## **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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