

Lois Shimazaki

Cancer

Your eyes are black marbles that
sink deep into dark sockets; your
face wrinkled, a scrunched brown
paper bag that someone tried
to smooth out; unfold. The white
sheets with blue "Holy Cross Hospital"
line lie starched across your
bloated spleen that the doctor
said will reduce with diuretics.

I hold your hand, feel protruding
veins bubbling up, standing tall on
bone and know there is no cure.

I want to run my fingers through
your hair and kiss you but the
pressure on your face might
cause skin to collapse and I'd be
kissing teeth, gums. I'm afraid like
the first time I slept alone in my
room with the light off. I wish
you'd come into my room, tell
me fairies are for real and no
dragon ever harmed a sleeping child.

The Move

Thirty-two hours, black road;
yellow lines dash highway at
fifty-two per minute. I stare
hypnotized—Vision eclipses to
sound, a mesh of reality and sleep.

We arrive here, backs hunched,
seeping sap spindling to ground.
Our eyes weak, red and legs unstable
rocking docks on calm sea.
Tomorrow we unpack our lives
out of a rented U-Haul but
tonight we sleep heavy on
bare floor letting our souls
find their misplaced bodies.