

FEATURE : POETRY

Tom Hills
Trainee Intern
Wellington School of Medicine
University of Otago

Tom Hills is a Trainee Intern at the University of Otago, Wellington School of Medicine. His main interests are outdoors - running, cricket, surfing etc. Most of his mates would be surprised to know he sometimes puts his thoughts on paper. This was composed after wandering through a decrepit, deserted, hilltop hospital in small-town New Zealand.

Poetry feature:
a eulogy delivered on Hospital road

I've seen pictures of you
When you were younger,
When you were in your prime.
You looked proud.
You looked a mother
Of healthy, bubbling children,
Busy and content.

They say you took the sick and frail,
The young,
The old,
Under your wings.
Nurturing them back to health
As age layered itself upon you
Like coats of hospital-green paint.

Now,
Old and frail yourself,
That picture seems a world
A thousand sheets of flaking paint, away.

All I see is a grandmother,
Whose children have left her,
At that place atop the hill
On hospital road.

Discarded to die quietly
Amongst the huddled trees,
Bending to weep with you
And mourn your falling.
While you overlook those born out of your heart,
Slowly rotting away piece by piece,
Waiting to be saved.