

Jazzed about the hospital.

About cameras sneaking around my secret corners of flesh.

About gurneys, the conrail boxcar of human transport,  
politely drug through each tiled-hall morning.

About impossible elevators, labcoat tableaux. a moveable feast  
thinly veiled in antiseptic glee.

Jazzed about the hospital.

While pretty nurses caper to stem the pastel tide of conscious suffering.

While sponge bath fantasies are dosed in plastic cups,  
romance blossoms through veins like quicksilver