

## What the Doctors Forget to Tell You about Morphine

That you have to reason it out, punching  
needles into his dying  
flesh, your father, that illusion  
of peace with the body.

That you know you are killing him,  
left unconscious for hours, his amber urine ticking  
in the drip-bag. How he eventually cannot speak  
through the bliss, and when he says your name  
it sounds like a wet towel.

How he wakes up the neighbors every three hours  
with the moan. How the empty syringe  
makes you wish for your own relief.

That you have to inject it straight  
into his heart, and that makes his eyes smile,  
makes them glisten and roll,  
and how your love gets replaced

by the fixed drum in his body.  
How he looks at you like a God  
when you open the vein.

How it makes him feel as if he were flying.  
How he is, for a time, an angel.