

## Poetry

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On the walk towards the hospital, I think of June,  
the last time I saw you. The floor was crowded  
but quieter. Shadows shifted across the linoleum,  
every worker's schedule tense. Voices murmuring  
past closed doors. In your room, I asked for your name,  
and you continued to look past the window.  
You watched the cars groan and heave, the children  
slouch off flecks of dirt and sand. The minutes  
seemed to pass like crows, impatient scorch marks  
circling over the farmfields. The tubes wired  
into your arms churned a liquid greased with  
scarlet, its slog a low gurgle in the corner.  
When you finally looked at me, I knew I  
would remember your face, sunken and tired.  
I still remember your eyes, wounded  
and dark enough to swallow a cry—