

On an island of strangers

<https://www.taxresearch.org.uk/Blog/2025/05/13/on-an-island-of-strangers/>

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This poem, by Michael Rosen, was shared in the comments by Robin Gardner this morning.

I cannot find it on the web.

I hope Michael will forgive me for sharing it this morning, when it is so relevant:

I lay in bed
hardly able to breathe
but there were people to sedate me,
pump air into me
calm me down when I thrashed around
hold my hand and reassure me
play me songs to my family sent in
turn me over to help my lungs
shave me, wash me, feed me
check my medication, feed me
perform the laparostomy
people on this island of strangers,
from China, Jamaica, Brazil, Ireland
India, USA, Nigeria and Greece.

I sat on the edge of my bed
and four people came with
a frame and supported me
or took me to a gym
where they taught me how
to walk between parallel bars
or kick a balloon
sat me in a wheel chair
taught me how to use the exercise bike
how to walk with a stick
people on this island of strangers,
from China, Jamaica, Brazil, Ireland
India, USA, Nigeria and Greece.

If ever you're in need as I was
may you have an island of strangers
like I had.