

Hospital stays are usually the stuff of clichés. If you're lucky enough to survive your stay in Emergency and get admitted for observation or an operation, and are public enough about your situation, people will take note and chat with and about you. Social media makes it so much easier to document your journey from arrival to departure and points beyond, and for people to share your experiences. Often these will be friends or close acquaintances, but sometimes they'll be "friends" you've admitted to your network for whatever reason who identify with your circumstances enough to message you for all to see.

As a patient, you feel your identity slipping away the longer you remain in hospital. And the older you are, the more likely you'll be called 'love' or 'dear' by time-poor nurses and orderlies. In the artificial light and the drip-haze of medication, time and the senses blur and surreality takes hold. The mind tries to latch onto fragments of the familiar and even these dissolve without a drug free effort to capture them.

I decided to invent a new form to recreate and reflect on these fragments, what I call the *tweetem*. It's a cross between Japanese forms like the *tanka* and the character-limited tweet. Each *tweetem* must be self-contained, with a kick in the tail at the end, in 140 characters or less. Whether or not this new form endures, or is even tolerated from the beginning to the ending of the work at hand is up to you.

The overall narrative is under compression, as I've said, but it has the kinetic potential to expand associatively if you pursue the many hyperlinks (diversions) offered. This is easier if you're viewing the digital version but still rewarding if you've opted for the physical book and have an Internet device at hand.

And, yes, the Timelord I met in the haze and half-light *was* real, and I trust that he will one day sidestep out of his parallel universe long enough to meet his more infamous *other*.

– David P Reiter

999.1

Ticking boxes: 'is he still conscious?

When did his ¹#chest pains, shortness of breath, begin?

Please secure all dogs & attack guinea pigs.'

¹ <http://tinyurl.com/koyghox>

999.2

In situ: 'you say your father died of a ²#heart attack?

Have *you* ever smoked?' *Passive* counts.

As my pain tightens... ³#regeneration coming on?



² <http://youtu.be/sC2nElyx7Ds>

³ <http://youtu.be/BehwuPQm16A>

999.3

'Please scale your ⁴#pain from 1 to 10.

We sustain for the EW – no exits on our watch.

Name, date of birth, allergies – best to *memorise*.'

⁴ <http://tinyurl.com/pytqko9>

999.4

Drugs, glorious drugs! *please Mr Para
may I have some more?* Mr ⁵#Morphine and I
have never played tag, until now...

⁵ <http://tinyurl.com/kxel726>

4D PRINT FROM THE ⁶#TARDIS

⁷#Dr Who at the EW shapeshifts for the transfer,
blue jab in my bowels, ⁸#centrifuge of max focus
betrayed by a tease of dancing lights.



⁶ <http://tinyurl.com/mrrdfyt>

⁷ <http://tinyurl.com/olxvwz8>

⁸ <https://twitter.com/centrifugemusic>