

Tubes

Resting on the fluffy pillows,
My head held high in a daze.

I cannot see beyond the box,
But in it, life unveils
Hurried dreams and broken flings,
Nothing good but plenty there.

Watery eyes yet not an emotion to be seen,
As another stream comes along to sweep me.

Time passes by, undisturbed and unaffected.
Drowsy at best, I cannot rest.

The 3 AM bell rings,
And the routine white jacket comes in.
Jibs and jabs, twists and turns,
She pulls and tugs,
Bottles and IVs replenished.

Long shiny tubes continue to feed and dispose me.

While my mind escapes to that machine,

That box,

That ivory triangle kicks off another

Stream of unknown quantity to wallow in.

Tubes abound,

I lie unhealed,

But refreshed.