Dear doctor,
Mr. is speckled with disease
his narcotic cry muted in the antiseptic chamber he calls home.
Angels whisper whisper whisper a hushed mantra through the monochrome hall
stirring an incantation that began
before time itself.

However,
dear doctor,
Mr. beats a stubborn drum
a pianissimo cadence pacing the vibrato of his lungs
while gleaming needles scribble a crimson DNR onto his striking, bleached frame.

Dear doctor,
The drum still beats.