

Needle in a pocket

by Jo Rasmus

The dirt was hard and your sweat and tears dropped into the hole where you dug. He watched. He stayed and you both dreamed a lifetime of yellow fuzzy tennis balls flying at lightning shortstop speed.

Finding a soft pink blanket I prepared a place by the dirty window where he watched his world from a corner of his life. From that corner I could see you together dreaming.

I answered the door and saw only the top of the syringe sticking up out of a pocket in his starched white coat matted with fur of the countless. The air so thick with sad sickness became infused with hope of painless mercy.

You were grateful for the comfort of his visit.

I was grateful for the needle in a pocket.

