

## *A Bright Summer Day in Boston*

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The tubes that lead to nowhere.  
The boredom of the sunshine,  
Peeking through the paste-colored drapes.  
The city pounding on the window,  
Silent as his heartbeat.  
IV pumping painkillers,  
The oily hair stuck together,  
In small clumps of dried blood.  
Underneath the bandage wrappings,  
Between the swollen sutures,  
The reddened gauze pads,  
The pan to capture the blood,  
Beneath the purple and yellow,  
The bedpan and the call button,  
Coming out of the sore palette,  
He breathes, I love you.  
She smiles uncomfortably.