

May 13, 2010

For Pasina

My Mother complains about the ivy needle burning vinegar in her blood.

The nurse lady hushes her fret with the most genteel smile.
She is a heart spark in the dank dark of a 6 a.m. hospital room.

I remember being scared, so much so I prayed in the chapel this morning.

On the table next to the bed. My eyes land on an empty milk carton.
Expiration date, the exact tic tock of my date of birth.
My mother & I acknowledge this irony.

The nurse quizzes us on how tall the trees in our spines have grown.
We Trinidadian, stilt stick slender & tall like coconuts.

The nurse is only as high as a neighbor's spruce.
Her face beautifully smooth, porcelain bonsai.

Okay she's hot, really hot. I hurry; spruce up my mouth for the next time
my mother's blood is ingested from the inside of hungry needles. I think
I wanna ask the nurse out. I think I wanna know there will be someone there
to ask my mother what her name is & how she's doing today? Someone too do
the job of son. As the door shuts I sneak a peek at the nurse's seductive curves.

Then turn, fully aware the woman that conceived me just saw me thinking with
my new head. To avoid the awkward, I look through a window that hugs the cold
like a lazy thermostat. The parking lot lamppost looks like an infinite firefly.
There is a frosty mist that leaves the lonely night uninteresting like watching
insulin drip. At 7 a.m. I really hope the nurse comes back to check on us.
I have a question mark lodged in my throat.

As my Mother's face lays sleeping.
Maybe she's dreaming of the courage I don't have to ask that nurse.

"Hey sexy lady, is my Mom gonna be okay?"

