

OUR HOSPITAL

We made a hospital in our house. We made a crutch
and a folding bed. We made a tray of instruments.
We made green walls and a sunny window and a poster
of a flower. The taps ran rust. It convinced us.
We made a few patients and taught them how to act,
to stumble and bleed, in turn, here and there.

Our hospital filled. The patients grew thin.
We made pictures of their minds and colored them in.
Some of them didn't "make it."
We emptied our pictures to our hospital. We took down
the poster and made a real flower.
Finally, our hospital loved us.

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When your hospital loves you it lives inside you.
Its walls are green and its carpet is blue. It has white
and grey fibers, light blue and dark blue, seams
and stains. The carpet is filled with not having "made it."
There are shadows, boring shadows. Shadows of a table
all over it.

THE IOWA REVIEW