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Sanatorium

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Sanatorium

This bedroom is acquiring a peculiar geology
Shoe boxes mass on top of bags
Clothing solidifies into small mountains
Weeks of complacency allow objects
to take on stonely qualities
Inert, they become heavier -
well-founded on my fatigue.

When the illness renders me bed bound
Domesticity is the first virtue to go
Kindness and Consideration,
second and third
Piety is of the least concern,
And love is a laughable state.

The folks moving about down below are
as much as icebergs
Their humanity has ceased to translate
Speaking another language,
They are shards of bedrock-
inanimate but painful nonetheless.

I cannot be spurred to move
I have no impulse, no joy, no basic color to my thought
These topographical roommates are not comrades
But sour commiserators in a mutual prison
If I remain still awhile, I may escape the feeling
that Illness is being.
Then I too shall be petrified and feel no regret.

Haven Herrin