

BIRTHDAY FELICITATIONS Kath Barber

Reader.....

Dear boy,
I spent your sixteenth birthday
In a hospital corridor
Sterile as a Sunday afternoon.

Plastic and aluminium pain
Waited for certification
On void faces.
Footsteps, muffled as mulch
Round rubber corners,
Furred my pulped mind.

Five x-rays long you kept me waiting-
Watching thr radiation warning light
On the white wall;
Reading the Fire Orders.

Then you emerged-
Pastered and plaque-faced-
And urged you to return your motor-bike keys.

Not on your broken arm, Son,

Your suffering Mum.