

## Queen of Day

Too weak to lift her limbs, and shut behind a shining door  
except when fed or bathed, she voices many hollow thoughts.

“Return me to the ground!” she had said before the brumal fog  
rolled in; no better fate for her will wash ashore. A life

like summer solstice, so recently profuse with food and friends  
and family—unhindered, once repaired, by addled knees

and tumors, cataracts and cysts—began with sprightly dance  
in sight of ocean flows, where providence was put to shame

by Jenner, Salk, Pasteur, and Fleming; we sought longevity,  
but like distracted Dawn, had overlooked the glacier of infirmity.