

JOHN RYBICKI

*Julie Ann in the Bone Marrow Unit, Zion, Illinois*

Ah, Dame, I don't know how else to love you,  
so I just start juggling. I'm on the street

three floors below your hospital window,  
lofting fish or birds that graze against my hands

and fly off; juggling cancer cells and carnations,  
slipping in the bowling pin

we snuck out that alley in Maine. Then I'm juggling  
freight trains, and angels, and elephants,

dropping them all. I don't care. So long as you  
can stand near your high window and laugh,

so long as you stand near your hospital bed  
clapping your hands.