

STATION M8

Steven Pelcman

Even from the waiting room
where medicinal air
filters throughout,
the windows buckle
at the sounds of helicopter blades

sauntering between buildings
forcing tree leaves to rain
upon the dry cement patio
at the hospital entrance.

We wait
on a three-seated black couch
rife with arterial tributaries
showing age
in their white-scarred lines

as nurses scurry by
with fixed smiles
and pockets bulging
of cell phones.

Other patients return
like unwanted mail
delivered to their rooms
when we last see her
under a thick-white blanket

rolled on a bed
in and out
of hallways shadows
towards the elevator

departing like so many departures
we have come to know
where waiting in line
or on planes, as bridesmaids,
and “dead men walking”

or the unemployed
who fear
the anticipation and expectations
of the unknown.