

I'm laid-up in bed, where my thoughts are my own,
 And though there are people who'd grumble and groan,
 When I see around me, folk worse -off by far!
 I'm fain to think things are no worse than they are . . .
 Though I'm laid-up in bed!

Forgetting surroundings and worries awhile,
 I find I feel better when I try to smile,
 For there's always a bright-side to look for in life,
 There's even a bright-side to being a wife,
 When you're laid-up in bed!

Here, I've no washing-up, there's no chores to be done,
 No cleaning and cooking, or errands to run,
 Here, I'm free from all work, with its worry and toil,
 I can manicure my nails, with nothing to soil,
 While I'm laid-up in bed!

There's some handsome young students, that look after
 me well!
 I think that I've trapped some in love's magic-spell!
 But the specialist I fear, is puzzled with me,
 Still I'll try to be patient if he'll only agree . . .
 To free me from this bed!

When I walk through the ward, in my fancy night-gown,
 They think I'm the "Belle of New - York", come to town;
 But when another bell's rung, I must retire and lie-down . .
 For I'm laid-up in bed!

There's some think I'm the last, of the really "hot mommas"
 I shall have to inform them, and use inverted commas
 That while I am here, I'm the "bride of Saint Thomas!"
 Who is laid-up in bed!

When Sir Harold Wilson learned of my hospital entry,
 He too, wanted a bed, in a ward for the gentry,
 Alas! in the "labour"-ward, there wasn't a bed empty,
 Where he could be laid-up in bed!

It's only through ill-health, that one finds out best,
 How lucky those are - who with good-health are blessed!
 We don't value health, till pain hovers near,
 But we jolly soon miss it, when we find it's not clear . . .
 And we're laid-up in bed!

How thankful I'll be, when I'm back on my feet,
 For there's naught in this world that beats feelin "reet"!
 And the sooner it comes, and the happier I'll be,
 For it goes against the grain, when you've been active,
 like me . . .
 To be laid-up in bed!

I'll try to be patient, and not to complain,
 And with the help of the Lord, hope I'll get well again;
 Then sometimes maybe, I will think of this rhyme,
 And fain to be wick - I'll remember the time . . .
 When I was laid-up in bed!

Harvey Kershaw.
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