HEALING ARTS

Materia Medica

Bedtime story for our Daughters

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once upon a time
there was a girl
and her story met mine.

listening,
the nurses enfold this girl into their care:
to watch her sats
her thick mucus
which clings to the mask and the loose blond curls
that look like my daughter's.

the resident and intern already know:
we'll bronch her again
after morning rounds –
before, if she worsens.

walking away
our talk turns to Daughters
at home
in bed
various bears attending their slumber.

our Daughters

reciting their names
repeating names as prayers
grateful for unbroken lungs
hair free of salty secretions.

our Daughters

tomorrow, postcall
we'll put them down
hands free from
gloves, drugs, blood.
skin on skin –
soft, sweet
sacred

we pray
they won't ask for a story
about work.

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