

A Revelation

By Nell McDermott



The carousel of cytotoxins
hangs patiently.
Pretty doxorubicin
preens amongst the ranks
of her sly translucent cousins.
The science of dying slowly.

Thin-skinned hands roll a cigarette
winking red in the shadows
by the hospital door.
No buses come.
Mercury vapor hums
a hymn
to phosphor
the scratched silver bench of the shelter
our pew.
Accustomed to indignity
you insist on a photo
in your dressing gown and beanie
grinning amidst faded posters
in grainy fluro-radiance.

Reality has contracted
to the shrinking boundaries of your skin.
The world withers in
a fading universe.
You wield your indignation like a petulant god
bitching at nurses
spitting out food
reciting your daily maxim:
Don't they know what I've been through?

All the while
your horses wait.

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