

Disorder, Not Otherwise Specified (NOS)

on a morning
in a moving sun-glint
face of people
disappearing

they that were at the psych ward they that on the pavilion parented
they that refined their faces in the sieve of seizure

in the daylight met the carded men the parking arm the vertical
blades of the guillotine elevator

doctors rose as did their entourage

they that wanted coffee thousands must not have wanted coffee
they that were wanting watched from the insular cart they that
wanted were clairvoyants of sea tanks tubing and cardiums

cardiums: heart bouquets, whack jobs

they that were the cardiums wore it on their sleeves their crimson
gowns their forehead temples and they wagoned | there were they
that were in the wagons and those that carted others in wagons and it
was numerous who or who all were cardiums |

they passed through the foyer we drank coffee admired sea tanks we too being cardiums

there were chairs gliding smoothly from door to door and into rooms
where procedures occur

it was icecapades linoleumcapades

balloons on wrists carnations
on laps those that were more
cardium stumbled in the parade

we feel lucky often during
the parade

our daughter not being in certain parts during | of the spectacle she is in
pageant on an elevator with twenty –ISTS in entourage

| and us |

it is our ethical duty to not escape

not being she is pageant
this spectacled and elevation of accounting during
| of

and us disappearing

most children do not die in children's hospitals in the air *en route* they die in helicopters or on east Colfax in ambulances they die but they do not die with such a smashing view of the Rockies

arise. fluffing the
nimbus helicopter
blades whir up and up
the light soulpuffs

the truth of the
hospital system is
death prevention and
sometimes death theft
and the truth of the
ER more so so
acuity ↓s in
proportion to the
degree of the field
therapy in the hospital
then is polish is a
strategy of low tiers
and sympathizers

when we are not with the dtr we visit the offices of payment and mercy
and records and we walk and walk again somehow we are walking
|we| stunned by the elevators the gift shop the loan library the
jellybellyjarcarttheredwagonstation the photos of fundraiser and patients
in sunchairsandtherabaths and centeredinpuppiesanddonors we weaving
among the the the cardiums and anti-guides and then we walk back
and then we walk back

|again 12x|

|dear, my forehead tent|

I went to the pharmacy and she was not there

I went to the surgeon and she was not there

I went to the tv the nurses station the family respite station
she was not there I was not there

and we were everywhere

MOCs and FOCs as assemblies

of pills

inoperative

with limbs in our various

stumbling mouths