

Breakfast

I am the one in uniform,
white belt, brass buckle,
keys that jingle from a clip.
I am the one wheeling them,
their wisps of white hair,
their veined, scabby scalps,
heads lying to one shoulder
or the other, down a dim
corridor through odors of
urine, Pine-Sol, and bacon.
I wheel one after the other,
flour sacks of spidery arms,
knobbed knees, laboring
to follow one breath
with another, into a line
before the pine doors
of the dining room, locked
until their appointed hour.
I turn them in silence,
squeaks of my gum-soled
shoes on ancient floors
echoing their destination.

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