

---

POETRY | FALL 2012

## Meningioma

By Lorri Danzig

I repeat, tongue tangling  
On the doctor-speak.

“Brain tumor,” he expounds,  
And my mind pirouettes in place.

“Size of a golf ball,” he adds,  
And I see his lips move.

“Glacial pace,” he assures,  
As my eyes shift to the door.

“Benign,” he buoys,  
But it’s brain tumor, I hear.

As I drop

Into a deep well of stillness  
Where the rhythm of my breath  
Is the only count of time  
Passing, hour devouring hour

Until, like a dervish centered  
Along the axis of the whirl  
I’m recalled from the chaos  
By a single repeating word:

Benign.

It resounds like a temple gong.  
Vibrations, setting off a symphony,  
That sing to me a new song  
Of a tumor come to teach me  
Not to slay me.

Meningioma.  
Benign.

---

Lorri Danzig's creative non-fiction essays are published in two *Thin Threads* anthologies. Her poems

have been published in *Caduceus*, *Moments of the Soul*, and *The Little Red Tree 2010 International Poetry Prize Anthology*, where her poem received commendation as a Notable Selection. Her interviews with Elders are found in *The Nurse's Role in Promoting Optimal Health of Older Adults: Thriving in the Wisdom Years* (F.A. Davis, 2012) Over the years, she has published many articles in trade journals and other business publications. Today, she is a certified teacher of the Age-ing to Sage-ing® program for Elders and a Spiritual Care volunteer for The Connecticut Hospice. Within a two-year period Lorri Danzig found herself first a caregiver for her father and then a patient herself.