Recurrence

Andy Young, MFA

Because I'm a poet I try to make
music of her diagnosis: scan
the adonics of glioblastoma,
terminal cancer, clinical trials.

No music in this diagnosis: scans
show the tumor bed ringed
with chthonic glioblastoma
cells. Radiation and chemo just
slow what the brain tumor will bring.
The cures break down healthy
cells, too: radiated, poisoned, she
tries to pop back up again

between these cures that break her down.
A new tumor emerges in the parietal,
popping back up again
like a nightmare game of whack-a-mole.

A new tumor emerges in the parietal
like a ghost of its sibling from the temporal,
like a nightmare game of whack-a-mole.
To hell with games and similes.

Siblings, parents: future ghosts; all's temporal.
There's no meter in that music,
To hell with games and similes.
There is no comfort in cureless verse.

There's no meter in this music,
in the adonics of glioblastoma,
no comfort in this cureless verse
that as a poet I can't help but make.

Author Affiliation: New Orleans Center for Creative Arts, New Orleans, Louisiana.
Corresponding Author: Andy Young, MFA (andimuse@gmail.com).
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the last 2 stanzas.
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