HAVEPOETRY.COM

MADHUR ANAND

YOU ARE NOT GOING TO COME TRILLIUM

But I do come to Trillium. To the Cardiac
Short Stay Unit where you've been sent for the second stent,
where free sanitizer prevents the spread of panic.
We laugh. Everyone is half-naked in I-See-U.
Behind a grey curtain, a thump and quiet invoke
Code Blue. We uncover your bottom line, the Left Main
of a black-and-white heart, hand-drawn, and the occlusion
coloured in about 80 percent with a blue pen
by the cardiologist who speaks of fine mesh tubes,
"flexible, supportive, capable of expansion,
biocompatible," and of small and large balloons.
I think rubber, but it will be metal or fabric.
Code Red shuts down elevators, even when it's just
a computer screen at the nurse station giving off
smoke. Smoke. Mother, you think of everything. See my
room, beside sewing machine, pink one, which signifies
the sari for the funeral, gold coins in the bank.
You won't be noted for lack of effort, for cruelty,
or deforestation. You've never tasted red meat.
I'll wear your rabbit-fur and watch the Brazilian
Forest Code green future landscapes, and you'll be happy
I came. That it's all spoken for now (for when). On May's
verge, I decode what's become of White — violent
patients, perennial, narrowing the running trail.
How things won't be contained. Arrival of disorder
in a burst or its opposite. Gagar me sagar.
The sea in an earthen pot. Your approval of our new house
based solely on the grandness of its entrance.