

Conclusions

You sleep, mouth open;
I fear waking you to pain.

I smell of hospital,
sickbed and antiseptic,

drive home thinking
soon enough my turn will come.

I, too, am growing fragile,
my skin

too thin
for casual remarks,

people who assume
they understand.

A friend says
she's been through it,

it was like that
with her mother.

I think of drowsy nights
with your heavy arm across me,

your belly warm against my back—
No, it is not like that.