

Illness in the Family

R. A. Christmas

One of the kids was sick, so his ex came over.
“How are you doing?” she said.
(That’s what she always said.)

“I’m getting better every day,” he said.
(But only a little better, he added — to himself.)
All he could think of was taking off her clothes.

“I worry about you,” she said.
(The child was sick, but not very sick.)
It was painful standing there by the bed

dying to just grab her and fall into it.
They tucked in the child, and heard a prayer.
It was time to go, there was somebody waiting.

“Take care of yourself,” she said at the door.
(Never — she had never looked so lovely.)
She hugged him quick, and that was that.

Then he went back into the hospital of his life,
and she sped away like an ambulance,
and the child recovered from a minor illness.