

POEM

Recovery

I couldn't work out what was happening.
I walked to the end of the rickety pier,
drew a bucket of cold water from the lake
and saw things I had not seen the day before

though the weather seemed much the same:
Silvery fish darted under the surface,
water boatmen skedaddled on its skin,
ripples from a long gone motorboat

lapped the large flat stone at the shore's edge
and the brown stems of giant lily pads curved
down into the murk. A cormorant flew
low and fast across the bay's wide mouth

and out of sight, while the deep cells continued
their slow work of invisible rewiring.

David Gilbert

Correspondence to David Gilbert; davidgilbert43@yahoo.co.uk

Competing interests None.

Provenance and peer review Not commissioned; internally peer reviewed.

Twitter Follow David Gilbert at @DavidGilbert43



CrossMark

To cite Gilbert D. *Med Humanit* 2017;**43**:135.

Published Online First 26 September 2016

Med Humanit 2017;**43**:135. doi:10.1136/medhum-2016-011087.2