



Illustration by Claire Gilmore

A spot

A spot, left middle lobe,
Size three, whatever three means,
And now, twelve
Months past, size six,
A glob of mutinous DNA,

Scattered from afar.
Late October,
Cold winds and rain,
Leaves red, yellow, brown,
Frosted and brittle, loud under my
Steps that have now slowed.

And in six months,
Another scan.

— Paul Rousseau, MD