BackChat.....

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Out of sight and out of mind? Part II

Mary Rose

A small house and a beautiful garden,
Two parents so caring and kind.
A lovely 3-year-old girl, Mary,
With nothing but happiness in her mind.

Though they had a very simple life,
They helped each other as best as they could.
Mary would often play in the garden,
While her parents did everything they should.

Yet one awful, terrible day,
Her parents became very ill and died.
And Mary was left on her own,
With no-one to comfort her by her side.

She was sent away to a very big house,
Where no love or joy could be seen.
And two horrible children who laughed at her,
She had to treat their parents with respect like a King and Queen.

The children teased her for not having parents,
And her life was so very sad.
And although they made her work like a maid,
There was one thing which made Mary glad.

They did not know what went on in Mary's head,
Or what things happened at night.
For when Mary went into the kitchens,
The servant called Martha gave her hope and light.

They talked about Martha's and Mary's homes,
Yet Mary did not get upset as she was strong.
They discussed flowers and the happy times of spring,
They would have talked all day long.

This continued for around four years,
Until one different day.
They had been insulting Mary's parents as usual,
You do not want to know what they would say.

Yet Mary and the others did not know,
That Martha had been listening outside too.
She shouted at the others and took Mary away,
She knew exactly what to do.

They had many happy times in Martha's house,
All spent in her garden under the sun.
It reminded Mary so much of home,
And she loved the flowers and animals, every one.

The poet is a young girl who tells us she is blind. The text may reflect some of her expectations. Readers will decide for themselves how much blindness has been her muse.

The very poor girl

If you look very carefully on the frozen streets,
You will see a very sad sight.
A very poor girl walking slowly,
Wearing a dress of cloth so ragged and white.
The very poor girl.

Though you can see she is very cold, tired and hungry,
And that her tired small hands are so cold and thin.
Even if you look at her very carefully,
You cannot see the sadness she has within.
The very poor girl.

Although she tries hard to stay happy,
Her expression makes one sad.
Yet still, no-one would be able to know,
What she's been through and how she's suffered that bad.
The very poor girl.

Though her simple clothes are dripping,
And her long hair's so very wet.
Though her feet are bare and very cold,
There is not much help she would get.
The very poor girl.

She is now used to walking in the streets,
There are many things in her small mind.
Yet you can tell from her thin pale face,
That she is so very good and kind.
The very poor girl.

She tries so hard to enjoy her difficult life,
Yet nothing can hide the tears covering her face.
Yet still she tries to stay calm and happy,
No matter what time or which place.
The very poor girl.

It is so very amazing,
How many friends the simple girl has made.
And when she is in great need,
The flowers and animals come to her aid.
The very poor girl.

She even tries to help others,
And has been so patient from the start.
For only joy, love and kindness can be seen,
In her warm, yet tired small sweet heart.

The very poor girl.
So even now you may see her,
And still patiently she waits.
And though her life is so very tiring,
There is nothing in it that she hates.
The very poor girl.

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