

Women's College Hospital

There is a heart
That beats
Inside this building.

Listen
And you will hear it.
It is a big heart,
Warm with wonder
And discovery.

This is a place of
Tender loving care
Where life comes in
And life goes out
And even Death is sometimes
Kind.

This is a roof
Where-under dwells
Discovery and
Amazement.
The holy well of research
The drama in the test tube.
Conclusion
Diagnosis
And all microscopic
Marvels.

This is a House of Women, if you like
A happy place.
Babes at the breast
A sort of hive of life
Where birthing is
Triumphant.

A household of a hospital
Where every member of the family
Has consequence
And gives his best
Perhaps a little more
Each to the other.

PAGE ONE OF TWO

Walk down the corridors.

© Mona McTavish Gould

This poem is covered by a Creative Commons Canada Attribution No-Derivatives Licence. It may be shared freely, but please quote accurately and acknowledge the author each time the poem is used.

Are you aware
That somewhere in the air
A gracious lady's ghost goes sliding by.

Her name was Hilliard
And you need to know
The gift she gave was life,
Her life, to leave a worthy legend here
Forever.

PAGE TWO OF TWO

© Mona McTavish Gould

This poem is covered by a Creative Commons Canada Attribution No-Derivatives Licence. It may be shared freely, but please quote accurately and acknowledge the author each time the poem is used.