

# Warm Tequila Neat

## Sean Ahern

Father.

You told me you have cancer  
growing under your skin.  
Spots so close I could touch them  
If you hugged me  
by pressing a thumb  
Into your Sicilian abdomen.

You said the Doctors talked  
about me being a donor  
about carving out a piece  
of my body  
to place inside you.  
Inside the body that made me  
never held me  
left me  
before I was cut from mother.  
They want you to hold me.  
To give you time  
but we have the same heart  
scarred, thick, broken  
with Hypertrophic cardiomyopathy  
and the surgery risk is high.

A warm tequila neat  
enough for me  
to swallow your words  
burnumblood cells  
drain to liver.

Warm tequila neat  
so my body knows  
how cells die  
how you feel  
taking shots of chemo  
to earn time

enough to say goodbye.