

# for my father in ICU

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before this day has been written

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It's early morning the day before Thanksgiving. There came about 8 more inches of snow overnight. There's almost an expectant hush, like something more than dawn lies over the horizon. Although there's no moon, it's luminous. Starlight shimmers off the heavy drifts, painting broad glowing brushstrokes over sleeping yards. Each bared branch and branchlet draped in layers, white satin evening wraps about to slip off shoulders to the floor, if the trees should shrug - all on the verge of melting so that the wet, black boughs knit remaining darkness against the light to give some shape to what we see. Like you beneath your blankets and limned in glow of monitors. The squirrels are dreaming in their nests. No one stirs yet. The whole landscape is clean, untracked, and the quiet is so heavy as to hush the echoes of occasional cars in the wet streets a few blocks over, or the whispered conversations of oxygen and IV drips. One can almost forget the year, that machines and lights are an ordinary part of everyday life, that industry has ever passed this way, that the various tubes going in and out of you are not your branches dreaming of spring buds and waiting to leaf, or that we conspire to continue. It's quite beautiful. And I'm thinking of you. And when you come home, healing, you can know this, too.