Home, Rest Home

MEGAN JONES

Here, where every ceiling tile speaks
its own fact,
every crack in the
wall holds the trappings of code
and each small wrinkle etched in
flesh breaks quietly
under

You droop against the wheelchair,
body curling tightly into death—
when your shattered hip
broke you, I realized
some dislocations are permanent,
and you know immediately

It is here
among freshly bruised flesh and
the keening whistle of
the congested nostril
that we find eternity
must have limits
of body and blood
Watching you push your coffee away
and pull it back again,
again, your hand vein-thick and
unsteadied, I see your silence
means nothing but
a wearying with the body's
mutiny closing in

Here, where darkness smells
of urine and death forced
inward
your numbered days will consist of
dragging your shadow in
ragged circles and repeating
cramped memories
forgotten afresh each morning

I hate myself for leaving you
looking out the window,
aching to recall where you are
supposed to be and what

but there's no fighting it

When you've outlived
your usefulness your fears
will outlive you
and if rest
means the rest of your life
perhaps joining your shadow
is a sweet home
coming