

## **I am the emotion for this machine**

Her eyes blink heavily  
beneath a sloppy wig  
Chest rising and falling  
Heart beating hard  
as I touch my sister's wrist

She can't react  
when the nurses drag the breathing tube  
across her eye, let it sit tangled in her hair  
so I wince instead, ask them to be careful  
remind them she is my sister

I am showing the care they cannot  
because empathy needs vulnerability  
a human cloud of warm breath  
and imperfect skin  
eyes flickering like twin flames  
and a hundred other tiny movements  
this machine can't make  
an invisible overlap  
that separates and binds us  
So I lean in and tuck her hair  
behind her ear  
the hard plastic shell  
makes it harder  
but I can still feel  
for my sister made of steel