

Artificial Sunshine

By Sandy Nutter

The blinding light shines in his eyes
But he doesn't notice.
Cold, hard, artificial sunshine
Meant to help him see
the error of his ways,
the consequences of his actions.
But instead, it only highlights
the numbness of his soul.

Clinics, hospitals
It's all the same old song and dance.
Red creeping through the plastic lines,
holding the answers to his future.
A future that is uncertain
with every breath he takes
As he wonders if the next one
will be his last.

Sadness is no longer a feeling
but a way of life for the face
that waits for impending death.
As he looks back over his life
he wonders what led
to this moment...
filled with IV drips and cold white sheets.

Daily reminders of a past
of hard living-
which was only supposed to be fun...
not lead to the demise of his body, his spirit.
A spirit that is now dying with him
A body that is broken beyond repair.

The sound of the machine brings him
back to life, or a shadow of what used to live in him
The friendly face of the nurse
catches his attention
As he attempts a smile
that lasts only as long as she's in the room
Pupils enlarge as the lights shut off
Leaving him in the dark

Silently searching for the dim light in his soul

He closes his eyes and
coordinates his breaths with the sounds
of the machines, letting the darkness
envelope him as he slowly succumbs to sleep
Thoughts calm, spirit silent
he waits...
for the next artificial sunshine.

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