

# Convalescent

*by* David Ackley

On his first night home  
his bed  
rockets through the roof  
deep into black star-pricked space  
his throttled cry too far out  
to be heard

that was one ending

Days go by, one day, all days.

An old woman brings  
meals

she says eat  
so he does

his body a process  
only this

repeat  
repeat

soft white folds of skin.

Headlights on the wall,  
accelerate toward extinction

repeat

later he sways

in a cold  
wind clutching  
the porch rail

he'd forgot the  
whisper of trees  
how the grass measures  
the course of the air

these differences

the months are gone  
and this is something new

