

Claire Marie Stancek
from *of care as of this encounter*

sign in

state your name and date of birth your state

of distress and some anxiety your

rate your pain make it terse make it
verse state reverse to the nurse quick call the
FAQ game and rate disburse

quick links easypay

say today name your name

at the tone your response experiencing
unusually high volume valued on a scale of one two buckle

up hang up if this is an emergency

call 911 and

our hours your name in the rain a bird

in wire mesh dead all winter caught

above the hospital entrance

mush

hush

a bowl full of
you know your mother

dust
was born to die

little babies
I am no more your mother

don't you cry
than the hills

are alive
that distills a mirror

with the sound
you know your mother

was born
close

close closer I want you
as a cloud that stills

with the sound

we sing

a forever kind of

devouring
good feeling

songs they have sung

for a thousand years

you devour

me full on fill

the mouth my

love loves

fast falls

the eventide when other helpers fail

out cry O soul

with me to see a fine doctor

upon a wide tide whose moon

tether dim on her fingers

bells on arms alarm

the hour and ours grow feathers

goose weather ride a night music wherever

you know the risks please

sign the section from

fingers O thou pass O say

little life who like thyself

abide with me who never

could not call out wait

you who / held or dreamed it

are you going to rate your pain

to one who lives remember

me a trail of

moon crumbs goodnight

room whom I would *readdress*

the patient despite light and the red

thread through *our recommendations*

she is not wherever you're going

I'm going on a river of

way away *patient is clearly*

a scale of blue two buckle

it threw a light

night and dew do do

are you going too

FAQ what / beholden you dreamed it in

O hospital hospital sing me a pretty little
ditty little city in all of all *not medically necessary we*

have carefully reviewed your crooked sixpence
against a crooked style *your claim*

was in the counting house eating cake and money

FAQ how do I dress the how we do if I don't
agree with the song a sign in writing or in rhyme

to Grievances and Appeals what other rights do
you have the right
and we encourage you *for this reason the request you can*
learn more just call the doll the pie is opened and

the birds began to *give us written comments*

we based our decision

it might help to talk it over with your doctor

no

no

parsley sage
thyme the bare

gooseberry
bare tell her true

rhyme don't you
or cry for

love
she was once

going to make

me tell her to cut

a cambric
your legs can you

can you feel
going are you

declaring yourself

to your scar

while nurses sing
doctor there's a hole

O fair
dear doctor

tell her to cut

with scissors of silver

can you feel them now

seven layers of flesh

make them make me

my melodies my

maladies while nurses

sing and babies cry

goodnight

light

face of

turning away when

nothing more

than a passing

by the face

there's a hole

in the operating

doctors gossiping

somebody invited

a something river wider

stilled drifter

or a moon

then hole hold and

river in

O there

where I balanced o'er

nothing more

than fading letting

down into

in and in

unself

until a voice

we're out of

the woods how

easy so close

or could be

wherever you're going

there's a hole

spider

inside

morning two

wrist bands

guards waved

on a cold and frosty

baby I carried

an insulated bag

it said I am

a pumping

heart a

parent who swallowed

inside her

you know your mother she

knows you she

woke all the other babies

last night you know

and where was I

were you

cry don't you

supply your try

little babies don't

yield

your I

am a pumping

parent who was born

to yield to

be milked

don't you

die hush hush

little heart I am

as threaded through as you

mouth mask

a hundred other mothers in the beginning

held you and sang sang the same songs

some gently some with swift ringing and flashing
fingers bells on her toes pixelated peaks the lines to

and from your heart shampoo you smelled like goodnight
songs we have sung who washed you first

for a hundred mothers everyone

wore gloves masks everyone said of my empty bulk husk

any day now? but secretly I bared

my whole damp face for you to feel

a mother's lips your eyes spun open dilated whose floating eyes

over the white masks whom could I tell
who would believe she is mine mine

and she shall have music wherever she goes

lamb land

little lamb	here I am
violets are blue	and good luck
on a Wednesday	lasts all the day
shake shake shake	a kiss for you
sneeze for a letter	or for danger make
a wish for the roses	are blue too
little boy blew	your horn the cow
ran away and who	said the song
should or even could	be new who said
moon's in the meadow	and hear iamb
sneezing on a Monday	gotta clap clap clap
with the sound	on repeat after me after you
pick it up	if you're happy
and you know it	clap your hands