
POETRY | FALL 2013

Intensive Care

By Kristen Camitta Zimet

You press the ceiling
in a high gray room
without a door.

Voices pulse in your head,
swifts that chatter
in a smoky flue:

cough, breathe, squeeze.
But you cling far above
the body you forsook,

a weak wet nestling,
begging, its mouth wide.
Tubes fill it and subtract.

You have flown far
from where they broke
your breast apart,

swabbed out the sodden
nest, and clipped
your heart's wild flap.

You will not quit
this perch, let yourself
glide down into

yourself. Each breath is
a decision. When—if.
I huddle up beside you,

crammed where walls
angle to a point. Only
slide under my win.

Kristin Camitta Zimet is editor of *The Sow's Ear Poetry Review* and author of a full-length poetry collection, *Take in My Arms the Dark*.