

My Man

By Rose E. Grier

He lies in his Hospice bed
watching his world go by
so many years of action and energy.
Now he sees poltergeists, he tells me.
His eyes are rolling to the back
of his head.

Morphine gaskets and cockroaches
the size of the TV remote.
Find higher ground and eat
Radiation pills.

Sleep, no eating, Peace?
Comfortable and clean
is what it all boils down to?

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