

## *The Meaning Of Life?*

I gather up my pens and books,  
Prepare to end the day,  
Through twilight hours and dark-eyed looks,  
I know this is the way.

For what is it I have to do  
To satisfy ambition?  
But to be one of the few  
Whose plans come to fruition.

I wonder what our lives are for,  
If not for selfish cause?  
Should we try to lucubrate,  
Have we time to pause?

I believe life more than just  
A means towards an end.  
Like wind to willow experience must  
Ambitions change and bend.

Does life simply enrich the soul,  
Allow mankind to grow  
Both in number and in mind?  
I expect I'll never know.

**John S Gilbody**

# GUY'S HOSPITAL GAZETTE

## June 1992



- *Gazette* crest—over-flamboyant Victorian taste?
- Mr David Morris—to mark his retirement
- Rag Week photos—were you hit?