

## *One Poem*

Engram Wilkinson

### **EEG**

Procedures exhausted  
before hands emulsify  
that last grief into effective  
managerial utterances.  
Constant monitoring,  
lines of electrodes  
extending into each  
lengthening present  
itching every universe  
with the newest ideation—  
if the final context is  
painless, then who will  
grow up and become  
a diagnostician? Sleep  
presents itself as a style  
of animation. The moment  
is only itself as it is  
being rearranged.  
A nurse, here for my  
vitals, brings another  
cup of water, unbidden.

~

With what posture does  
time enter the migraine?  
The strobe is positioned  
inches above your closed  
eyes and no matter how  
well behaved you never  
deserve an open window.  
Hyperventilate yourself.  
What incident induced the  
safety pamphlet revision?  
Boredom reconfigures  
the medium of light in  
which you are never going  
to leave this motorized  
bed. If anything shimmers  
housekeeping ignores it.  
An overhead camera  
becomes the ornament

of a disjunctive mood  
you resolved years ago,  
this present owed to that  
offsetting “or” you still  
cannot withstand. Sight  
runs backwards in one  
direction. Home has  
always been an unworked  
parameter of this room.

