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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