Our Hospital

Melissa Ginsburg

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6968

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OUR HOSPITAL

We made a hospital in our house. We made a crutch and a folding bed. We made a tray of instruments. We made green walls and a sunny window and a poster of a flower. The taps ran rust. It convinced us. We made a few patients and taught them how to act, to stumble and bleed, in turn, here and there.

Our hospital filled. The patients grew thin. We made pictures of their minds and colored them in. Some of them didn’t “make it.” We emptied our pictures to our hospital. We took down the poster and made a real flower. Finally, our hospital loved us.

When your hospital loves you it lives inside you. Its walls are green and its carpet is blue. It has white and grey fibers, light blue and dark blue, seams and stains. The carpet is filled with not having “made it.” There are shadows, boring shadows. Shadows of a table all over it.