

## *The Whole Season Is A Tale Of Sorrows*

Pathology speaks to me with the tongue of angels.  
Runs its voice smoothly along these walls.  
Who's that girl?  
Cold-thumb. Cut-cream. Student in another world, mine  
crushed hip, skiing four years ago.  
Absorbed  
pale Betsy Ross stitching her flag, stars & stripes on a transparent negative.

With wings of foil from a chocolate bar  
she rolls down the aisle.  
A stack of Harlequin romances, diamonds in a point of light  
clown strumming a banjo.



Why do people look hopeless  
at supermarkets at 5 p.m.?  
Boy buying four tortillas, black boy, flat eyes, wan smile.

Every syllable is light on the eyeball.  
Angels battle on the field of the eye.

*Honeysuckle-wind.*  
*Magnolia-milk.*  
Southernisms spring.

Girls in market gaffing about  
days off.  
This girl, bones turning to radium.

You've been working like a horse,  
doctor. You're white as ghost.  
Slow up. Calm down. Fire glistens on your limbs.

Casts &  
bruises  
in her sight are crown-jewels.

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Started out fighting for her leg  
now she's fighting for her life.  
Like a star, that concentration in her eyes.

The lady is a doctor.  
And dying is a tramp.  
Sweet friend, a transposition.



Light splits down the middle,  
listen:  
on one side night, the other light.

This clinic is a Civil-War-Torn-South.  
Light mends. But the young doctor, her sweet mouth  
keeps telling lies or truth? to the girl with the fractured hipbone, the shattered  
youth.