she just died and the room is dark and i can hear her family pleading with the stars during their night’s embrace and just before i stood like a solemn sun atop of her and i compressed and i compressed and i compressed and her lips were still glossed with beat-red lipstick and they were still still no matter what i did and i remember when i was 13 and my parents told me that it did not matter what i did either and so i wore outrageous makeup to shock them into quiet attention that i was a thing that could never be still even though now the silence wraps the neck of the entire room for i have stopped crushing her chest where she just died and five days ago she hugged me with a big glorious grin and six days ago it was decided that she could finally go home and she was happy and she said it was a long admission and it wasn’t always easy and it was made shorter by people like me who had a soft careful heart and my hands rattled when i stopped collapsing into her body and her hands drifted in the air around like the drowned and i met her 8 weeks ago when the water first sloshed in her lungs and a thick yellow coated her lips and she told me that back in the day she was a swimsuit model that could bend sunlight and she laughed with the roar of an ocean and the room remains dark now where she just died and the family continues to beg the stars for please another day and my attending takes me away from the room for it is too noisy so he can tell me that i did well cracking open her lungs to the sun and we’ll all have fruity funny drinks later to celebrate my first code and the shift streams on by and before i leave the hospital for what promises to be a lively night when i will come home very warm and very drunk and very lost, i pass the open mouth of her room where only the total quiet rests. a mop weeps on the floor of the ward near the exit. i nearly slip.