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On a Fine Morning

Doctor and nurse huddle at the end of her bed,
talk in serious whispers.
They're not discussing ball-games
or the weather.
It's all to do with charts,
some in folders,
some on clipboards.
Always the same conclusion.
A nodding of the head.
An increase in one dosage.
A decrease in another.
She'd leave the room if she could,
leave them to parse her insides in peace.
But she has to pretend she doesn't hear a thing.
If only she understood Latin.
And she hates it when they use the word "She."
But then they're done,
both turn their attention to their patient.
A smile is called for apparently.
It must say so on their charts.
"A fine morning," says the doctor.
The day, apparently, is not suffering.
At least until its tests come back.

-John Grey
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