

MIND TO MIND

Creative writing that explores the abstract side of our profession and our lives

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From Room 1000

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Look there.
The sun is rising
over a path
by a winding river.
Green shades vibrate
by crystal blue sky
where an egret flies perfectly.
It is white, a release from God.
The pillars of the bridge
catch the last moon glow
and I see myself
ascending fern-lined banks
like an astronaut
who landed on Earth by mistake.
Surprised.
I do not know if it is white where I am going.
But it is white now.
One aide hoists me up in a basket,
One changes sheets. one brings pills.
My feet dangle,
foolish, clawed, yellowed.
No one notices the tan-line
above the sole
of the running shoes I used to wear.

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