

Appointment with Danger

Barry worked hard for his family,
As you'd expect him to do.
And he also volunteered,
For the local lifeboat crew.

A pillar of the community?
It seemed that way to me.
But when he was quite unwell,
He neither worked nor went to sea.

No face to face with his doctor,
And the earliest phone call chat,
Meant a very long wait indeed,
Seven weeks to be exact.

His GP was enjoying life,
Since covid changed the plot.
No need to go to the surgery now,
Just phone calls from his yacht.

Barry pondered all of the facts,
The imbalance was there to see.
His doc was paid well to help us,
Whilst he risked his life for free.

Then the coxswain told Barry,
Not to sit and mope at home.
And to come to the lifeboat station,
To man the emergency phone.

The weather forecast was awful,
Especially so offshore.
So Barry went straight there,
A hero to the core.

After answering his first call,
The crew were on tenterhooks.
When he said it was just his doctor,
He got some very strange looks.

Six weeks exactly to the day,
The headline on News 24,
Told of a Cornish doctor,
Found on a desert island shore.

During storms off Penzance,
His mobile dropped into the sea.
But not before he managed,
To phone in his emergency.

He then drifted across the oceans,
With little to drink or eat.
But at least he got a face to face,
With a witch doctor on the beach.

Barry grinned as the crew glared at him,
Each remembering the call that he took.
“ Did he say he was coming straight home,
Or do you think I need to rebook?”