



Kyrie

Lord, rest my weary soul
from the wraiths who come
through these double doors.

Give me peace
with the crack of bones,
one-two-three
as the heart slides in its place
to this rhythm pressed
by gloved hands.

Give me strength for the young man
pulled from a car
whose thick palm I pinch
between thumb and forefinger—
can you feel this?
Can you feel this?

I ask again and again,
though I know the answer;
his hand is unmoved,
his legs are still.

The ones who come
without family—
spare me them
and their pale feet protruding
from a white sheet
as their bodies move
through the humming CT machine.

But the families, too—
the mothers sleeping next to
their sons, young men
with tumors that spread fingers
around spinal cords;
the girl who stares
with wide eyes
at purple blood oozing
from her father's ear.

And after this godless night,
when some of them expire
to the wrong side
of the glass doors
and are laid naked
on their stainless steel beds,
let the sun stay mute
behind the morning clouds,
and let me walk home still
in their grace.

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