

SAINT JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, 1937

My heart, a knot undone with pain, forgot
a beat, the message cut. I lie awake,
my life in jars of paint. The thirst I slake
with tears is loss, a canvas stretched too taut
by years misspent, the will of God I thought
assuaged and framed. Totemic fir now break
through mist and gulp the dusk in draughts. I shake
with breath. A month of pain has cast my lot.

I lie awake. To live, the Doctor said,
the trees and sky must rest. My pain must rest.
A breeze afire with shades of summers past
now scents my room. Machine aloft my bed
I type them out, neglected coasts so blessed
with myth, the poles I sketched. They hold me fast.