Augury

We read your breakfast tray
like tea leaves.
Do you have a future?
Sodium levels 165.
Your body is shutting down.
Five days on a dextrose drip:
sodium levels 135;
perfectly normal
and your veins are collapsing.
You hadn't taken food or drink
in days.
You doze, eyes closed,
eyes open, seeing nothing
we can see.
We argue,
splinters in our hearts,
make awful choices
on which we disagree.
Disconnected.
We disconnect you.
Disconnected, you
eat breakfast:
mashed waffles, pureed ham,
suck maple syrup right from the spoon.
Magic pudding,
Miracle shake,
Miraculous:
two hour straight,
dozing and waking,
chewing and chewing.
Smiling and not at nothing.
At us,
your astonished family,
giddy with your sheer presence
among us again.
We want to read,
as if the half empty plates
were the entrails of birds,
your future.

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