

At The Back Of Our Minds

It wasn't so much the weather
which spoiled the holiday
although it could have been kinder,
keeping us off the beach,
forcing us to waste our money
in the endless arcades.

It wasn't even the hotel
with its petty 'visitors park
at your own risk' signs,
or the pool table which refused
to release its balls
after we'd fed it with 50 pence pieces.

No, it was more the feeling
at the back of our minds
that something else was wrong.
The way he refused to walk long distances.
The way his balance seemed off-key.
The way he leant over the railings
on the central pier during his last day
and was violently sick.
And the way the doctors
wouldn't look us in the eye
after he'd had his scan.