

5-1-2015

## Bench on Bishop

Hector Reyes  
*Collin College*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces>

---

### Recommended Citation

Reyes, Hector (2015) "Bench on Bishop," *Forces*: Vol. 2015 , Article 3.  
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2015/iss1/3>

This Photograph is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact [mtomlin@collin.edu](mailto:mtomlin@collin.edu).



**BENCH ON BISHOP** Hector Reyes



I became a living skeleton, drenched  
 in feverish sweat and hellfire. No point  
 in making friends with the other bodies;  
 they came and went quicker than there were beds.  
 We were all just coughing, sneezing bed numbers.

I was 25 when I drowned in my own lungs,  
 disappearing into the night like the sun. My  
 husband had stopped writing years before;  
 it was no surprise that he didn't claim me like  
 he once did. They tossed me in the ground  
 behind the asylum like a sack of moldy grain, with  
 nothing to show that I had ever haunted those halls.  
 Many other "numbers" from the Mississippi State  
 Lunatic Asylum joined my plot of earth. Our only  
 acknowledgement came from the wildflowers  
 Mother Nature brought us each year, the worms  
 holding feasts of celebration over our convenient demises.

I was 138 when I saw light again; it wasn't  
 at the end of the tunnel. They took  
 me to another hospital, the stench  
 of my rotten body clashing with the sharp  
 smells of sterility and alcohol.

Instead of finding my family, they found  
 out how much it would cost to rebury me.

Instead of learning my name, they learned  
 I was one out of two thousand.

I am still a number, another body, simply  
 one more corpse in an unmarked grave.