**Hear No**

*by Joshua Merchant*

Hear No. See No. Speak No.

The day my dad found out he had diabetes

His response was

“I don’t understand how this happened,

I’m the healthiest person I know.”

My brother and I smirked

Knowing there was no punch line behind his sentence

Just a middle aged man to sure of himself.

I can’t tell you what type of diabetes he has.

I can tell you

I’ve seen him take insulin

Twice.

I can tell he didn’t like pricking his finger to draw blood

So he stopped checking his blood sugar,

I can tell you red drink is his favorite

He likes whatever chips are 99cents and the $1.50 carrot cake with cream cheese icing from the corner store down the street.

He likes his doughnuts powdered or smothered in chocolate.

He doesn’t like many vegetables,

He does like cabbage,

He prefers it with salted turkey necks or sausages.

He doesn’t eat pork,

But I’ve seen him sweat with temptation at family barbeques,

I can tell you he knows  more family members than I do,

Been to more funerals than I have, I don’t know how many people in my family have died due to diabetes, don’t want to  I can tell you

When he walks around the house with his shirt off

I view his belly as a mirror.

A tombstone.

A brail bump

sprouting from his own torso

due to his blindness.

I shutter when he rubs it,

Wondering why he can’t understand

the language of the dying.

The night he found out he had diabetes,

I was force feeding him fruit cocktails

hours before he decided to go the hospital.

He lied in a chair unable to move,

Breathing as if air wasn’t paying enough rent

To occupy his longs anymore.

When my brother and I found out why he was sick,

We honestly wanted to pretend

to be just as surprised as he was.

These days I’m happy we only fist bump.

Hugging seems to terrifying;

Imaging myself close enough

to hear the fading base line in his chest.

I can’t help but wonder

when one of his limbs gets amputated,

will he still be naive

or a liar.

When his kidneys stop cleansing his blood

The way house wives

Get tired of washing abuse lovers’ stained sheets,

Will he willingly through himself into a coffin

like dirty laundry into hamper

before excepting surgery or dialysis

When his lying in a hospital bed

Will my glossy eyes be enough for him to wish

He could’ve seen this coming,

Will they be enough for him to wish

He would’ve changed.