

Bed 27.

You haven't felt poetry until

you've felt a drop of sweat

running down your skin,

that was born from the birth of

a death of a heart beat.

You haven't felt failure

until you've felt the crack of

bones beneath your skin.

The crack of desperation,

there is no violence here.

You haven't felt desperation

until you've heard the silent,

whispered screams of seven unknown and breathless friends.

Willing the work to work.

Willing the dead to live.

You haven't felt the will to live

until you've willed the dead to live.

You will, while he lies.

Naked.

Your palm prints etched beneath his skin.

A drop of sweat runs down your back.

You quietly yell, does anyone know his name?

You've never felt voiceless,
until you've heard his niece's voicemail.
You just created before and after.

Is this the time when time stands still?

This show has no encore.

This drama is no performance piece.

The sweat,

trickles down your skin.

Someone, please tag me in.

You don't know intimacy until
you've pulled up the blankets.

Tucked him in.

An old man that doesn't feel the chill.

Now he waits.

Alone.

But is he lonely?

You turn away.

Get hurried away.

Someone else awaits you downstairs.

Humans always on the brink of oblivion.

Humanity is an apocalypse.

I shrug my shoulders.

An ache lives there.

The ache of a save-less save.

I made a body soul-less today
and I didn't even know his name.