

DIAGNOSIS

The sky drops, and I coordinate my dress
with premature funk.

My slippers are even fuzzy black.

I've felt the change in your day-old corpse skin,
the snuff of your eyes. Your walk slower, gait longer,
lower to the ground even.

Parts of you expand; others emaciate.

Neither of us wanted to say the C word,
Irish superstitions paramount. The day you left your oxfords
on the table, I whispered *death is in the air*. You threw the black intruder
at me, laughing, silly girl.

We've done everything: blood tests, x-rays,
biopsies, ultrasounds, homeopathic remedies,
even couples reiki where I held onto the intrusive mass
with both hands, performing hand to chest.
And we're left with this. This heart-stopping, fist-punching cement,
diagnosis.

Nothing left to do but pray; finger onyx rosary beads
as you pack up your things, hide any unmentionables.

Meanwhile, the sky is falling.