



# In a Corner of the Cavernous Ward

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*For Anna R.*

You were a voice rasping in the dark.  
*Come away with me, love,*  
*To my cockroach farm.*  
Wisps of grey hair  
Decorated your balding scalp.  
A goitrous neck and swollen legs  
Defined your condition.

Abandoned to yourself,  
Aging and alone,  
In the depths of your disease,  
You lived like some sloth  
Seated in your bed.  
Knowledge of the day,  
Of the week,  
Of what and when to eat  
Was beyond you.

Then with our drugs and daily rounds,  
You rallied, recalled your own name.  
Your mind, your body restored,  
It was time to leave, but nowhere to go.  
Your husband long gone, only the roaches  
Would greet you on your return.

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