

Leaving the Hospital

By Anya Silver

As the doors glide shut behind me,
 the world flares back into being—
 I exist again, recover myself,
 sunlight undimmed by dark panes,
 the heat on my arms the earth's breath.
 The wind tongues me to my feet
 like a doe licking clean her newborn fawn.
 At my back, days measured by vital signs,
 my mouth opened and arm extended,
 the nighttime cries of a man withered
 child-size by cancer, and the bells
 of emptied IVs tolling through hallways.
 Before me, life—mysterious, ordinary—
 holding off pain with its muscular wings.
 As I step to the curb, an orange moth
 dives into the basket of roses
 that lately stood on my sickroom table,
 and the petals yield to its persistent
 nudge, opening manifold and golden.

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