Sleek Green Car

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The usual: vitals, follow-up labs, a grainy screenshot of my aching back—until, suddenly, “cancer”

and like that!

the doctor disappeared,
taking with her 500 miles and almost sixty years.

Again, summer, Memphis, our clapboard house on Randolph Street.
The screen door ajar, the stifled cry of our new kitten Tim-Tam
crushed beneath the wheels...it was like I’d been split in two.
I, trembling, dazed...and—for a moment—I
the pony-tailed young girl singing along to the radio
in a sleek green car,
who never saw, who didn’t hear.