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

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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