**A Kind of Music** *by Isobel Thrilling*

Nobody told me the chemo-therapy ward

has its own orchestra,

cheeps and burbles play strings

along veins,

odd tones from exotic birds,

bubbles and trills,

add in

the mobile phones and voices.

Schoenberg would be charmed,

pleased by

the unpredictable pauses,

interstices, gaps,

where any wanderer can slip through

and cause

mayhem among the harmonies.

A new tone-poem for the Proms perhaps?