

## PARAPHERNALIA

Come and see. Vein extends beyond body, plastic, disposable,  
An outside for an inside failed, and thirst, hunger  
Not satisfied, no one shall live on bread alone, and  
Who knew a field could be blue, and sterile means good.

Come, witness the work, precise, ticked off, now supervised, now not.  
When I am busy, even my hands turn blue, a goodness,  
This is what it is like to be covered with attention and love;  
Welcome to lines that cannot be found on metro, underground

Picc broviac, they have their own stops and direction,  
Their tunnels run through flesh, an urgent delivery,  
I have found a fullness in electrolytes, saline,  
Daily packs, swabs that burn broken skin, a new language:

Syringe, hubs and ports, connector, bionector,  
The pump which clicks through the night moves good news  
In the dark, what remains of food when nothing else will do.  
Welcome. On and on, a universe of sterile fields, clean hands

Where bodies become skill, I have embraced ritual,  
A song of lumens, of light and promise, a way through  
Lines, and clinical does not mean cold, but life,  
Into my body comes tomorrow, a connection, and I am free.