

POETRY | SPRING 2022

Triptych

By Nick Safian

On morning rounds
he asked me—

So how much time
do I got left?

I didn't answer
straightly,

we played reggaeton
on his phone instead.

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There is a moment
between the tides
when all is still.

I found it as a child
on my napping
father's belly—

My head neither
rising nor falling
between his breaths.

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Sitting up was
all it took—

your flitting eye whites
above pale lids

and heavy head
tipping down

as the nurses called
for back up

and your limp body
fell into my arms.

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