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We'll Get Through This

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Ben McIntire



Ben McIntire is a full-time husband and father, with a history of Lutheran clergyhood and who dabbles in medicine on the side. He dreams of one day being an emergency room physician who people call "Doc" when they see him on the street. He thinks that poems are great for telling truths (kind of like sermons) and loves to hear a great story if you've got one to share.

We'll Get Through This

- Ben McIntire

Monitors blip in rhythm
a threnody to suffering.

Fluids drip
drip into tubes.

Outside the window clouds drip too
their own lament.

Inside, a white blanket
and a quiet
deeper than the noise of his machines.

He turns to her.

Says between gasps,

“Remember when we were first married,
when I got kicked in the head by the bull?

There you were for all those months
running the place by yourself.”

“Or when the barn burned and we lost all the horses,
we cried for them together.”

“And the time Mary got sick,
missed half of seventh grade,
you looked after her at home yourself.”

“Then in ‘83, when the bank
nearly took the farm,
you stuck with me.”

“When the cigarettes caught up with me,
lost the lower left lung,
there you were, by my side.”

“You know what, Stella?”

“What?” she asks softly,
eyes brimming with tears.

“I’m starting to think
you might be bad luck,”
he coughs, deep and dry.

She laughs, tears drip
drip onto the white blanket.

“We’ll get through this too,
together.”