees the shop
selling bunches and bouquets to visitors.
At the sink with vases she'll undress the blooms,
binning the wrapping and return with the lie
'I'm no good at arranging. I'll leave that to you.'
Family semi-circles will smile gratefully at
the pre-op, post-op, no-stop nurse who has
no time for flowers.

But in some hospitable corner of her rented room
the lazy leaves of a parlour palm finger
lavender in a wine bottle.
Her flowerbedspread steeps her in a
wizardry of floristry where
all she could catch without gloves would be
a finger on a rose thorn.

