

i got a phone call from the hospital

is she okay? *no*.

will she ever be okay? *maybe*.

i can live with maybe. maybe is hopeful.

maybe is not today.

the visitor's log is full of names

mine is in there only once

too hard. too painful. too *real*.

i force myself to stay. to see

nurses with their stern, unmoving frowns

changing the bandages that cover her terror-induced reality

can you save someone that's already gone?

how do you know you're past the point of no return?

frustration. there is no right answer

this is life and life is messy

but i can't think of a world without her

she's sustained on drugs and box hair dye

pink and blue and purple  
paired with clashing prints and giant earrings

screaming *look at me!*  
loud enough to silence her thoughts

she changes because she's terrified of dormancy  
frightened by the idea that her life will never get better

and it hurts my heart to know  
that i can't promise it will

all i can do is cling fervently  
to the details of us. a lifetime of memories.

hold her hand while she decides  
to stay here with me

or go somewhere peaceful  
without fear and loathing and depression and anxiety

she keeps me on edge while she decides  
scaring me several times a day

two sisters in a staring contest  
it's quiet here, in our turbulent limbo