

Not a Goodbye

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Blood flowing in your veins.
Heart beating slow.
Lips parted forcefully,
Making space for the tube to go
Inside the frail entrapment
Of your body, breathing life
Into a cage of bones and skin
Linked to a monitor running rife.
Monotonic sounds of display;
Proof of the crevices in your vitals,
While faces appear in passing,
Practicing parts for the final recital.
Your limbs tied with gauze to ensure
You lay still with your bruises blue,

From needles, patterned across your torso;
Fingers twitching, with palms a yellow hue.
Eyes unfocused, trembling beneath lids;
Struggle to open, with a weakening will.
Barely yourself, imprisoned in dependence;
By your side, tears threaten to spill.
I look at you now as I will tomorrow.
But I will not, I will not cry.
You'll be heavier, a sleeping statue,
But crying will mean saying goodbye.