

Poem

You float on a raft of morphine

The news is particularly bad when
the doctor reaches into the black
bag and pulls out a metaphor.
But when she compares *aneurysm*
to *overinflated innertube*, I think of
a lazy summer trip on the Gunpowder
legs dangling instream. Not *bloodstream*.

Hooked and coiled and tethered, you float
on a raft of morphine while your life
is measured in primer-book sentences
your son is barely old enough to read:

Heather can open her eyes.
Heather can squeeze her left hand.
Heather can blink.

Let me free you from all this
and take you to the river. Never mind
that it's December, and Winter has spread
her threadbare blanket of ice. There
on the banks, do you see —
the curled fists
of fiddleheads?

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