

## Last Room

*Richard Dinges, Jr.*

Door ways droop, lifeless  
and dim toward you,  
brief glimpses of a future  
I avoid peripheral  
vision, very little sound  
floats on odors learned  
early in life and now too  
close to this end, where  
I stand in your doorway  
to see you lying on your bed,  
eyes closed, curled toward  
a fetal memory, and I always  
pause, waiting for you  
to move, even a slight rise  
of your chest, before I gather  
courage to enter your last room.