



## Two Poems

by Lois Greene Stone

### Emergency Room

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My fingers circled smooth  
transparent plastic that  
cradled my nostrils. Could  
I sneeze? Would clips come  
out? Every twenty minutes  
my arm was grabbed by  
an inflatable cuff. Pump,  
pump, pump. Whish.  
Blood pressure. Noise.  
Hallway sounds of  
wheeled trays on tile  
floors. Clank. Not  
a trolley's sound.  
I liked trolleys.  
"How are we feeling"  
asks an attendant.  
Can I say: scared

### **Blip**

Nostrils were nudged by  
smooth plastic tubing.  
Wrinkles on the hospital  
gown itched my thin frame.  
A pillow felt like a child's  
rubbery toy but scented with  
disinfectant. My toys once  
smelled of my mother's  
Shalimar not Clorox.  
Was I supposed to believe  
the person watching blips  
on monitors affixed to  
smooth skin was  
actually me?

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**Lois Greene Stone**, writer and poet, has been syndicated worldwide. Poetry and personal essays have been included in hard & softcover book anthologies. Collections of her personal items/ photos/ memorabilia are in major museums including twelve different divisions of The Smithsonian.

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