

Peggy Garrison

RE: JOHN

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I'm sitting by my open window
writing in the summer sun;
John is in his dark bedroom
in white-poppied sleep
that lifts him above the pain.

He was such a good patient,
did everything the doctors said
3 chemotherapy trials,
3 chemotherapy failures.
77 pounds melted like clarified butter;
swallowing a tuna sandwich
had become the day's challenge.

Now finally closed that neck-port,
emptied that obedient vein.

We're huddled around the word
hospice, the comfort of
padded slippers
and gray-lady whispers....