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## Deadly Choices at Memorial Medical Center

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*Jordan Tai*

The blaring sound from my  
cellular phone,  
almost dead,  
like many of the people around me,  
woke me from my bitter,  
evanescent sleep.  
I washed my hands,  
and put on a new white coat,  
and helped relieve a patient from his  
overburdened pain.

The smell of  
putrid Death lingers,  
its merciless cloud fills the hospital,  
seeping through the vents,  
into the doctors' offices  
into the operating theatre  
into the ER  
and into my pallid body.

We were the drones of Death,  
guiding those that called for help,  
across the cold River Styx.

Let there be  
no more warm and attached feelings,  
no more pitiless piercing pain,  
no more days of sorrow.

I believe that someday  
we will be responsible for  
everyone that dreamed a nightmare.  
We tried to stop it, tried to stop ourselves  
only to realize that  
we are who they feared the most.