

Home, Rest Home

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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
unsteady, 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