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St. Luke's

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St. Luke's
Gloria Golec

I drive past the hospital every morning
on my way to work.

Like rows of rectangular eyeglasses, the rust red bricks of old St. Luke's gaze at the sleepy
drivers on the Ike
and I always slow down to take a longer look.

It was here I had my tonsils out at age 5 and when you said goodbye to me and mom, I
cried. She and I looked out the window, at the parking lot, and saw you walking to the car.
Then you turned and spotted us and waved.

It is 45 years later and you have been gone for 10. Your life was hard with years of factory
work, then sickness and a wheelchair.

But when I drive past St. Luke's, I forget this. Instead I remember you that day when
you were young and you looked up at me and waved. Your love went up your arm and
out your fingers and the trajectory went deep into my heart. I slow down, I look and I
remember. The eyes of the building peer down at me as if they also remember that day
when you were in the parking lot and I was in the window and there was an arc of love
between us. And then I drive on.