

25 August

The BreastScreen Letter

Last night sleep failed me
and in the slow dark I played
write a poem which
includes these three words: cancer,
lake and opportunity.

I thought of you
and whether this is a test
to see how lightly
I could hold the idea
of my not cooking breakfast
for you forever.

26 August

Biopsy

Going there, its last innocent
highway trip, my breast is still mine
and my lover's, his hand's bride.

I take this beautiful, secret thing
and hand it in at the factory door,
permit three hooked needle thrusts.

It's all for the best.
And when I weep for the betrayal,
the possibility of losing my living,

the nurse says *everything happens
for a reason and you'll be glad to
have some time to spend on yourself.*

Coming back, all I can think is
*oh fuck and they can't hear you
over the noise of the machinery.*

28 August

I won't beat about the bush you have
infiltrating ductal carcinoma

That shut door so sudden
oxygen is sucked from the room
those are the words

I can read them upside down
on her desk then I will go
out into the hot winter day

with my brother who is holding
my hand and sob and sob
but already who I was

an hour ago will be fading
and all the hearts that are
to float me through

will be gathering their various
and subtle forces
some of which will begin

their work this very evening
under the new strangeness
of streetlights.