

## FAYE D. FRITH

### Have You Had Mammography

Not looking up from my file at her desk in her cool backroom of their Danforth office north  
shining window sucking dry for morning east light  
blood pressure's fine un hnn fine fine fine fine bloodsugar's fine  
blood type un hnn here's your card carry it on you un hnn  
make an appointment with your gynocologist — here's your lab form for an ECG  
here's your do-it-yourself-&-mail-it Colo-Rectal Test — they'll let me know  
have you had a mammography? — no — receptionist will book you in — check with her before you go  
I think that's (smiling up) it —

There was a cool wind but the warm sun was beating us pushing tax through deadline  
twelve: thirty pm & slam through wind subway Greenwood Sherbourne wind & down on down to  
a Princess Margaret mammography at one — ahhhhh somebody say it hurts — damn damn —  
incontinence when rushing — so far all small grievances — *grandma died of breast cancer*

Down on down Sherbourne — got to be & there it is & down on down following the orange & quickly  
in as if quickly mattered & down on down into the small room with the white woman with her white  
clothes & under the white terryrobe I'm naked to the waist & down on down onto the chair  
ahhhhh — hardly room catcornered from each other & slammed into angles either gray end of  
General Electric space arm ray with breast holding hand of platform shape — white nice lady hand  
arranges slides adjusts each single breast between clear plexiglass black film — now hold  
your breast — now hold your other hand on head your breath don't breathe and 2 x vertical &  
2 X horizontal softly flattened unhurt breasts are rayed — just wait outside & quick as wink —  
fine you can go — ahhhhhh find & follow the orange out out & up up Sherbourne in to Loblaws for  
supper's snow peas bread carrots & mushrooms & through the 6 Items Only & on & stop in front of  
a WIN box —

WIN a BMX bike no purchase necessary & there on the poster young person "Tide" rides on helmet  
shirt gloves I think & there's the entry form & I put down my groceries & apply & walk at least a  
block without my groceries & have to go back back at least a block back back & *grandma died of  
breast cancer* — cancer dead Anne Sexton said in *The Awful Rowing Toward God* on page 16 that  
"when you face old age and its natural conclusion/your courage will still be shown in the little  
ways/...and at the last moment/when death opens the back door/you'll put on your carpet  
slippers/and stride out" — & today I wore my walking shoes & entered the kid contest —

*Senile, my mother does not sing anymore* — senile, my mother has Alzheimer's now &  
before she sang like a lark & we sang together ahhhhhh — "Senile, my sister sings" Irving Layton  
says on page 104 of *Droppings From Heaven*. *Senile, my mother doesn't know me now*  
(*& we each have an inverted nipple like maybe grandma had but thinks I resemble her*  
*some*

*body say mammography &*  
*somebody say mamma but they're all gone now*  
*somebody say they banished Great Mother &*  
*somebody say Eve drowned &*  
*somebody say Mary a virgin &*  
*grandma dead of breast cancer & mamma*  
*I have old kids but mamma*  
*I entered the kid contest — mamma*

*mamma*