

## The ICU

An aura of sorrow encompasses as  
Steel doors slam behind  
Penetrating merciless air.  
Stagnant aromas wafting  
On white walls with no peace  
Sterilized of all hope.  
Alive corpses molded into beds  
And tangled in transparent vines  
An ensemble respiring in tune,  
Singing a synonymous song.  
Holy choir directors like Angels of fate  
Are ready for any dissonance,  
Summons a congregational gathering.  
Sheets drawn, a hush...  
And one less beautiful voice is heard.

The song continues.  
Brilliant whites are separated from our colours  
With inanimate finesse.  
An empty place remains;  
Vacancy holding for a fraction of a second.  
A new guest arrives  
And is silently accepted.  
  
Quiet disbelief binds us,

Our naivete gags us, and we fall.  
New found prisoners among guards of habit,  
Stained by thoughts of panic,  
And invigorated to be elsewhere.  
Frustrated by the limits of man,  
And rankled by the strengths of technology.

The point has been made.