Nursing and Rehabilitation Center

Jennifer Swickard

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Jennifer Swickard

Through the sliding glass doors I walk
Into a rancid wall of
Feces, urine, and death
Want to run away
But daddy has my hand
And says "We have to see Grandma today."

Down the hall we make our way
Past the rooms of the living dead
Bodies fully functioning
Minds long gone
Far too deteriorated to ever repair

Into Grandma's room we step
Over to her bed she lays
In the same clothes
As every other day
Thursday's lunch still on her blouse
Today is Sunday.

Hair matted to her head
Feces under her nails
Getting skinnier by the minute
They have forgotten her
Left her a prisoner
To this place, this bed, her body.

Nursing and Rehabilitation Center?
Now that I am grown
I have come to know
That those who come to stay
Never walk away.