



Issue Date: 6/30/2008

Poetry Contest Winner: Note on the Third Shift*

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Under constant hum of a concentrator
In a house full of memories that aren't mine
I watch
What hangs to come, for each unbroken set in life.
Time... (that triumphant, terrible dictator)
Taxes its subjects, so heavily, that later
The old, reduced in means, scarce can raise the dime
Shackled-down and racked evading other eliminators their only crime.
Chained** respirations
Sound fight in the night oxygen and elevated head stay that soul static between dark and light
Causing lack of sleep in the adjoining bed.
No dread hangs on this death nor in right time my own.
Pain and fear fall here, behind (I note the time) to the one
Long in-loved all alone
Woken without in the world as it dawns.

* *The third shift is also known as the grave-yard-shift.*

***Chained is also refering to Cheyne-stokes.*

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