

Room H132

I wonder what sunlight feels like on nose freckles  
Whether it will be warm as I remember  
Or rather, might I feel indifferent  
To its nudge, it inching under my collagen I feel numb  
To the bursting lavender outside my windowsill  
I wonder what changed, winter solstice  
In my abdomen without me knowing  
The girl who once laughed for a thousand summers  
Now blank stared at the pointillism of night sky  
They are just dots, no more no less  
A turning out of the striking optimism, farmer's market Sundays  
Girl I used to know. I don't know if it's me anymore.  
Heck, they have me on five kinds of meds  
And more to meds to heal me from other meds  
Thoughts taste bitter, green tea teardrops  
Slide down the side of my mug  
And I don't know if it's the meds or me  
That's messed up and can't feel the sunlight, gosh darn it  
I just want to feel the sun and the grass and the sun  
And the sun  
And the sun  
Yes, the sun

The nurse wraps me in warm blanket while I lie there, still.