
POETRY | SPRING 2014

Cisplatin at 11:15

By Joseph Eved

It isn't easy to remember that this is a choice
when the chemical is pumped in,
and we feel the ache in our bones,
and taste the metal at the back of our throats
while doubled over with the ringing in our ears.

It's killing our blood but keeps the tumor from growing;
that is if we're lucky,
and most of us still end up missing pieces.

Granted, it's not much of a choice
being confined to these high-rise cages with glass windows,
becoming pale and sunken,
looking so much like the death that we're trying to escape
and vomiting into plastic basins
always wet from rinse and reuse.

But the really sick part is that we want the nausea,
because spilling our guts
is still a little less like the feeling
of being eaten alive.

Joseph Eveld has a B.A. in English from Northeastern University, and a M.F.A. in Creative Writing, Fiction from Boston University. His work has been featured in Northeastern's *Spectrum Literary Arts Magazine*, and he was a finalist in *Glimmer Train Magazine's* Short Story Award for New Writers. He is also a bone cancer survivor, thirteen years post-treatment for osteosarcoma.

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