## WORK POETRY/ POÉSIE DE TRAVAIL

## Keep Going

"the old shear man speaks: during the war a power outrage wouldn't stop them they worked on by candlelight riveting ships bound for atlantic convoys" — David Conn

the booking office late at night between surgeries I have time to type out David's poems for the publisher

the guy on the phone is rounding up relief nurses Anne it's me. Would you like to work evening on 3 North? Bill, can you work double shift tomorrow? Thanks, I knew you'd be overjoyed.

Hospitals always have emergency generators when the power went off at the General, the lights flicked on again within two or three seconds somehow we are really afraid of hospitals without electricity the show must go on. it isn't a bit romantic to operate by candlelight the swinging kerosene lantern shining into the wound? No sir

The continuous crews of wartime factories have nothing on us: the OR runs all night blocked grafts, pacemakers, incomplete miscarriage, ectopic pregnancy fractured legs and skulls, Caesarean section, 2 a.m. knife wounds one after the other carried in past silently mopping cleanup crews

On my shift too I drive hundreds of fine silk rivets into tubby hulls bound only for the battles of lower Granville Street



Reader's comments from a recent survey.

1986 and pool andy for new naturations to Volume 51 (1984). Mail 10: Quant Querinfy Dept. 1, John Watson Hall, Queen's University, Kingston Datario, 177, 516.