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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?”