

An Acrostic Asbestos Amble
By Jim Perkins

An alliterative title it may be, stuff considered apposite for use.

But in reality it became a long fused insidious industrial curse.

To Derby (not the race) away we went by train and bike.

Some by bus or car: then a little hike.

Across the bridge into the works over shining lines: clocking on day and night.

In workshops that seemed airy clear and bright, especially in the quiet of early morning light.

Tick-tock went that clock as we walked about sometimes post haste.

But the very air became de-based by this minutiae white, fluffy waste.

Shanks' pony from shop to shop where walk not run was the norm.

H&S when it came to this other stuff was but token form.

For this was indeed a dangerous place in reality from what went unspoken.

From here to there you would walk about pace unbroken.

Unknowing sampling what was on offer in those places high and low.

Little did we know tick-tock went the clock with fifty years to go.

Blue is not just the colour of the sky: amphibole the dangers never heeded.

No register seen then for most useful stuff that was really, really needed!

Walking about from shop to shop we would unknowing be exposed all day.

As phoenix like from the ashes rising, it would not go away.

Remorseless enemy its decades spanning no end in sight for this.

So stand to attention on parade Crocidolite, Chrysolite, Amosite all present and correct setting the Meso TRAP door yet. Depending on your lottery chance tick-tock a time bomb long time running, pre-set.

Everywhere it was to be found, even underground: gaskets, rope, packing, paste, lagging, mattress, insulation, arc shutes and string.

To the stores a trudging walk was made waiting for more of the same to bring. Magnesite and Asbestosite were supposedly safe but that was just a convenience to justify its place.

Mixed in dusty barrels from bags was there any blame?

Even if you burst in flame the white blanket used was just the same.

Some had out of season snowball fights throwing it all awry.

Day x day we took our parts walked in time hours waltzing by but it was not a play!

These decades from those younger years would, damage done, steadily pass away.

Tick-tock why did we not wake in time, who can say?

Serpentine is a capital place where visitors might stroll and tour.

It is also a proper name for stuff you can cut and saw.

“Beware the danger” was not said. Not appropriate for the job planned.

Because whatever you might think a job must finish for cash in hand.

All these perils not just at work they lurked around every corner.

Skulking about in home, bank and school CLASP built along with MACE in which we walked, all in time found to be completely out of order.

No use looking for a fresh air job it was even down on farms in barn and parlour.

Cheap and easy but at what cost when with conflagration it spreads so easy.
So the years went by tick-tock the clock as we walked on stuff from Marley.

Tempus fugit is the cry as we learn words of which before not even a smatter.

Effusion, pleural within a ranking order Meso too along with relatives many,
asbestosis, plural plaques with COPD plus that double act Sarco and Epith but
no laughing matter.

You might have a favourite walk to a pub where asked to name your potion!

But chemo with its own strange language is set apart for those who want it so
Eli Lilly will supply the poison.

Some names seeming placed on a Latin basis or walked in from strange places.

If you have been Pemetrexed plus Carboplated even Cisplatinated it was
something you might have hated,

You might have been randomised or had Atomic-Meso from the chart plus
exclusion from the start.

The family of rays not fish this time but X, MRI, CT all scans.

Walk to them you must so yet more things to learn if you can.

Yet these all appear (time to be decided) on yet another structured plan.

When you are told: you look well you know, it might be just the chemical glow.

Topsy-turvy in a dream is this really happening to me or someone else?

Tick-tock the clock how long to wait lets once again try your blood and pulse?

Only we must believe in our MDTs so be positive and fight the cause.

Determination along with cash will see it wander off let's have no lacking doubt.

So let us see this persistent enemy skulking off walking to its last redoubt.

We just need to keep going to see this foe consigned to dustbins' history.

Organisation and conviction will grind away until it stops resisting!

When asked about a walk on MARs it might be thought you could not stand the trip. But no it is to a much different place not as far but in a higher plain where they have it all drip, drip.

Contrary to what some might think these teams don't just drink tea and spout but walk the walk for you and I with dedication, out and out.

Tick-tock with such great teams about it is time to pull all stops out.

Sue might be a girl but also bottom line, significant last letter in this acrostic rhyme.

Compensation is to what we are inclined if evidence we can find.

Perhaps we should have been aware of something favoured by legal brethren: verba volant, scripta manent.

Word of mouth will be no good so get your evidence down on paper understood!

But we could not ask at the time so walk about with leg and mouse to bring the smoking gun out.

Let there be no mistake as they used to say don't you know there's a grim war on!

So please excuse the military puns, but who dares wins let's see this scourge on the run.

Tick-tock let us not lie down but shout and fight asking how much time something which we can only guess.

Before we resolve this man-made mess.

So what about the walking lines a short acrostic should provide.

We who are concerned have had much to learn, no walk in the park.

Always travelling in hope no negatives we hope.

Let us fight the fight to come out right.

Keepon going that's the way so someone will see a better day.