

New Poetry

Sarah French Away

In the hospital car park it was important
to get the car between the white markings
to watch my hands wrap around the wheel
to see the white push of bone at my knuckles
to count breaths in, out, to prove I was breathing
to think that passed away was a description
that gifted him some last dignity
as if he'd waited for a chance to escape the chaos
of our grieving, the orthopedic squeak of nurses' shoes,
the tubes and machines that took over when the body forgot,
as if he became again the father who hated fuss and bother
who'd waited for his chance to discreetly leave the room.