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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?”