

Parking Dance

There is a designated parking at radiotherapy,
Though eight spaces is never enough.

You arrive, key in the code and wait...

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You know the clinics are running late,
The car park is full, no spaces to be had.

You sit, you wait, you argue with yourself.
Should I park up and pay?

But for how long?

Someone comes out.
You do the parking dance.

You rush through the doors.
And take your place in the queue.