

## Death of Sorrento Hospital

The final day looms ahead,  
Now the weeks can be counted  
Like stark trees in winter  
Stalking the inner landscape,  
People perform tasks like  
Sleep walkers on the moon,  
Smiles are frozen like ice on a pond,  
Tongues get sharp on the edge of time,  
Silence on the wards like war  
Is about to be declared.

Women throbbing with the kick of life  
Thinking of long corridors ahead;  
Protesters can burn their placards  
Let the flames lick the sky  
And the ash from burning embers  
Fill a whole that was once an eye.

Faces are captured with a camera,  
A building will fit into a frame;  
Bottles pop and spirits flow  
Some dance to the music within  
To beat off another day,  
Phantom figures will pass through wards  
Like a highway,  
A litany of words resounding across shiny floors;

A billion baby cries hover  
Like birds on a wing;  
Surrounded by a fence cold like the  
Teeth of a stalactite,  
Noon is punctured, stillness with the step of feet  
Never to return

**Ann Flynn**

### **Song for Sorrento**

High grass hides a hospital  
Ghost-like, eyes sealed,  
Still holding secrets  
Spirits in dialogue stroll;  
Speeches at St. Mary's became a song  
For a matriarchal symbol:  
A wax museum is full of human forms.  
The birth of Sorrento a family home,  
Then an extended family.  
Foreign tongues spoke your name,  
Festivities like fireworks  
Said farewell,  
Staff have souvenirs carved from chronicles.  
A demolition team will tear you  
Limb from limb;  
Your spirit will soar from the dust.

**Ann Flynn**