

The long hall

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We're in the ward
where you don't
rush. Shaky, learn-
ing to walk the line
again, midlife.
Someone's one
good hand propels
a wheelchair along
a sigmoidal path.

what is this feeling

what is the name for

how did I get here

This quiet work,
counting slow
laps down and back
through the long
hall. A secular
prayer, mouthed
in a secular
chapel — an island
where a stranger
helps a stranger
build an altar to
life

out of air.

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This article has been peer reviewed.

All characters in this work are fictitious.
Any resemblance to real persons, living
or dead, is purely coincidental.

