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Poetry

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Let me get on the ambulance to go home.
This is my final dying wish. And I *am* dying.

You tell me that I have days left to live.
The pit of the truth is that I won't make it.

Not through another night counting beeping monitors
instead of sheep. Not through another ambulance ride.

When I push for answers, you tell me that I have hours
left to live. So, let me go home in my son's car.

Let me relish in the comfort of my own sheets.
See the light, uneasy through my yellow drapes.

I miss the creaks in staircases, my rocking chair,
the years and years of a house made home.

You tell me that I won't get out of the car. Instead,
I should pass with dignity, loved ones will gather around.

Only on the edge of death will you understand,
how little dignity means to me in the face of home.

Let me leave this hospital, a place of I had little rest.
Let me go home, have a little respite. Hours left to go.

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