



Lemon in the elephant's eye

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I learnt today a strange thing
that the poor beast, suffering,
the manacle deep embedded in its leg
begged in sounds,
begged in blinking
for release from pain.

Six worked;
a team to save the pachyderm,
time was of the essence
as shock and fear set in;
the limb was being tourniqueted
by chain.

The beast was covered,
sound of saw muffled,
lemon squeezed,
she did not resist.

We too,
limited by others and ourselves.
Created by our experience.
It's called the Elephant Chain Phenomenon.
I now know why
they put lemon
in the elephant's eye.

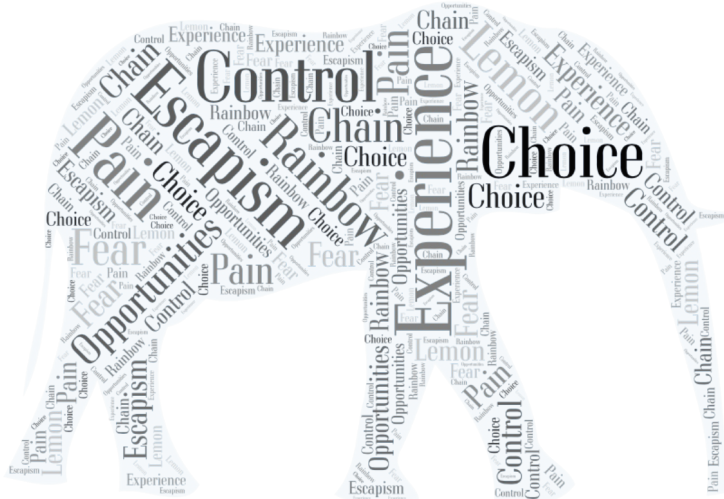


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We can choose our distractions,
good or bad.
Opportunities, a sunshiny day,
escapism, the rainbow.

It's within my control,
my choice to be made.
When life gives me lemons...
I make lemonade.

Note: This poem was written by a group of people during the Coronavirus pandemic, some of whom live with long-term conditions. The group was formed as a means to support each other to maintain good mental health and social connections by taking part in different creative activities. This poem was part of a session focusing on creative writing.