Sunday Morning in the ER

by Lorenzo Sewanan

Lashed leashes on legs and arms keep him from falling out of bed,
As he thrashes more high and drunk than sick.
We tell him that he needs to cooperate.
He curses fouler than the plague eating his lung,
Ethanol-fueled. We tighten the restraints,
Turning fingers almost blue.
We take his blood.

I'll never forget his face,
More shame than pain, Contorting
into little islands of brown sweat and oil.
We do the work of fixing people like him?

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