

General

Medicine – [Phil Isherwood](#)

Letter From Flu – [River Wolton](#)

So Far – [Pat Winslow](#)

Sicknesses – [Atar Hadari](#)

Body Of Understanding – [Phil Isherwood](#)

Medicine

Your doctor has prescribed you this poem because you are suffering from one of the following conditions;

wild notions, past poetic stress disorder, or literary hypochondria. This poem can also be prescribed for wind and for vagrancy.

The active ingredients of the poem are alliteration, which occurs occasionally, metonym, metaphor and irony, in a weak parody suspension.

Contraindications include allergy to any of the active ingredients and also any prior conditions of bafflement or Dawkinsonian

Reductionism. Trials have also shown that patients with indifference to weak humour or tincture of Red Dwarf may suffer drowsiness.

Side effects are idiopathic, generally, and some are of no known cause (which seem, anecdotally, of benefit to undiagnosed heart conditions).

Some patients taking this poem have reported

nausea, vomiting and déjà-vu hallucinations,
as well as déjà-vu hallucinations.

Dosage; it is recommended that the whole
poem is taken together on three occasions
in the first hour of commencing treatment.

Subsequently, stanzas may be applied at will,
as needed to manage your condition,
unless your doctor is averse to this concept.

Separate use of individual poetic phrases
identified, may be appropriate for use at parties
or as quotations in college assignments.

Storage; this poem is of indeterminate shelf life
but will cease to be comprehensible following changes
to Patient Information Leaflet Regulations (2001/83/EC).

[© Phil Isherwood](#)

Letter From Flu

Here in aspic fog nothing behaves -
huddle or slump like a dog, head sagged
and fuzzing to a leaden chorus.

If only a cool hand;
something alive's gonna burst;
what to cancel. Where is everyone?

Hello my name is Aching Drum.
Then at last lay down, pay respect,
respect to swollen glands

and abide in Valley of the Lemsip Quilt.

Remember, you on the well-side, rest
when you can, lean your so-busy head
on the doorjamb and simply give in.

[© River Wolton](#)

So Far

your shared afterbirth and umbilical cord,
your spewed milk, faeces, urine, sweat,
nail clippings, tartar, hair, desquamation,

blood from grazes, nosebleeds, scratches
and three operations and two benign cysts,
attached soft tissue, eyelashes, dandruff,

mucus, pus, saliva, tears, 24 milk teeth,
400 eggs, your womb's monthly sheddings,
leucorrhoea, ejaculate, undigested dinners,

your right medial meniscus, earwax, warts,
wisdom teeth, pap smears, bunion parings, moles,
coughs, burps, farts, hiccups, sneezes, laughter,

more breaths than you can imagine,
more heart beats than you can count
and tonight, tomorrow and the next day

and the day after, if you're lucky, if you're careful.

[© Pat Winslow](#)

Sicknesses

Some sicknesses are so private
only late at night your cells
one by one come out
and pour like a convoy of milk-maidens
one by one their pails of tears
and you in the dark staring
watch them come alight
like windows on an old
skyscraper in the dawn.

[© Atar Hadari](#)

Body Of Understanding

Not a leg to stand on, muscling in,
have the upper hand, take it on the chin.
Suffer a backlash, bone of contention,
much too hard-headed, knee-jerk reaction.

Soft touch, easy touch, just the bare bones,
give your right arm, stand on your own.
Nose to the grindstone, so tight fisted,
treading on toes, not a finger lifted.

Pick someone's brains, tip of the tongue,
foot in mouth, put a foot wrong.
Taken to heart, venting the spleen.
Get under the skin. Be what you mean.

[© Phil Isherwood](#)