

6. IN THE HOSPICE - *Leah Armstead*

Here I know you for real
Here I break bread for you
Here I am hungry for your cornucopia of fruits
Here I know you are weary
Here I know you are gray against the sun

Where is the gold star that is sacred to you?
Where is the stone that heals your ills?
Where is the Cross for your burial?
Where is the pearl of your ancestors?
Where is the potion you swallow for strength?

You are silver-haired and thin, and big-hearted
You are sad and weakened from so much life
You are smiling with false teeth like ivory
You are old but your bones ache with birth