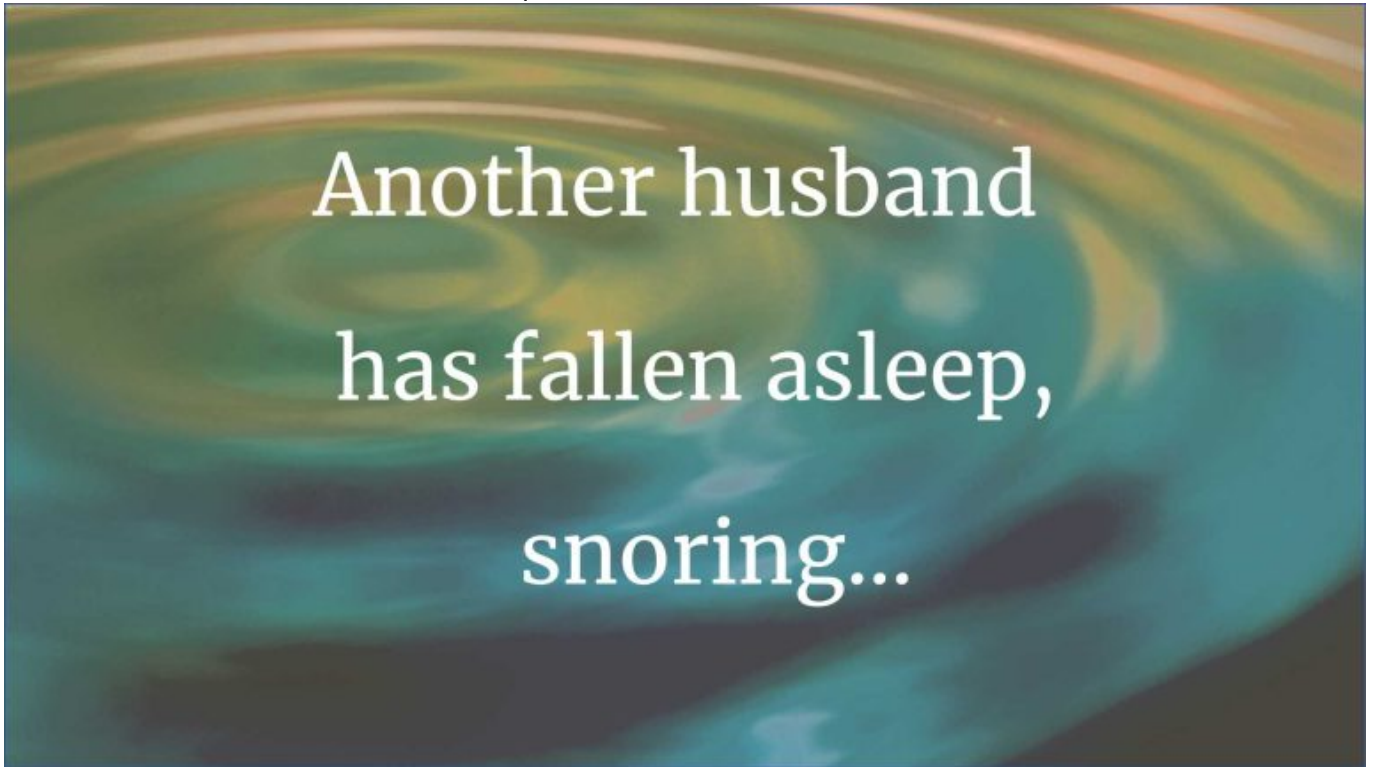


# Another Husband in the Waiting Room

Category: Poems

written by Laurence Musgrove | December 12, 2025



From the sixth floor of the surgery tower  
two blocks from a frozen Lake Michigan,  
I can see a small lighthouse but no boats.

The overcast lake is speckled blue and white  
near shore, but far out on the horizon, it's dark  
like a new bruise before the healing begins.

After surgery, the doctor rings me to say  
the lumpectomy went well, as expected,  
no complications, lymph nodes seem clear.

I've been grading papers, watching the lake,  
the lighthouse (of course, there are no boats).  
I read emails and text updates to family.

The lighthouse will blink, boats or no boats.  
Another husband has fallen asleep, snoring.  
Another drinks iced coffee in a big puffy coat.

Ambulances wail and buses limp slowly  
around the towers. The parking garages  
fill and empty. Elevators are always full.

There is probably no end, given our age,  
to the trips we will make to these towers,

the lighthouse. Next time, let there be boats.