
POETRY | SPRING 2020

Night 4: What They Ask, What I Hear

By James Wyshynski

Emory Neurological ICU, Post Subarachnoid Hemorrhage

What's your name?
 What day is it?
 When were you
born? Raise your arms,
 lift your feet
 and press them
against my hands.

*

Mark the day.
 When did you come
 to be? Lift
your head, raise your voice
 and press your name
 to my ear. Tell me
who you are.

James Wyshynski is a former editor of the Black Warrior Review. His poems have appeared in Hayden's Ferry Review, Terminus, River Styx, Stoneboat, Interim, Nimrod, The Cortland Review, Barrow Street, The Cincinnati Review, Vallum and are forthcoming in the Northern New England Review and others. His chapbook, Visiting Hours, from which this poem is taken, is in search of a publisher.

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