

Sean

COURTNEY ZULLO

A handcrafted butterfly hangs over her bed,
cards reading “Get well soon” tacked to the wall.
Studying the purple balloon brushing the ceiling,
trying to place my eyes anywhere but the tubes.

Resting my head upon her pillow,
warm tears stain her cool gray cheek.
The ventilator makes her chest rise then fall,
I reach out and squeeze her swollen hand.

In her black Miata convertible,
red hair flaming under a straw hat,
a Carlton cigarette in hand she waves to me
in my dream last night.