HEALING ARTS

Materia Medica

Lasting Sunrise

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Lasting Sunrise

Can death restore luminosity?

You had savored life's sensations
like Da Vinci,
but your palette lost its taste
for intoxicating colors
against the drab background
of heavy curtains and soiled sheets.

You told me I'd love again
as you once reclaimed your lust
for traveling, aging Bordeaux,
and your all day affair with *zuppa de pesche*
(drunken dancing, its key ingredient).

Neither of us foresaw
your death with a feeding tube stuck in your belly
and dried blood caked on your lips,
your last meal, our bland pudding.

An unfitting demise for one with such exquisite taste.

A fading aficionado,
your hands and feet became lifeless,
restraining you to the dark confines
of your soon-to-be death bed.

In retaliation,
I prescribed for you
a snap-shot of the Fijian sun for your wall
hoping it would burn away the spreading necrosis inside you.

Unremittingly, it would hold vigil in your final moments.

The day you died you didn't look dead,
only as if your suffering had stopped abruptly,
mid-sentence.
Your feet still warm.

I tucked you in,
sighed at your stubborn refusal to adopt
a posture of ease, your neck cocked,
delivering your final gaze toward the window
(daybreak now cascading through it).

I hope your last glimpse of life
was that of the sun,
that you again celebrate its hot and rich embrace.

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