

What Remains

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The sterility of the screen as you speak
Framed in white, the color of purity and fear
Hit us with lightning bolts
They would hurt less
Hospital beds won't have you
Still, the painful relief of knowing
Familiar tubes giving and taking
What they took from her before

Rest, the double-edged sword
Bringer of life sucking dry
Lavender walls contain a hurricane
I hear all the sad notes of your breathing
The silence harmonizes
You count out all the colorful things
That take the colorful things away
At her table

The past goads me

Moons ago, beige and chairs
Loose skin clinging to darkened veins
She was worlds away
Just down the corridor

A stranger then
Lost to the peace that needed her
Already a withered, fond memory
Small eyes lose the light
Remember compartments for souls
She is out of focus

There is safety in acceptance
What was and is
Why can't we be dangerous

The past is not repeated
Wraith of what you hate
Spring betrays itself
Time may do better
Erasing all but the sinking
Brought by steel in skin
For now, exist
You will return in pieces
I wish I could make whole