

Alone Before Surgery

by Michael Tusa

It was in the sink.

The sudden realization that this was possibly the last time.
To check my face, to wash my hands, to scowl disbelievingly at the mess.

I spat in the toilet.

I flushed impatiently and tore the curtain from the bathroom window.
Old greasy moonlight peered in curiously from behind the cracks.

A wasp was trapped behind the blinds, buzzing slightly on its side, tired.

I pulled the blinds up suddenly, the humanity inside me setting it free.

It sprang to life, darting at me wildly,
and stung me above the corner in my right eyelid.

The bouquet of pills spilled from my hand,
scattering sheepishly like arthritic Skittles on the ground.

I fell to the floor, coughed, and humbly forgave him.
I did it for him, because he would do it for me.

