

Christmas Eve at the Surgery

The twenty-fourth,
twas Christmas Eve
The dusk merged with
the dark
As I gazed along the
village street
There weren't a place to
park.

You can't quite get to
grips with it
There seems no rhyme
or reason
I'm sure the place gets magnetised
Around the festive season.

It seems like one last-ditch attempt
To throw off all your ills
That last pre-Christmas shopping spree
To stock up on your pills.

There's a few familiar faces
But a lot that I don't know
And what I call the faithful few
With nowhere else to go.

There's poor old Mrs. Johnson
And that man who never smiles.
Mind, they say he's got good reason,
He's got trouble with his piles.

There's dear old Mrs. Sprogget,
Overweight and very lame,
But they say she's doing better
Since she got her Zimmer frame.

Then there's Freda in the corner
With those old ill-fitting teeth.
When she smiles the top set drops
And comes to rest on those beneath
And poor old cousin Albert
Well he's wheezing fearfully
I hope they get to his turn soon
Or he won't be here to see.



And now my eyes
have come to rest
Are those parcels
round the tree?
Oh they are all repeat
prescriptions
Oh silly, silly me!

At last I reach the
landmark
Of the large glass
sliding window

On discovering I forgot to book
I'm left somewhat in limbo.

'I don't think we can fit you in,
You forgot to make a booking
And you know it's bedlam here this week
You hardly get a look in!

But I've been here for the last half hour
And I've still not got a seat.
And I had to queue to get this far
And I'm dying on my feet.

My nose bin running for a week,
Since I had the vaccination.
And I ain't been to the loo for days
Cause I got the constipation.

And there's a nasty reddish pimple
What's erupted on my bum.
And I was hammering this morning
And I've gone and blacked my thumb.

And I know that it is Christmas.
It's the season of goodwill.
So spare a thought for the sick and weak.
And me because I'm ill.
See, I lost my grip on eternal youth
That flows from life's clear fountain
So I'd like to see my Doctor

WHAT-He's halfway up a mountain!
Geoff Stringer Christmas 1992