

## Dum Dum | Sean Ahern

I crack another Dum-Dum between my teeth,  
this one felt filling  
welded to enamel,  
the unholy synthesis of blueberry  
and banana bathing gustatory cells reminds me  
of the third round of carboplatin chemo  
it took to tear out the wet soggy lump  
from the back of my throat.  
I answer the door  
with a rope tied around my waist,  
sometimes I lose my grip  
sometimes I don't open the door  
unless it's mother,  
she brings the best spaghetti over  
and a bag of Dum-Dums.