

Gaze

She lies back, gazing at him,
While I discuss her treatment plan
and he leans into my words,
she smiles like a young lover,
watching a long quiet sunset.

I wonder how she's feeling—
She shifts only a little,
and hardly even blinks at him,
or lets her mouth corners fall
from that shy settled smile.

Her head sinks into the pillow
and I wonder how much she hears,
while "*option...prognostic...alleviate...*"
blow around her bed
like so many dying leaves.

Her indifference weighs on me:
I'm part of the scenery to her.
A sparrow perched on the window
that her husband tends to,
Hoping it will sing them a pretty song.

I wonder what she's thinking,
What her tiny smile implies.
It looks a bit like love, but
it could also be sorrow, pity, hope,
Joy, weariness, or resignation.

Or maybe she just thinks he's handsome.
I don't really think he is,
But luckily, she has stopped listening to me.