

And later:—

. . . . Then my senses fleet:
All were a blank, save for this dull new pain
That grinds my leg and foot: and brokenly
Time and the place glimpse on to me again;
And unsurprised, out of uncertainty,
I wake — relapsing — somewhat faint and fain
To an immense, complacent dreamery.

Then comes the period of healing; the days can be endured, but the long and weary nights are "hideous, asleep or awake."

Shoulders and loins
Ache !
Ache, and the mattress,
Runs into boulders and hummocks,
Glow like a kiln, while the bedclothes
Tumble importunate, daft —
Ramble and roll, and the gas
Screwed to its lowermost,
An inevitable atom of light,
Haunts, and a stertorous sleeper
Snore me to hate and despair.
All the old time
Surges malignant before me:
* * * * *

Far in the stillness a cat
Languishes loudly. A cinder
Falls, and the shadows
Lurch to the leap of the flame. The next man to me
Turns with a moan; and the snorer,
The drug like a rope at his throat,
Gasps, gurgles, snorts himself free, as the night nurse,
Noiseless and strange,
Her bull's eye half lanterned in apron
(Whispering me, "Are ye no sleepin' yet?")
Passes, list-slippered and peering,
Round . . . and is gone.

Then we have the picture of Lister on his rounds and the old familiar ward classes—as seen by the patient :—

Hist? . . .
Through the corridor's echoes,
Louder and nearer
Comes a great shuffling of feet,
Quick, every one of you,
Straight your quilts, and be decent!
Here's the Professor.

In he comes first
With the bright look we know,
From the broad white brows the kind eyes
Soothing yet nerving you. Here at his elbow
White-capped, white-aproned, the Nurse
Towel on arm and her inkstand
Pretful with quills.
Here in the ruck, anyhow,
Surging along,
Louts, duffers, exquisites, students, and prigs