

*E. R. LUTKEN*

### **Fourier Transformation**

Hollow echoes, furious dissonance in a windowless world; the Unit, where I squandered hours, days, years, dragging from one pained face to another, squirming in the wake of anxious cries, hiss of ventilators, raspy suction pumps, shoes squeaking on linoleum floors, scrambled phone-talk, staccato whistles of alarms. Worm tunes rattle my brain until somehow, Mr. Breitenmeyer emerges from the tangle of cumbrous wires, burbling tubes. I bend towards his ramshackle figure, put stethoscope to chest, my ears tuned for rubs, snaps, gallops, blowing murmurs, crescendo, decrescendo, weighted sum of periodic functions. He smiles, begs pardon for his insurgent body, growling abdomen, lungs mumbling decay. He will die soon and he knows it. But the rhythm of his pulse still sings; seasons, tides in every round of systole, diastole, like lapping waves, a low plainsong in clear translational symmetry. Alongside his even breathing, all pointless noises disappear. The steady pulse, the tide proceeding, not resignation, serenity.