

The Nightingales Who Keep
Singing
Justine Galvan

We flock around our little coffee table
Dining on spicy ramen at midnight.
We laugh with our fears, hurting together.

My brother comes home crying at the door;
Just for today five of his patients died.
We flock around our little coffee table,

Listening to his hospital stories.
When it gets too much, my dad will start to dance.
We laugh with our fears, hurting together.

At dawn, my dad wears his own scrubs for work,
Gloved up for his life to save the dying.
We flock around our little coffee table

At night, they start to pray. I sit, godless.
Their spirits and my body start to dance.
We laugh with our fears, hurting together.

Outside, the blood-red moon shines endlessly.
Outside, the living is unforgiving.
We flock around our little coffee table,
We laugh with our fears, hurting together.