Lost

Michael Wynn, DO

This pair surely older than those far hills stood out with deacon-black clothes, severe hats, and the quiet born from lives of work and pain and certain pleasure.

In the dull green corridor one stood silent by his stricken brother, his twin, now alone more than before he was born.

Gurney brother stared, silent to all except the ceiling. Standing brother bereft in his stillness, king of his fields was lost in the dark corridor.

In that first week of hospital mortality I rushed by, my innocence shutter-click stopped by the Kings’ gaze.

I wanted to be where he was looking; out of that darkest corridor to the morning when I could stand with him in those bright hills and hear him speak of work and pain and certain pleasure.
Lost
Michael Wynn
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