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Aldis H. Petriceks, B.A.

Department of Surgery, Stanford University School of Medicine, Stanford, California

Poetry

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Author for correspondence:

Aldis H. Petriceks, Department of Surgery, Stanford University School of Medicine, 269 Campus Drive, CCSR Building, Room 0105, Stanford, CA 94305.

E-mail: aldisp@stanford.edu

There's someone on the hospital bed—a man...
handsome in years past, that much is clear.
his eyes, well, they're closed,
so I couldn't tell you what they look like.
In moments passing, he crosses his legs
in the air, like a kind of offering, but
there's no one to offer to. Except me, perhaps.
His breath rattles. The morphine drips.

There's a picture beside me, on the desk.
A man—handsome, smiling;
that onyx-yellow hair, perfectly unkempt
like all young music teachers.
He plays guitar beautifully, I can tell by his smile.
The crowd is deafening, I ask them to please
keep it down: someone's dying in here.
But I can't, I don't want to,
stop the silent singing, the chasm-like daydream
of his eyes.
His beautiful, blue, eyes.