

Watsonville Public Library  
**Poetry Month Contest**



**Title:**   
**Author:**

Sepulchral waiting room in the hospital,
Numbing lights that blind exhausted patients.
Walls that stand unflinchingly straight;
Papers stacked neatly;
Blouses folded precisely;
Daisies that bloom in the evergreen fields.
Nauseating like the smell of disinfectants,
Or sometimes,
Revitalizing like the smell of fresh peppermint.
Sound of a piece of napkin drift slowly onto the polished floor.
Crackle of cleaned cups and bleached plates,
Swish of translucent curtains at midnight.
Feeling of blankness,
As if there is nothing around you
Nor in you.

