

**VOLUNTEER**

Those long, long nights.

"Breck."

In duty, loving duty

I would rise

shrug off dreams

and self-pities

unplug the wheeling device

walk behind her to the john

wait and pray

loud enough for her to know

she was not all alone.

Five or six times a night.

Still, silent night.

Thick door shut on the hallway.

No nurses

no interruption

only her and me

only ritual

I watching her train.

No job to do

everything understood at work.

Just time

to accompany

to be close

close

to be her servant.

No questions.

No explanations.

I must confess I loved it

in a way.

Just her and me.

I only there for her.

It's no good asking, Doro

why it could not have been forever

There just came that time  
for the experts to come in  
take over

and we volunteers to go to our places.

That is all I ever was for you, Doro.

That is how it was years back  
when I made those first phonecalls.  
And it is so strange. I wept then as well,  
through all my smiles

at the thought that came to me  
of you all alone  
facing  
whatever it was life was going  
to have you face, and I  
could not bear  
to think of you there  
all alone.