

## Literary Conflict

Golden leaves and distant roads traveled  
Bring your mother to this sanitized space  
A symphony of discordant beeping  
noting Chemicals circling through your  
vessels

The sound of my voice reading  
Words of a contemporary novel  
Measured syllables colliding with  
The nebulous haze of your pain

Your mother's caressing fingers  
My thumbs flipping pages  
Together wielding the only  
Weapons we have in your fight

By the time the rains start  
We have laid down our hands  
Your mother now home with her  
children and me reading silently on