

Big Yellow Watchdog Sun (The Physician's Song)

Listen, Lambie,
that girl hunched in the hall waiting for treatment
she's bald as an egg, with radiation.

Is the rabbit who lies beside me
(I hear her ask, thru my dream)
waiting to take me?

Then let him
skin
me, one flick of a knife.

Let my bones remain clean as honey.
Like Hazel
in *Watership Down*.

Leave running to the younger ones.
Who knows
maybe I'll see the fire in the primroses

come round
clearer red, next spring.



But I,
the knife of release held in my hand,
withhold it.

I watch the rosebud come round
before the buds of my own children.
One, two times for her, I saw the skin of sky broken:

watersac,
but not to deliver life or death.
Currents of feeling between us crest, like water in spring.

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At midnight I walk out alone
seeing her face, blue as Saturn,
seeing her head, bald as an egg, as a moon.

Currents strong
as Braille.
I close my eyes, run my sleepless fingers over them.

from "The Clinic" in *Nightmare Of Mouse*. © Lynn Strongin 1977, 2002.
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