

*H*ospital Canteen

Oddly the view revealed itself to be beautiful. In these rare instances the rain drew back its mould sodden curtain to reveal the industrial velvet lushness of the town. Feather boas, coquettish blooms of smoke, temporal visual indications of labour in progress rendered mute behind the double-glazed hospital window.

Workers, canteen assistants, doctors, GMTV, a cheap full English breakfast, the chatter of the prescribed Monday morning acquaintance conversations, “did you have a good weekend?” – the reply “rosy”, peppered with the “ do you think he’ll be alright”, “I don’t think enough is being done’. The heartbreakingly pensive life - altering waits garnished with the mundane. “ Can you watch me brew?” and as someone scans the paper “Am I missing a trick with Abbey Clancy?”

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Andrea Byrne