

A Hospital Bed in My Living Room

By Mariana Waite

There is a hospital bed in my living room.
I hate it, yet all it carries is love.
Everyday it grows taller as I seem to shrink.
I sit beside it, trying to hold on, trying to make light,
casting away the shadows that are so eagerly waiting to strike.

I watch the days blur through its rails, knowing of what is to come—
when the sheets will grow cold, when tears will fall upon the pillows, and
when the indent on the mattress is all that's left to show
the sheer amount of love that it carried.

There is no longer a hospital bed in my living room.
Though I still see its indents in the rug.
Sometimes I wish it were still here.
Sometimes, that it had never left.