

Poetry

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In moonlight the hospital dimly shines.
And yet, its hues feel warm,
soft as a mother's touch,
before those prisms open and life
breathes. Collectively,
even amidst this violent tearing and pulling.

Usually, these acts are recognized
in the seconds after. Names are asked,
congratulations proffered.
We cry and hug in a way
memory remembers as happy.

But tonight, none of this exists.
Our room is bare,
the lights are off,
sofas crisp and blankets unwrapped,
save for the solitary one on her chest.

She has brave eyes,
ones that know no one is coming.

The moments after are silent.
I put him on her chest, she holds him close.
Bows her head and whispers something.
Rubs his back the way old friends say goodbye.

The sun slowly rises
as we share this room together.
A thin wave of fierce red peeks
over the clouds before slowly fading.
She gives him back to me.