

## POETRY

### PROGNOSIS

The smirking moon  
And elusive stars  
Both wide awake  
Are his night lights,  
Companions and conspirators  
In his rambling ruminations  
As she sleeps close to him  
Yet far away from his fears.

The wind and nocturnal crickets  
Join him in thinking and rethinking:  
CEA's, MRI's, CA-125's.  
Asking how long may they dance?

He inhales in their memories,  
As she breathes the  
Darkness in and out.  
Recollections at these hours  
Are both sweet and bitter.  
Is it fair to look back  
At love?  
Is it greedy to squint ahead  
With hope?

Slipping into REM  
Holds no appeal  
As consciousness confers  
Moments, hours and even  
Transient ownership of  
This lease called life.

Now the nidus of  
Dawn is near.  
Blue jays at work  
Tell him that.  
But refusing to leave  
The moon and  
The stars ask  
For more nights.  
Perhaps demand it.

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