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The Emergency Room

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The Emergency Room

Beth Turner Ayers

One drop on the floor; One drying drip From an unknown source. Narrowly missed By one footstep and more, Invisible to the passerby, Clear in my own vision, Tormenting me with its presence. It stopped and stayed there, On the polished, gleaming surface, Oblivion to others. But I must wait. And so I ponder On the cause of this distraction, This antagonist to quiet thought. From whom did this souvenier flow? And what became of them? My own disaster averted, I will leave this place soon. I will leave it all behind me, Except for the vision Of a single crimson dot.



Sherry Dickson