

Reynaldo

his dry lips never move
but he mumbles
like a mobius strip
his eyes snap shut
every 6 seconds
his breath ragged
his body as still as stone

he just keeps dying and dying and dying

i tell him he can go
i beg him to stay

then silence so sudden
i spin into space
my tears floating around me
like stars

i am waiting for someone to say
what i already know
but in this hospital
i can't trust my own body
because this is not a hospital
this is not my husband of 30 years
none of this is real
and yet i feel