

MRI After Car Crash

Now that there are no patients to envy / my beautifully shaped skull, / they put me
in the next waiting room, / alone this time. / Debris had peppered / the windshield
and it turned into sounds, / I tell the technician. Try not to move / your head, she
says. / I try to think of a new / beginning, but always come back / to the sign on the
door: / remove all metal objects / before proceeding. Then my head / starts to sting. /
I'd be invisible, but for the contrast IV in your arm, / the tumor says. I'm really good at
hiding. / I thought we only used / like ten percent of our brains, / I tell the technician.
/ That's true, she says. / But you still need the other / ninety percent of your head /
would look weird. Now, try not to sneeze, / or cough, or blow your nose. / Maybe
I'll just hold my breath, / I think. But, / the tumor laughs, says *I'm really good / at*
killing you while you think / you're resting. Tell me another / joke. Make me laugh / while
you wait. While we / both wait. Debris had peppered— / the tumor screams / with
laughter.