



ANGINA

Richard Hill

I'm lying in a hospital.
My heart does cause concern.
It may be psychological,
As tests may well confirm.

I have these bouts of pain a lot,
They happen every day.
But this is worse, perhaps a clot,
Maybe it is today.

A heart attack is possible,
I've had a few of those.
But pain is diabolical,
The tracing really shows.

My heart is just a pump I'm told
It keeps my body working.
I feel that I am really old.
I really feel I'm hurting.

The monitor shows a waveform,
That comes and goes in time.
The beats aren't good and uniform,
The pressure starts to climb.

They give me something for the pain,
That will not go away.
And to the medics I explain,
That things are worse today.

Continued...

While waiting for the drugs to work,
I think about my life,
'bout when my heart first went berserk,
I underwent the knife.

But that was back in ninety,
And now it's twenty-two.
I've had theses scares aplenty,
And some much worse it's true.

But over days of treatment,
They gave me for my pain,
Was slowly much less frequent,
I feel like me again.

I know that this will happen,
From time to time a lot.
It drives me to distraction,
But heart attack it's not.

Acute angina troubles me.
That's what they say is wrong.
Most times I really am pain free,
And in the end, I'm strong.