



As I lay still

Illustration by Steve Derrick

I lay asleep in a cold room
A white blanket covers my whole body
Hard metal sits under me
As I lay still.

I lay asleep in a cold room
Several others surround me in their cots
Like a sleepover or a summer camp,
But not quite.

I lay asleep in a cold room
Footsteps and chatter suddenly engulf
me
Then a moment of silence
As I lay still.

I lay asleep in a cold room
A cold blade penetrates my torso
As if blood would rush out,
But not quite.

I lay asleep in a cold room
Strong hands push all around me
My head face-down now on metal
As I lay still.

I lay asleep in a cold room
They find a tumor in my lungs
I remember what could have been,
But not quite.

I lay asleep in a cold room
Exposed, open, vulnerable, examined
They talk about me
As I lay still.

I lay asleep in a cold room
They learn the intricacies of my body
They picture who I was,
But not quite.

—*Julia Feinstein*