

## Poem

## "Type C"

What good comes from talk,  
of genetics and  
of glycolipids.  
In a room absent for  
mom or dad.

When words fall on deaf ears  
and eyes fixed forward.  
A young mind long gone,  
unregistering and unable  
to comprehend or acknowledge.

Background noises of  
hissing oxygen and monitor alarms.  
Muffled coughs underscoring  
our inability to offer more  
than a gentle touch.

Antibiotics delaying an  
inevitable end.  
Supportive care and  
pills for this dimly  
lit empty room.

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