



# A lone night's vigil

Moon's river passes through the crystalline aperture of night,  
Illuminating the unused pillow beside me with a glowing  
kind of gray.  
Shadows in the corner of my bedroom seem to blur their  
margins into darkness,  
And the rigid frames of dusty fixtures cast long, shapeless  
forms across the floor.

You sleep alone in a hospital bed, the dim green glow of  
machines  
Bathes the room in a kind of radium aura.  
Occasional beeps punctuate the otherwise silent night.  
But it's all pretense, an illusion of midnight's fancy.

Once I could see and feel your life,  
But now it hangs from a thread, inaccessible to me.  
So I can only wait, completely powerless,  
Imagining what might be, what I hope will be.

I look to the black sky for something, anything,  
But its clarity only reveals the extent of its emptiness.  
With each passing moment the night tends toward infinity,  
And I replay the last time I heard your voice, stolen by your  
air-starved lungs.

As dawn's light creeps slowly up the wall,  
Anticipation brings a cold wave that spreads over my skin.  
I tremble under the sheets and blankets.  
Finally, the time comes, the phone rings.

The doctor tries to be reassuring, an affront to the truth.  
A lone night's vigil awaits me again tonight.

— *Evan D. Gorelick*