

Poetry

Cite this article: Zhao S (2024) Afterwards. *Palliative and Supportive Care* **22**(5), 1527. <https://doi.org/10.1017/S1478951524000555>

Received: 6 March 2024
Accepted: 11 March 2024

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On the walk towards the hospital, I think of June,
the last time I saw you. The floor was crowded
but quieter. Shadows shifted across the linoleum,
every worker's schedule tense. Voices murmuring
past closed doors. In your room, I asked for your name,
and you continued to look past the window.
You watched the cars groan and heave, the children
slouch off flecks of dirt and sand. The minutes
seemed to pass like crows, impatient scorch marks
circling over the farmfields. The tubes wired
into your arms churned a liquid greased with
scarlet, its slog a low gurgle in the corner.
When you finally looked at me, I knew I
would remember your face, sunken and tired.
I still remember your eyes, wounded
and dark enough to swallow a cry—