

PLEASANTRIES AFTER MIDNIGHT

(from Eden Hospital E.R. Night Staff)

How sweet it is to come at night,
To work amidst the pain and plight,
When with the moments in between
The break room bears a pleasant scene,
There where detectables are sought:
The home-baked goodies Barry brought.

Now we, of those wee-hour folk
(We do not jest, we do not joke),
If it were not for sweets like these
That tickle brain cells, if you please,
How dull of thought and slow of act
We all would be! Now, that's a fact!

As ludicrous as this may seem,
Our hearts and tastebuds thank you, Jeanne.
Receive our thanks, we do implore!
But do not stop! Please, send us MORE!!

— *David L. Hatton, 1988*