



Thanks

She lies in bed,
unable to rise up,
except by pushing buttons
shaped like arrows
that lift her head,
just enough to take her medicine.

“What are you giving me?”
she gently asks.
Nurse, dipping spoon
in plastic yogurt cup,
drops pills
(white/pink/pale blue),
and patiently
explains to patient
pill by pill,
pink for this, blue for that,
white for something else.

She smiles, nods,
swallows each one,
chasing
with a sip of water.
Nurse holds up syringe,
and then,
“Under your tongue.”

“What’s this for?”

“To control your pain,”
a standard stand.

“I don’t have any pain,”
She teases.

“Well, it’s working then!”

Finally, finally
she laughs,
opens up
to accept the dose,
and thanks the nurse
before he leaves
the room
with relieved
bye bye.

—Jared Curtis, PhD

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