

Banana

Anthony Patterson

She is just a small girl,
an angel trapped in hell.
Screams linger in the air,
shrieks of pain,
forming one tormenting yell.

She wonders
"When's the last time that I ate?"
Without the prick of needles,
the murmur of machines
and the convolution of tubes?
Missing the chewing she once took for granted
fed by orbs, forming and falling

Drop

By

Drop

Not nourished but alive,
with pain that never stops.
But what constitutes being, living?

Is it living when you have no life,
your Being unknown,
beyond these pallid walls?
Her tiny sounds go unheard,
soft whimpers stifled by the thick, still air.

Praying for the moment she will live again,
outside this hell,
Stranded Angel,
There.

There is nothing I would not give
to have her,
My Angel,
Here.