

Ode to the Mount Vernon

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Lights are distant but oh so clear
Raises optimism for another year
I Hunger and thirst for more than beer
Long for health, free from fear

Lie alone in the dead of night
Scan the horizon no longer bright
The only tubes that I now see
Are delivery for chemotherapy

Watch with my love at tea time
As fluorescents bloom pink and lime
Snake and dragon in neon tube
Chase away the darkest mood

Share a dream with our daughter
To drink a pint and not just water
Lights are on, the lounge looks cosy
Shining bright the neon rosy

Friends surround the hospital bed
All fear the worst with silent dread
Yet comfort beckons in a venue near
At the Mount Vernon to shed a tear

The cold of winter is the season
The Mersey cry is its fffff freezing
The distant pub looks inviting
It cheers us with its festive lighting

We sit and muse what happens there
At yonder hostelry with its daily fare
A well met host and karaoke
A sandwich, crisps, maybe bacon smoky?

Surrounded by the sick and dying
I ached to join, never gave up trying
At the altar for a healing sermon
Take my communion at the Mount Vernon

From my highest Royal position
I daily met with my physician

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The object of our mutual desire
To make me well and restore my fire

Each day passed with caring staff
Spirits mixed, days without a laugh
Blood and bowels in fluctuation
Mind and body fought with determination

For six long months I held the vision
From 7Y's window bed position
It held a promise of life to come
Another chance for more than rum

From September to February
We held the thought to make us merry
But custom there was much delayed
As we saw the havoc all man made

Roadwork's formed a formidable bar
An obstacle to every customer
I trust the belated return of pavement
Restores good fortune and more payment

So, family and friends catch the bus
Leukaemia and tears left behind us
At last we make it a crowded one
And cry cheers at the Mount Vernon!