Now that I am sick,  
I have become  
so important  
to myself.  

My reflection in every  
surface, no matter  
how marbled or matte.  

My story swelling  
like a Magic Eye  
in every page I read.  

There has been much discussion  
of the life that lives within me—  
the bodies and the antibodies.  
The custodians and usurpers.  

And like some gouty tyrant,  

I have been waking  
in the witching hours  
obsessing over legacy  

and who will inherit  
my debts and vendettas.  

Ach, the moon is such  
a lousy prescription.  
Such a queasy pill.  

And the river such  
an inattentive orderly.  

This soil has such a  
bitter bedside manner.  
So unsteady a hand to hold.  

Atop this crematory heap  
of suffocating supplicants,
as the hot ash finds
the last of the Minoans,
scuttled in fields of saffron,

I beg and I weep and I rage:

But what about me?
Beautiful me?
What will become,
after all, of me?