

I Watch Your Brain and Hope for Gray

By Julia Gasior

i meet you as
you're heading up
for rapid scan
you're tubed and limp
i cannot see
the facial droop
and dead-weight leg
your husband says
you woke up fine
he asks if he
is in our way
and asks if you
will be okay?
a CT first
to rule out bleed
behind the glass
a crowd has formed
to watch your scan
amidst the sharp
excited hum
i stand aside
behind the glass
to watch your brain
play on the screen
where dense is white
so bone is white
and blood is white
and brain is gray
i watch your brain
and hope for gray
the flipbook starts
and midway through
a snowstorm hits
inside your skull
a white expanse
a pool of blood
and all of us
behind the glass
fall silent.

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