

## The Charity of Saint Elizabeth

Sullivan

Cold and fever wrap disease around your neck. Here's hemostats to stop the flow of blood. Summer freckles hide the roses on your cheeks. Does heaven keep a place for her inside? Breathe until it freezes, colors carry phantoms to their graves. What leaks in, will seep out, the run-off from the gutter tells the story of our child. The message in the water, "the kids are going home tonight" I know the voice of orderly all too well. "Call the parents on their cell phones." You see, they need to get get here right now, because there is an angel in the place of the boy next door. "I'm afraid I've got some bad news" Something's in this room tonight, and something's in this place and I'm right here waiting. Something's in this room tonight, death has found escape and I'm right here waiting and I'm right here. Look under the bed. Stop striking matches to disguise the smell, we all know, all day all night all we hear, is blue bouncing through the walls as Madre' Santiago takes a knee and she screams to the fluorescents. "All our lives for this one night." "Our sleep can't hide from you." "So take my dreams in place of me." "I reach my hand to you." Something's in this room tonight, and something's in this place and I'm right here waiting. Something's in this room tonight, death has found escape and I'm right here waiting and I'm right here. Look under the bed. Slip through the crack, a gathering of adults, white skirts, blue-green scrubs shaking their heads. Stop pointing your fingers and making your rounds, its not going to be me, its not going to be me.