

Dead Or Alive

The nurse's orthopedic shoes squeak
on the polished linoleum floor,
she opens the lead lined door
and enters the patient's gloomy room.

Meets the husband's eyes
by his wife's bedside
looking for a comfort zone,
blind spot.

The bed is rolled out,
the husband staggers behind
the Dead zone.

A microwave oven plings
the nurse's lunchtime
while patients wait.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Den filosofiske poeten med Poeter.se id #196482 innehar upphovsrätten