Descriptive Paragraph

Topic: a hospital emergency room

A nauseating combination of blood, vomit and industrial strength disinfectant floods my nostrils. My bare legs hang over the edge of the bed; my feet dangling above the speckled vinyl floor. I feel a slight chill on my exposed back. I wrap myself in the stiff, white flannel sheet and lay back on the firm rubber mattress. As my head lies to rest on the plastic covered pillow, it crackles like a wayward shopping bag in the wind. The steady beat of the monitors chant the rhythmic state of my vitals. Beyond that, I can phones ringing, call bells chiming, and the scuffling of feet in the hall. There is a low murmur of voices throughout the unit, with an exception; the wailing of a small child in the next room. The sounds create a surprisingly calming melody. I begin to relax. The humming halogen lights along with the stark, mint green walls are blinding to my dry, tired eyes. I curiously scan a large metal cart stocked with medical supplies. There are several small vials, labeled with words that my blurred vision cannot make out. I see packages of gauze and dressings spilling out of random, salvaged boxes. There is a large container of unused syringes in variable sizes. I feel a slight prick of fear like a child waiting in a long ominous line for an inevitable immunization. My eyes are heavy now. They aimlessly drift and become fixated on the silent drip from the stainless steel sink in the corner. The translucent drops become hypnotic and take me into a blissful state of unconsciousness.