The Edge

Charles Montgomery

They emerge outside the hospital
Dazed by our day,
In dressing-gown and slippers –
The pale ones
Searching the sunlight
For something familiar;
The bright cars and brisk
Comings and goings
Of life.
Behind them sliding doors and
Shadows shelve steeply
To the sound of phones;
Shoes squeal on tiles
As routine
Criss-crosses with something more fragile.
And no one knows
Where the edge begins,
This strange overlap,
But all through the day
They gather
At the buildings entrance:
Anonymous filed numbers,
To lean against warm walls
And breathe town air
And to stand blinking away the minutes
Of wide blue spaces,
While the summers dust passes
Unnoticed
In and out of light.

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