Viktor

Olivia Oliver
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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