April 14, 1996.

I walk down the long hall
with wrinkled clothes
looking at clocks.
Fierce windows show me a sun
I don’t want to see—
sharp, invasive,
not as kind as morning light,
something only the living can hope for...

The medicine coated air
slaps my face
through revolving doors,
whirs in my mind
a hurricane of memories—
the extra blankets I asked for
nurses I nagged
elevator music playing through head phones to deaf ears
the weight of my head in my arms,
wary at the hiss of air
from oxygen tubes
and machines that emphasized
the monotony of a heartbeat
still struggling to make mountains
with red lines...
mountains that became plateaus,
then plains,
through tears that rained into rivers
that found their way to oceans,
as constant as the sky...

endless
like mourning
circular
like breathing
like being alive
knowing that old people died so that you could be born...