

## TWO POEMS

St. Joseph with the clean toenails  
 And the child  
 And the fake orchids.  
 And we looked down and saw the ashes  
 And we laughed,  
 While we heard beep, beep, beep, beep.  
 How long, How long?  
 He's free. Can't they release her?  
 And yet they give this last demon-  
 stration of devotion—gently.  
 They don't know what to say.  
 Do you want to go down the hall?  
 No, I'll turn my back.  
 That's to make it easier for them.

It's the last door on the right.  
 Flowers on the window sill.  
 Is everything in this case?  
 Everything?  
 It wasn't much,  
 But what about the hat?  
 It folds.  
 Let's put it in too, and now we can go  
 And we won't be coming back  
 morning, afternoon or night.  
 It's the last door on the right.  
 He's there.  
 But he's not.  
  
 It's all so mechanical now.  
 Down the hall,  
 Down the elevator,  
 Down the hall,  
 Wait.

Out the door,  
 In the car,  
 Those few short blocks,  
 Knowing her pain.  
 He's free at last  
 But she walks slowly  
 And gets dirt in her sandals.  
 Fumbles for the key.  
 The oppressive one to six of the  
 elevator,  
 Another hall,  
 Two locks,  
 The door is open,  
 And he'll never walk through it again.

Where?

Where?

Where?

Where?

Where?

Wherever he went, a breath of fresh air  
 In a world that's polluted  
 With Vanity, Status, and Pride.  
 An ambassador of equality to the world.  
 Equality? Where, Where, Where?  
 At peace and with dignity  
 Slower and slower came the breaths  
 Until at least he breathed no more.  
 No more the breath of fresh air  
 For a polluted society.  
 He breathed no more, and then  
 No pulse.  
 And he was free at last.

—W. L. PEW, M.D.