
POETRY | FALL 2021

Sofia, Mayday

By Marta Christov

my father drops iodine
into our milk cups purple
dissolves into white

rumors swirl and mingle like
clouds moving westward my
father brings iodine

Mayday was warm following
April explosions of lilacs
purple pink white

flowers lean over the fences
we picked and picked after
the rain drips iodine

in our mouths copper taste
like blood and bruises purple
spreads into white

that Mayday I remember we
walked and walked free outside
and my father dropped iodine
purple disappears into white

Marta Christov is an emerging poet. Her work explores the patient experience and understanding of illness. Her work has been published by Intima, Pulse, and JAMA. She is a practicing nephrologist in Newton, MA.

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