

POETRY | FALL 2012

## The Gurney

By Lorri Danzig

As though more data  
will deliver him, the  
Attending orders  
another diagnostic scan.  
And I ask myself why,  
and why, and why?  
Since he is dying, and  
naming is not curing.

He is speechless  
and limp limbed, and  
small upon the gurney  
that travels him down  
the hospital highways  
As white ceiling tiles  
the only scenery,  
fly by and by and by  
And the scent of  
disinfectant is carried  
on the breeze.

Until seconds, minutes,  
hours later, the gurney  
is parked in another  
same hallway, and a voice  
trails assurances that  
they'll come for him  
Soon, soon, soon  
to break the unbearable  
silence that echoes in the  
emptiness and flickers with  
the cold light of fluorescence.

And I feel helpless  
in his helplessness,  
as I offer up my Being  
as companion on his journey  
And fall deep into his eyes  
swallowed up in the grace  
of his surrender, and the

peace of his knowing that  
he does not wait alone.

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**Lorri Danzig's creative non-fiction essays are published in two *Thin Threads* anthologies. Her poems have been published in *Caduceus*, *Moments of the Soul*, and *The Little Red Tree 2010 International Poetry Prize Anthology*, where her poem received commendation as a Notable Selection. Her interviews with Elders are found in *The Nurse's Role in Promoting Optimal Health of Older Adults: Thriving in the Wisdom Years* (F.A. Davis, 2012) Over the years, she has published many articles in trade journals and other business publications. Today, she is a certified teacher of the Age-ing to Sage-ing® program for Elders and a Spiritual Care volunteer for The Connecticut Hospice. Within a two-year period Lorri Danzig found herself first a caregiver for her father and then a patient herself.**

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