

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



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
splattering 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

SCR