

VEE: My God.., what a night.

JEAN: *(He treated her like a slab of meat...)*

ERICSSON: That was a tough one, Vee.

JEAN: *(It wasn't surgery it was butchery. Vivisection!)*

VEE: I thought.., I really thought that we should lose her.

JEAN: *(Where was his humanity?)*

ERICSSON: I was just downstairs, you know?

VEE: We didn't.., we didn't know he was out of his own depth, until.., until it was too late.

JEAN: *(I knew.., I.., I knew.  
Right from the start. I could tell.  
I knew. I was sure—)*

ERICSSON: I was sure he was ready for this.

VEE: Yes, you were sure.

ERICSSON: What's that supposed to mean?

VEE: I asked you.

ERICSSON: I—

VEE: I asked you to do this one.

ERICSSON: Everyone's got to learn, you know. It's a judgement call when they're ready to— “”

VEE: He was not ready.

JEAN: *(It was as though he thought he was on his own.  
As if—)*

ERICSSON: You have to let them operate on their own sooner or later.

JEAN: *(—as if.., as if we weren't there. As if..,  
And we were.., we were trying to help him.  
He.., he just wasn't hearing us.  
He just wasn't—)*

ERICSSON: I really thought he'd call if he got into any difficulty.

JEAN: *(I should.., I should have...  
Earlier. We should have called)*

VEE: He was not ready.

ERICSSON: He'd shown me he could do all the steps.

VEE: He just.., lost it.

ERICSSON: We've all made mistakes. ""

JEAN: *(We should have waited.  
We should...,  
I should..,  
I should never have let him start. It was just..,  
I expected—)*

ERICSSON: I expected too much from him. ""

VEE: You need to talk to him.

ERICSSON: I'll let him sleep on it. Get his head round what's happened first.

VEE: I have seen trainees destroyed by similar— ""

ERICSSON: Look, he had a problem. And now it's fixed. We move on.

VEE: She has lost so much of blood.

ERICSSON: Vee, don't be such an old woman. She's fine.

VEE: Her kidneys have shut right off. She is not 'fine'

ERICSSON: You're over-reacting. It happens, OK?

VEE: It is not OK. It is not!

ERICSSON: Get a grip, Vee!

VEE: I.., I am tired.

ERICSSON: We're all tired. What is wrong with you tonight?

VEE: *(Eight years..,  
eight..,  
eight years ago, tonight...)*

The nurse could see  
how tired I was;  
and she wanted to take care of me too.

So, she did the logical thing: she  
turned off the alarms on the machine  
next to his bed

And, I thanked her when she did it:  
I was so grateful for the prospect  
of silence

and sleep

[But] she hadn't just turned  
the 'racket' off in the room:  
she turned off all of the alarms,  
everywhere.

So, when Gabriel's heart stopped beating  
there was no sound:

just quiet.

Nothing woke me

until I was being jerked awake  
and the room filled with people  
and panic

In that instant I knew he was gone:  
my sweet boy a corpse hooked to machines.

I sat next to him, begging him  
to come back to me:

on Thursday he was sick,  
and on Tuesday he was dead.

After he died the little plastic ID  
band that was around his tiny wrist  
should have been slipped onto mine.

There was nothing more that  
could have been done for him,  
but there was plenty that  
needed to be done for me:

I needed an infusion  
of truth and compassion;  
and the nurses and doctors

that took care of him:  
they needed it too.

We all should have been given ID bands  
and become patients  
that day