

Poetry

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of your body: a collision of bones, jagged
edges, softness where the illness
fails. A maiden name, a last entry,

two silhouettes hunched over
sterile flowers. In the meantime,
I can only hope for warmth, for grace,
for a little more time. Bedside conversations

that pass like the briefest of wars.
Despite its constant noise, despite us,
this white room is the loneliest place
we have ever known. I want

to remember you like this. I want
to remember you whole.
The dissonance pierces every place
the wound is left unstitched.

Together, we inhale, exhale,
swallow our grief like scarce pools
of light. Every breath a reminder of
how far we are from home.

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