

## **going**

By Janie Cao

i remember my first time with dying  
it came suddenly and stayed  
i didn't know how a dot is a line  
i feel it surreally, still today

the murmurs in the hallway easily blending  
into the cycles of daily caretaking  
we went through the patient list each morning  
and silence would follow the reporting  
it was her name, her status... nay, her brain's state  
for the stroke in her head kept growing  
forcing her mind to keep going  
so by morning there were again news for mourning  
dot dot dot  
how does a dot become a line  
and when can we stop tracing  
when should we stop tracing  
wondering  
breathing  
nearly grieving  
then someone's lips were moving  
seems like the clock kept ticking  
our steps start following  
to another name, a better state  
living in moments of going