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## Purgatory Support

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## Purgatory Support

*Ryan Frabizio*

You lie supine, silent, sedate, while I debate  
what you would will I do—such fruitless misery  
to possess power to prolong your life in state  
or give you leave to the eternal mystery.  
Weakened, with no will, your keepers have called upon  
me to rescue you from the sapping tentacles  
of an implacable, mechanical beast, feasting on  
your essence; your body fed, running in trickles.  
They say they have saved you, but no victory shows  
in your blotched blue and purple chest heaving  
without signal from your eyes, numb, the blurring snows  
of science draining the comfortable  
knowledge of: this is life, this is death, out of our  
consciousness which enables us to recognize  
a rising ghost. Instead, your blooming, lightest hour  
is dragged to decadent days, masters of disguise  
marinating you with magic potions that feed  
your stomach, starve your Host. Escape is criminal,  
“there shall be no other doctors before me, for  
my corrections encompass cockeyed cocktails.”  
Yes, after pausing long on your behalf, I find  
flat, whining lines preferable to false-pulse doom.  
You will be untied. Forms, laws: no longer binding.  
“Doctor—are you sure we’re not doing this too soon?”