FLESH AND FLUIDS

After forty minutes

in the magnetron

I wait for the world

to quieten around me,

for someone to offer

access to the miraculous.

Are there coffins

in the crypt? How long

does dying take?

I still intend

to climb the rock fall –

no-one can take my place.

This cancer is like

a loved-one held hostage

and never allowed to go.

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