

## Destroyer of Small Worlds

My head / got up without me today. The tumor deviated / my septum yesterday. It  
all started / with the theft of a single nostril. / *I am become we,* / the tumor says  
through my mouth, / causing my spine to shudder / with the effort. I was starting to  
think / that the tumor was two things now— / my head and my body— / but the  
tumor interrupted / through my tickling nose hairs / causing my head to sneeze out /  
these words: *I am not Tumor.* / *I am not Andrew.* / I feel the air moving around my  
body and my flesh / ripples. *I am Us.* / The tumor turns my head / to eye my still  
sleeping body in the distance. / *No. I am many.*