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POETRY | SPRING 2019

## The Hospital Room of Understanding

By Hope Atlas

The tray hitting the table makes him look at me.  
He closes his mouth and pushes away the spoon.

Remember when we got lost driving?  
Remember the jokes you would tell?  
He smiles. I laugh.

I play Tony Bennett.  
I play Bach.  
I play ocean sounds.

I watch his chest rise and fall.  
His eyes are wide open.  
I put his hand in mine.

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**Since the age of fifteen, Hope has been putting pen to paper. Writing is her lifeline and her voice. She writes her story through poetry, quotes and memoirs. When she's not up late at night engrossed in her writing, you might find her knitting her signature multicolored twist scarves!**

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