

The Gift

Empires had fallen and risen
Before the noon of their shared life.
He’d opened the door and woke her up,
Her coffee was his words,
Convictions and renditions of the times to come
Painted dreams that spanned a lifetime,
And they breakfasted on each other.

After breakfast came fertile showers,
They tended growing things together,
Then sent these into the world,
Bearing the fruits of the couple,
Afternoon soon came,
Perhaps time to recline.

She whispers then the words,
Twilight came too soon.
Is darkness any different,
During night-time,
Behind closed eyes,
Behind dying eyes?

She remembers the despair,
The ashy taste of unfiltered coffee,
They embraced until the very end.

Face hardens by pained expression of her other self,
Because treatment was abandonment,
We acknowledge, we back off,
We open the door, we enter.

The mechanics of death are utterly familiar,
It is not an uncommon thing,
She believes, death can be a silent gift,
The shadow of a long lost friend
Come to bring them back together.

_Lorenzo R. Sewanan (Yale Medicine)_