

RETREADS

Fourteen physios, fortyish and fat,
Returned to find out where its at,
In hospitals and clinic centre,
In a course that was known as a “Re-Enter”.
Eager to learn but somewhat scared
To let the gap of the years be bared,
We left our kids and our spouses too,
Wanting to change old ways for new
In the standard of care of the physio team
And get ourselves back in midstream.

No fret that there was many a moan
When we all got down to a creaking prone.
That was just a lack of muscle tone,
Or perhaps a case of decalcified bone?
T’was a strain to use the old grey matter
But we came to terms with the new flown patter.
We learned to use it and to cope
With Bennet, Bird and stethoscope
And Jobst Machine, and into the bargain,
We soon caught on to the professional jargon,
Like T.H.R. and P.V.C.
A.T.N.R. and C.O.L.D.
What to do with as lung collapse
And what speeds up a nerve synapse.
We glibly spoke of a myotome
With hardly a thought of a place called “home”,
T’was “Good Fortune” who really got us through
The labyrinthine ways of all that was new.
We used our hearts as well as our heads
And so here we are – “The Brave Retreads”.

Jean Moore.

Graduate Retread. June 1977.