

The Body in Proximity

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The DoubleTree Inn

Houston, Texas

In the shadow of so much suffering
I sit in my small hotel suite.
The medical center looms outside
my big bay window, 25 floors
of tinted glass glinting in the sun.
I sip my coffee, sweet and white
with too much cream. They are talking
about blood tests, T cells, cancers
that will kill them in the lobby
while I glide by in my running shoes
hoping not to hear. I can't un-
see the ambulance. All the news
is bad on the TV. Death can't be
closer or farther away from me.