

Fun Circle

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I walk down the long hall  
with wrinkled clothes  
looking at clocks.  
Fierce windows show me a sun  
I don't want to see—  
sharp, invasive,  
not as kind as morning light,  
something only the living can hope for...

The medicine coated air  
slaps my face  
through revolving doors,  
whirs in my mind  
a hurricane of memories—  
the extra blankets I asked for  
nurses I nagged  
elevator music playing through head phones to deaf ears  
the weight of my head in my arms,  
wary at the hiss of air  
from oxygen tubes  
and machines that emphasized  
the monotony of a heartbeat  
still struggling to make mountains  
with red lines...  
mountains that became plateaus,  
then plains,  
through tears that rained into rivers  
that found their way to oceans,  
as constant as the sky...

endless  
like mourning  
circular  
like breathing  
like being alive  
knowing that old people died so that you could be born...