

Sunrise down the hall

You know the look.
That searching expression from a person on the day of their death.
That grasping of the eyes for the warm fullness of the air and
all that's left to be drawn in from a dimming moment.
She looked at me and there it was
so familiar
I wanted to look away, deny it entry.
I'm scared, she said.
and with that came a sudden chord, attached from all sides
reeling in soft and unseen promises,
a crushed mirror of moments radiating
the light of possibility in all directions at once.

Her whole life,
echoing through.

The whir and pneumatic hiss,
empty tones and prosaic talk around us,
were split straight through by such a resonance.
And just as suddenly,
she was wheeled out of my life,
vents sucking and gowns billowing down the hall.
As though a mayfly, born in the sun
Had risen on night-wet wings into the vapors of morning.
Only light could touch tangent to her drifting path,
light and fullness,
and at day's end
she lies motionless, now as before.
Once airborne, then set down
beside the roiling stream of her birth.
What remains
is the chord.