

# Viktor

## Poetry • Olivia Oliver

My grandmother's death was roses  
Her brittle bones beneath bedsheets  
like thorns  
Her last breath light gardens breeze  
Her cheeks even held their rosy glow  
and her hands their petal softness  
When they at last shriveled and fell  
Organic fragility of a life full bloomed

I even snacked on rose petals in the church hall  
Too young to lose my appetite

But *your* death is cold hard steel  
of gunmetal between blue lips  
It is the sound of your fathers thunderous  
pounding at the bathroom door  
then the clink of the shell  
and the scent of iron seeping beneath it  
what remains of you—all machines  
wires, fluorescents, and ammonia floor  
adamantine chill of a life gone too soon

A sign that reads "No eating in the ICU"  
Serves no purpose