



The Stroke Unit, Orpington Hospital

Reading on 22nd February 2002

Anne, the ward sister, had suggested we time the reading for when patients' visitors would be present too. So we held it in the early evening in the ward dining room. Wine was offered to all involved - readers and listeners.

Poets : David Hart, Fleur Adcock, Rogan Wolf

Photographs : Pierre Bascle





“...Extending the possibilities in these ways..[is]..certainly worth doing. Just..... to have some different kinds of words floating in the air seems like a good thing. I'm sure I'd be glad if I was on the other side of it....The experience of the poetry,.... it's this that really matters, I think. The quality of that silence – silence does vary such a lot - was for me what mattered.”

David Hart



Poetry Reading in Orpington Hospital

That appalling head -
its dome re-configured
and gathered into a ridge -

the woman who speaks from that head
sat in a wheel chair
on a south London hill-top.

It was a fine sunset in February.
The trees were black as they looked north
across ten million roofs.

The wind plucked and tore them
and whenever the doors slid open,
threw itself into Reception.

Three poets in turn
read to the woman
words they had gathered

troubled over, made new. "Thank you,"
she said, as she was wheeled away.
"That was lovely".

Rogan Wolf
March 2002

