Protons

(a friend, his son)

"They said I should beam protons into his brain

fuzzy with morphine and pain

in the room where

he hung on shadows of life, side by side

with death

waiting for me

that I might see his smile

a last time.

Where have you gone beams of particles or light or waves that my son could not ride you back to this world.

They said I should not live in anger.

They don't know
I don't know why
I'm not packing my bags
to carry him across
the valley of sadness.

They don't know anger lives in me, raging fire the colour of consumed life."

Meir Weksler

Chief Technology Officer Neodigma, Mazkeret Batya, Israel. meir.weksler@gmail.com doi: 10.5694/mja13.10908