

## Poem

# Cancer

In the fall, she draws inward  
her thoughts her voice

pulled in. The sound of her  
own beating heart, a quiet *shh*

of sound, grows slowly silent. The art  
of loss so perfected, that mind

and memory will ease once again into  
hibernation, burying roots in

deeper channels —

Is it winter that forgets her, or does  
the body forget itself? At the last

its knot-spined trunk will exhale  
the frozen air. Immersed in solitude

its thousand pores, will knit rings into  
themselves and feather away the last

clinging leaves. And their absence,  
fluttering in the air, will pulse

painfully, like a living thing.

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