

Frozen Faces

Dena Jones

White doors caution: All-Who-Enter-Will-Suffer.
Entering, we watch as haunting eyes gaze through
Frozen faces etched with last hope.

A woman in White guides us to your *altared* bed.
Laying down, you offer black and blue arms.
White doors caution: All-Who-Enter-Will-Suffer.

Bound by Isaac's cords, tired veins drink red drops of extended life.
Looking for an escape, you ask, "Is there a Ram or is this Dante's gate?"
Frozen faces etched with last hope.

Your bed turns to fire, White sheets drenched in sweat and blood.
My brain burns with confusion. Science: an *Intervention* or an *Intrusion*?
White doors caution: All-Who-Enter-Will-Suffer.

White walls turn red, an inferno your bed; wailing, gasping, tossing, turning,
restlessly waiting for the marrow—to engraft a miracle.
Frozen faces etched with last hope.

Your body lay motionless, dreading Hell's next blow
while nurses check the counts for a sign of a second birth.
White doors caution: All-Who-Enter-Will-Suffer.

Locked in a mechanical maze of plastic tubes and blinking lights,
gently laying my head on your chest, I wait for your next breath.
Frozen faces etched with last hope.

Doctors in White coats gaze at their specimen.
Weary brown eyes look back... searching for a chance.
White Doors Caution: All-Who-Enter-Will-Suffer.

With one final blow—a blast of cold wind
steals you away. Bending down—I kiss your
Frozen face etched with last hope.