

*Social history: Not obtained*

He is a Sagittarius.  
He is young enough to look in the mirror  
And smile and spiff his hair.  
He is old enough to worry about his children's children.  
And consider the twilight a peaceful time.

He is asleep and his belly is welling up with something in the dark.  
He is lit by the soft gold bedlamp.  
He is driven by his wife, fretting in her love,  
He is swept by a rush of air between the sliding doors.  
He is dressed in linen.  
He is given a bracelet.

He is a 65 year old male.  
He has a history of CAD, MI s/p CABG, CHF, TIA, PVD.  
He is room 304.  
He is a sentence followed by tiny boxes that need checking.  
He is a pasted daily wisp of electrons.  
He is mural thickening and hyperenhancement; he is perforation.  
He is a window of flesh stained in iodine.  
He is a fascial reflection, a collection of dark blood.  
He is a code.

Somewhere, still,  
He is the comedian who stole her heart.  
He is the young father ensconced in his wet-born child.  
He is the boy who loves cool apricots plucked fresh from the icebox.