
POETRY | SPRING 2016

Signing the Order

By Virginia Boudreau

I'd always thought the way
your long slender fingers performed
the mundane tasks of everyday
was an act of grace

I look at them now,
the skin stretched like stained
elastane over the ridges
your bones make.

Today, those ballerina hands
sign the order in spidery script:

Do Not Resuscitate

When you shove the paper out of range.
we know the slow and awful rising
of a white flag.
It has frayed, finally, to threads,

I feel your focus shift
to the lyrical dancer within:

the restrained flutter awaiting flight

Virginia Boudreau lives in a lovely seaside community on the southwestern tip of Nova Scotia, Canada. Soon she'll be retiring from her position as a Learning Disabilities Specialist and is looking forward to having more time for her other passions: writing, gardening and beach combing. Poetry has long been her preferred medium for emotionally processing and responding to serious illness when it affects those closest to her. Her work has appeared in a wide variety of North American literary magazines.
