

## Blueline Medic

### "From the Loft"

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Look at me here.  
I must be dying.  
It's as though both kinds of consumption have slowed  
me.  
Still, it almost could be blissful here in this heat.  
Here in this heat.  
That child, of a morning.  
For no good reason screams.  
And just when the trains had ceased to bother me.  
Just let me lie - oh, God, a few more moments.  
Look at them here.  
They're not even trying.  
Does every kind of cretin have to pretend that I'm  
breathing?  
Oh, the introductions.  
The making light of a heavy silence.  
And without any sharp cutlery.  
Onward pen.  
You ruinous.  
You wretched thing.  
I keep doing these drafts over and over again.  
Who would love me for my dying?  
Who would listen?  
At least I don't lie.  
Not for you, I wouldn't.

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