

## *Intensive Care*

It's time to say good-bye to him,  
says my sister again and again,  
the day she becomes a widow.

She says it to her husband's father  
on speakerphone. Son,  
comes the voice, enfeebled

by distance. The air thrums  
with insistence of impotent  
machines. Do you want to say

you love him? my sister urges,  
relentless. She holds the phone  
to her husband's eyes

which have closed against it.  
Of course I do, says his father  
and then his father says nothing.