**After the Surgery**

Nobody warned me about the boredom.

So much time on my hands—

great Dali-style melting clocks worth of it.

And wanted nowhere, shunted from pillar to post

Within the health care system.

What am I meant to do with my days post-surgery?

Sit around staring at blank walls,

Hang out at the local drop-in centre,

Take respite in the country.

Fresh air and plenty of it—that’s the ticket, so they say.

Quiet desperation is the Kiwi way—

Ten years left, take it day by day.