

JOE R. KNIGHT

At the Infirmary

Amber measures my blood pressure,
squeezing, then releasing, the black inflator bulb,
pumping up the pressure gauge.

I gaze into her unblinking brown eyes
and my heart bangs against its cage.

The pneumatic cuff is colored plum,
Amber's scrubs are sky-blue,
the braids of her auburn hair blaze,
her dreamy smile gleams
between candy-apple lips,

and my prison garments are green
as the leafy landscapes of spring.