

Poem

## Bedside manner

Then there came a time  
when my body was set free  
by the lost memory  
of my mother's loving eyes,  
my body set free  
to glide high riding  
impossibly silent  
flowing snowy slopes,  
my body set free  
to slide skinny  
slip-stream strokes through  
black and frigid crater lakes.  
Set free by a memory  
or was it just  
wishful thinking  
and not a lost memory at all,  
not lost like the riding  
and sliding.

So now here I lie  
convinced that I  
am ready to die,  
quivering butterfly wings  
pinned to crisp white linens.  
Here you come now  
to my side,  
a newborn's cry  
meeting mother  
eye-to-eye.  
What is this gift that  
you ask of precious me  
like a beggar  
kneeling beside my bed  
holding my hand  
you say  
I love you  
and I will stay here with you.

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