

Keeping watch

by Dwight McCormick

The machines are alive but she is not. The pads keep her face from being irritated but my mind isn't so lucky.

"Let me GO!" she cries....at least that's what I hear. They are waiting for permission for her to go. Eager hesitation best describes the tense feeling of wanting to do something for someone beyond help.

My dad lay in the same state six months prior and it still affects my thoughts. His hollow cheeks and sallow unshaven face kept him from looking like "Bud" or the dad I knew.

Hiss purr.....hiss purr.....hiss purr.....beep beep purr. The droning is like a leak that eats away your heart. To stay is to suffocate yourself.

Merry fucking Christmas death whirs at you through the tubes and wires.

Her life was a gift though. Her love indeed lives on in others. Not in the Hallmark "She's always with us in our hearts" kind of way. But in the "Dammit life is hard....I'm glad she taught us to find our own way" kind of way. She didn't love with mush, but with a genuineness that had legs.

Laying there it's surprising how short she is-her life was big. Her heart and mind as well. Her name was Virginia, but she liked to be called Ginny. I'll miss her.

