



Phlebotomy

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Shuffling feet snuffling nose
Well wrapped bodies frozen toes
Racked in lines of down and quilt
Patiently await their blood to be spilt

Autumnal colours most topped by grey
Crowded together in seated array
Gossip small talk to pass the time
Infirmity and illness the only crime

Clock runs down numbers creep
Anxiously await the next turn beep
Armed with a ticket a number in place
Rush to a cubicle a sterile space

Medics claim each in endless shuttle
To claim their booty a bloody bottle
The wounded retire one arm bare
A cotton wool swab proud to wear

The lucky leave return to life
While others stay await the knife
The staff repeat another groundhog day
But that is their lot in phlebotomy