

## WHAT I SEE IN THE BED BEFORE ME

JOHN GREY

Dying youth,  
his blood feasting on itself,  
the flow within reduced to a joke,  
but not ready to surrender –  
holding tight to that beating heart,  
struggling not to slip over into darkness,  
a hand up to his mouth to tell me secrets,  
so the doctors, the nurses,  
won't know that he's human –  
from the edge of him,  
I sense a mind, thoughts, and spirit -  
even in the stillness of his body,  
there's movement -  
he's still no jellyfish  
floating in an ocean of medicine –  
his chest is weak  
but the light and color  
are strong in his eyes –  
I'm the one coughing  
and teary -  
the persistence of existence  
gets me every time.