

Of Mortal Scarring

I found you again on the cool
side of my pillow,
still bound like Prometheus
to that mountain town.

I pictured you taking a deep breath of
the icy air that battered the steam of your coffee
and pushed back the grey forelocks of your hair.
Clouds rolled over the ragged ridgeline
like punch-drunk brawlers tumbling on the
floor of the sawdust bar in the middle of town,
and you told me that you wanted
to road trip to the university hospital
so many miles away.

It was time,
you said, because the women
of your family no longer waited
for the rebellious cells
that ate your grandmothers
and your great grandmothers alive.

I flipped the pillow again,
alone in my bed,
to find you laughing
that it was time
to offer tributes to
high priests with gleaming knives
that would cut you as clean as an amazon
who can fire her bow with either hand.