

## **After the Biopsy**

The waves push foamy patterns to the shore.  
What do you see? A coral branch. A tree  
sun-blached. Long fingers painted by the sea.  
Or a lesion on a neck that's stitched and sore.

I've seen what lurks inside, a dark and rest-  
less spread of errant cells, a basal fleck,  
a mass of algae flowing breast to neck.  
Ignore that now. Just wait for next week's test.

If only salty suds could cleanse this spot  
and every place a future knife will slice.  
This iridescent wash of waves — once, twice —  
lofts fragile bubbles from the sand. When caught

they disappear. I've been here once before:  
a woman pleading, "Body, I want more."