For Aneurin Bevan

Danielle Hope

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Bevan! You should be living at this hour
the NHS has need of you. She is a shell
sapped of spirit, a disoriented hull
a revengeful return of the *Mayflower*.
Her decks brim with pristine shops and babble,
burble like a jaunty airport mall.
Her cargo strains with episodes, manpower
and medicines, each counted to cut costs.
Below she battles ageing, accidents and old super-bugs
that breed under adverts for tomorrow's drugs.
Passengers please travel on for health care:
you'll find private dentists, stocks and shares
and lawyers on each turning of the stair.

Information about Danielle Hope can be found, with another poem, on p. 220.

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