



Michael Albright

In Name Of

Mass General,
that shining citadel,
a dozen discrete buildings
bringing forth the illusion
of being one.

I learned every inch of it,
its footprint at least.
I could walk from the Liberty
to the SICU, five buildings away,
barely going outside.

After the second day,
she never really came back.
Waiting, walking, waiting,
pacing the corridors,
looking for a window
that would never be open.

The day before I let her go,
I stumbled into the chapel,
feeling like a trespasser,

reading entries in the guestbook:

*KH – My husband John
physicians treat, God cures
I believe*

*GRD – O Lord God I pray
that my wife will conceive
and have a normal baby
In name of Jesus Christ*

And then, in the next box,
a blinking yellow light
Help me,
with the initials written in,
then inked completely out.

Michael Albright has published work in the *Loyalhanna Review* and is a regular member of the Pittsburgh Poetry Exchange. He lives in Pennsylvania.