

What'd You Do This Weekend?

by Anthony Van Hart

I spent yesterday in a hospital gown. In a hospital room with an awful IV sticking out of my arm. It wasn't attached to anything, the IV. No fluids. No drugs. Nothing. It was a limp piece of plastic with spots of blood all around it and when I asked Otis, the orderly, if he could take it out - he gave a soulful laugh and told me simply that it had to stay in because it was policy.

I stayed in that gown all day. Beeps beeping around or above me. Nervous and uncomfortable. Unshowered and alone.

I got discharged this morning. Talked to no one of substance. A blathering but nice nurse took out my IV and told me that my arm was like a garden hose and bending it would cause a stream of blood to flow from the hole he just made by pulling out that awful piece of plastic.

In the end, as it turns out, I didn't need that IV, nor the hospital gown. I didn't need Otis or the blathering but nice nurse. I didn't need any of it. But it sure was nice to not have to go anywhere or do anything.

I had no choice - they told me it was policy.

