

CANCER CELLS AS POP ART

Here is a copy of a miracle. In my dressing room, I try on a burgundy crushed velvet blazer, vintage selvedge indigo jeans, and an ironed white T. Too big. I don't recognize my sunken cheeks and permanent frown. In a fresh crepe paper notebook, I list things that change while we sleep. Memories braid. Muscles swell. Cells copy. A ladybug climbs a lampshade. A moth with ombre wings rests on a popcorn ceiling. Cinammon lingers on a severed tongue like an unasked question. What next?

A photo of oxford shoes standing at the edge of a photo of stiletto-heeled boots.

Here are Warhol's Polaroids. A scarred torso, gash in a maple tree trunk. A gold crucifix between breasts. A dropped, double dented fedora. A hand holding a camera. Flexed bicep, snake that swallowed a rabbit. Trouser leg concealing a bulge. Do you believe in low light and trick mirrors? Is the answer to cover your face with one spread hand? Morning fog blurs feet. A boy stands in front of a painting of a purple faced screen goddess. Curled toes in ancient sandals. A hand grasps a phone receiver. The cord spirals beyond the border.

A day with two clouds rubbing against azure.

Here is an image of my lover's face superimposed onto mine. Maybe this is a kind of kiss. Alter egos spin from us, pink eraser sheddings. I write a poem and mass produce myself. The speakers are purblind and vain, a middle-aged writer receiving radiation, a chip toothed teenager watering orange Echinacea, a tanned porn-star going viral, glistening in a lavender bubble bath, posting to his alt account on Insta, and a legendary sequined Drag Artist named Anna Falaxis.

Blue lips cold as science. A vampire bat dreaming upside down.

Here is a catalog of cures. A perforated silver star with no vertices, hovering in front of a bookcase. A boy buried in beach sand, except for his wet head. His smirk pursing an unlit cigarette. Santa Claus leers over reading glasses. Do you believe cancer demands that we change? Two men stand in Rome's Stadium of the Marbles, backs to the viewer, before a stone parade of identical nude bodies, inert in different poses. Plurality snaps singularity. I've worn a mask, voice lowered to not disturb others. I've taken every prescribed medicine. What next?

Light the color of shucked corn.