

Calabash

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AFTER CHEMO

(for H)



That summer her jaundiced mouth
a yellow harp played graceful
against the mirror of sky

ever so lightly her dull hair returned
her eyes cleared, fingernails sparked
a lively pink
portions of the good earth returned

her left breast a bleached cloth
returned to bulge under blue grains of linen
white blood cells, those raging tortured cells
sang melodious