

Trying to ESCAPE

By Chris Ellis

I am due on the tee at twelve o'clock
for a Saturday fourball.
What a rush to get through the morning surgery .
Could you squeeze just one more in, doctor ?
My last patient had the quickest
consultation of his life,
as I fled out of the back door.

Ten to twelve and I'm just in time
to get to the club, change, and charge flustered
onto the first tee.

I get into my car in the parking lot
behind the rooms.

Warm and safe at last.

The key is in the ignition.

There is a tapping on the window.

"I'm so glad I've caught you, doctor."



Note: This poem is reprinted from *Ruminations from Rural Practice*, by Chris Ellis, with illustrations by Louis Hiemstra. Published by Academy Publications, 1994. For your copy please post a cheque for R50.00 made out to S A Family Practice, to: P O Box 3172, Cramerview, 2060