

(Hospital Vespers)

The Weakerthans

Doctors played your dosage like a card-trick
Scrabbled down the hallways yelling, "Yahtzee!"
I brought books on Hopper, and the Arctic
Something called, "The politics of lonely" A toothbrush and a quick-pick with the plus
You tried not to roll your sunken eyes, and said
"Hey can you help me, I can't reach it"
Pointed at the camera in the ceiling I climbed up, blocked it, so they couldn't see
Turned to find you out of bed and kneeling
Before the nurses came, took you away
I stood there on a chair and watched you pray

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