

I AM NOT A POET

TO MY MUM & DAD

A BOOK OF POETRY

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POEMS BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

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A Poem: OPAP: Heart MRI

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You can change in here.

Wear your underwear and socks only.

Two gowns: One for your front. One for your back.

I will need to attach stickers for the monitors.

Okay.

Lie here. Shoulders about →

I'll hook up the IV. Half way through, I'll juice you.

This should be fun.

The hospital is old.

The new one will be ready in six years.

Do I have six years?

What's this location going to become?

Luxury condos.

Ghosts.

Keep perfectly still.

It's tight in there.

Thirty minutes. Then the juice. Then thirty minutes more.

Gulp.

Take a deep breath in. Hold it.

One. Two. Three... Twenty.

Breath normally.

Take a deep breath in. Hold it.

One. Two. Three... Twenty.

Am I dead?

I can't do this.

Why is my ear itching? I need to scratch. Scream. Count.

Breath normally.

One hundred more times.

I'm eating my mask.

OMFingG.

All done.

I hated this ride. Crappy ride.

Most people don't like me at the end.

It's not your fault. I'm not most people. ~~Cunt.~~