

# A SHITE FRIDAY NIGHT

Just back from Emergency,  
I've been there twice this year  
Of all the things I could have heard  
I didn't want to hear...

Your rhythm isn't stable,  
Blood pressure's dropping low,  
We'll try some drugs but probably  
A zap's the way to go'

Well. F\$&@. Me. Drunk. (And 'scuse my  
French,  
My language, like my heart,  
Deteriorates in times of stress -  
A warning at the start...)

You'd think one power punch a year  
Would surely be enough,  
I had one back in January,  
And though I'm fairly tough

Being shocked back into rhythm,  
Isn't my idea of fun,  
Yet here we are lined up again,  
Can't hide and sure can't run.

It started in the shower,  
I'd been gardening and I stank,  
Hopped under the water,  
And the ticker gave a crank.

It raced, it jumped, it sped right up,  
It did the highland fling,  
I said 'settle down you ba\$&ard!'  
But it didn't hear a thing.

150 beats a minute,  
And I think I'm going higher,  
My lazy defib waits and watches,  
Needs a few more beats to fire.

I'm breathless and I'm dizzy,  
And my chest is bloody tight,  
Pain - eleven out of ten,  
F\$&k this for a Friday night!

Quick smart I rinse the Pantene,  
I really really need to sit,  
My current options seem to be:  
Faint or spew or sh!t.

I grabbed the phone and dialled the  
neighbour,  
Said 'if you're home and bored and able,  
Could you pop on over for a sec,  
My heart's a tad unstable.

But just a word of warning,  
Brace for an eyebrow-raising sight,  
I'm naked on the bathroom floor,  
And my waxing job is shite'.

The neighbours sprinted over,  
Rallied numbers on the way,  
The nurse from down the road arrived,  
These neighbours saved the day.

The paramedics roll on in,  
Ask if anyone's been coughing,  
'No Covid here' the neighbours yell,  
'Get up the stairs - she's frothing!'

Well - I wasn't quite a-frothing,  
But I wasn't all that flash,  
I won't re-live the gory details,  
You can picture the car crash.

So off we race to hospital,  
And they're putting me to sleep,  
But before lights out I begged them,  
'Can you make it nice and deep?'

A memory of being paddled  
Isn't something that I choose,  
I prefer electronic thumpings,  
Delivered while I snooze.

One coal-fired intervention,  
And I'm waking nice and calm,  
Back to 60 beats a minute,  
Seems the voltage worked a charm.

And my breathing's back to normal,  
And the pain has gone away,  
Just a paddle-shaped burn on my back,  
To souvenir the stay.

So it's thanks a lot to all the crew,  
And I can raise a little cheer,  
Despite earlier indications,  
I find myself still f\$&@ing here...

Now I'm up for urgent surgery,  
Some remodelling's on the way,  
To improve my future Friday nights,  
And guarantee my Saturdays.

**LEIGH BELL**

