

News

They sit there, hands clench around each others
As if they are the others lifeboat, keeping them from drowning in their feelings.

Straighten the spine
Deep breath
Shoulder back
Walk.

They notice me out of the corner of their eyes
Before I say anything.
They rush me, asking questions
Wanting to make me their lifeboat.

I can't be their lifeboat, though.
 It's not good, I'm sorry.
They crumple back into their chairs
 The procedure was going well
 Then complications that no one saw coming, arose.
 I'm sorry, for your loss.
They lean on each other for comfort,
But also out of necessity as well.

Their lifeboat got a leak,
and there is no way to plug it.

