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Geometry

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Geometry

Amber Busha

I'll never forget that moment: Children's Hospital,
Masks, curtains, gloves. You writhing, convulsing.
That mess of cold

Metal, paper sheets, and ugly tubes. I don't even
know how

Many machines violated your body. I hated them
For keeping you alive, for making you suffer.

You were fighting. I didn't know for what. Fighting
to live,

Fighting to die, fighting to respond to my words.
Maybe you

Were fighting the pain that had consumed your body,
climaxing

At that moment, the same moment my Emotions
overflowed.

I think you were fighting for Heaven, Soul and Body
dueling

Painfully, one wanting to stay, the other needing to
go—

I was seated in Geometry as you were walking into
heaven.