Shiva

Terry Syrek

Suddenly every machine stopped at once
And the monitors beeped the last time
Hundreds of thousands of hospital beds
And all of them empty but mine

Well, I was lying down with my feet in the air
Completely unable to move
The bed was misshaped, and awkward and tall
And clearly intended for you

You checked yourself out when you put me to bed
And tore that old band off your wrist
But you came back to see me for a minute or less
And left me your ring in my fist
My hair started growing, my face became yours
My femur was breaking in half
The sensation was scissors and too much to scream
So instead, I just started to laugh

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