

The tumor in my uncle's brain sings  
a lullaby in the key of Kathy Bates in  
*Misery*

SCB

Shhh                      your mouth too dry  
                    for words now                      let alone  
this one                      *mine*                      your memory  
                    keeps chasing  
there is no need                      to call out  
                    I'm here                      right here  
closer to here                      than anyone else  
                    in our makeshift                      bedroom  
where you sleep                      in drips

where you cannot hide                      anything from me  
                    I am the pulpy octopus  
at the nexus  
                    of your electric viewshed  
I see your whole life                      in flickers  
                    from in here

It wasn't my plan  
                    for you to be                      like this  
sometimes I feel  
                    like I'm imposing

Am I imposing, darling?

It's just I've fallen        in a sort of passion  
                                 for your every thought  
I'm like                        a mother  
                                 whose love lives inside  
a shaken soda bottle  
                                 jittery with craving

If August swelters  
                                 outside the window I know this, too  
I know your jokes        before  
                                 you speak them  
I am the one                throwing her head back  
                                 vibrating  
at your slow wry rasp    as it rains  
                                 *doesn't        god        know*  
                                 *there's        a drought on        damn it*

oh, that your humor        can find hospice  
                                 in this cul-de-sac  
how it swoons me

the pecan trees                in the yard  
                                 grow lighter by the hour  
unripe lobes shriveled  
                                 in the shell  
losing grip                clunking concrete  
                                 splatting the fishpond  
silenced                in the browning        zoysia lawn

now is when I tell you        we won't be making it  
                                 making pie  
                                 making Thanksgiving  
don't worry darling        I will never  
                                 leave        we are the only things  
either of us  
                                 could have ever been

*Glioblastoma*      *Glioblastoma*

let me sing you my name

to sleep

SCB