The Anesthesiologist

Jeffrey Morgan

My eyes find rest: dust in a column of sunlight, the shape of my lover under the sheets like hills behind clouds. I only know I’m staring when my lashes touch together as if magnetized. I’m not looking at anything. A voice inside me counts backwards. The zero is a mouth with a prayer stuck in it. No one is going anywhere and no one is coming back. My hands curl like dead spiders, curl like those of the ferryman around an invisible oar. Sometimes there is nothing to do as distance asserts itself but notice how the banks don’t hold the river, how the boat is too small and crumbles when you press the button that summons the medicine.