


MIND TO MIND

Creative writing that explores the abstract side of our profession and our lives

Vital Signs

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 We take a walk by the riverside, the first place you think of after the appointment. You blink slow, then fast. We eat sweet sunlight and marvel at pigeons, sitting with our grief. The pigeons are small and unconcerned. You are small and wingless. We laugh at how our cells come with instructions that they choose not to follow. You, deterministic and still unsure about whether you will wake to see tomorrow. The sleepless waiting room, bare despite our limbs, cavernous despite its windows. The quiet failure of the light. You blink slow and then you do not blink at all. I wonder when you outgrew your body or when the pigeons unfurled. When you will come home, your body halfway between sleep and quiet death. The last day we shared, the sunlight was not sweet, but it was good and fresh, acidic in its ferocity. I think I am still carrying it with me.

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