
NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN

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She is grey.
Her wrinkles pull her face in an infinite ache,
stretching the years until they meld into folds.
The rims of the blinds are covered with dust,
she looks outside the single window,
greeted with the view of concrete, pavement, and dry skies.
Her eyes are sharp.
Still piercing through the tears, longing for home,
away from the potted plants, sterile smell, nurses’ chatter.
away from the timed intervals, structured days, tasteless food.
Her blue veins trickle down pale slender arms,
plastic chains hold her down,
inserted into her very being,
unknown substances are pumped in,
she endures.
Her granddaughter speaks to her AS IF she were a child,
the nurses greet her everyday to ask how she has been,
AS IF she went on a grand adventure the night before.
She smells the scent of death,
She lies solitary, looking out of the single window.
He is young.
Just enrolled into the force.
Fit and strong.
Destined for greatness he aced every test he took.

Memorized books upon books filled with in-
conceivable knowledge.
He does not listen.
She wants to be home
where sunlight is not limited
to a three by four window.
She wants to go in peace,
not living
where the sound of beeping monitors out-
bids the birds.
She wants a voice
not being
the old woman in Room 202.
She is alone
lying next to millions of others.