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### Scored

**Peter Wells**

Eyes, as old as autumn leaves
on the death mask of a child,
marble cold.
Root black hair
carefully unkempt.
A stalk,
cupped with needle tracks
scarred with needle tracks
beneath her witch face
still avid for spells.
But I’m no sorcerer
heroin is not within my gift.
‘Piss off then!’ she cried
with a cripple’s touchy pride,
her trouser pocket poked out
like a tongue;
the valedictory gesture of the damned.

Peter retired in 1993. He opened a young people’s unit in 1970 for the treatment of disturbed adolescents in the North region. He began writing poetry while serving in the Royal Navy in 1943. Another of Dr Wells’s poems was published in the November 2010 issue of the *Journal.*

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