

The Chemistry of Prognosis

By Kirk Hathaway

If I could fall over a stump at 83,
while gardening at your side
the morning an exhalation
of another day in world
we had created: ours . . .

I would then gladly bleed out
the last comforts of my life:
you at my side informing
our gentle doctor of details
I might not quite get right,

An attractive, alert attendant
dove-tailing chemistries with
prognoses smiling kind, knowing
eyes at the last journeys of my heart.

If this could be but me with you
with the all those decades of us,
we would have built a bridge
from what we were as children
to what we made of us together. . .

Our last outdoor morning, both
of us looking up just before my fall,
laughing as the first falling leaves
of Autumn turned, as one of us
was taken when our world could not

Be better. And you watching me
going on, your being alone becoming
as strong as us, not losing any of this,
this spirit we have created together,
except of course, the warmth of my

Feet . . .shuffling along to the next
world.

Waiting ahead,
around a corner . .
to be found once more by you.

Kirk Hathaway, graduate of San Francisco State University's Master's Playwriting Program, has seen plays produced in California and Ohio and has collaborated with The Lancaster Chorale, Grammy Award Composer Robert Page, and a protégé of the late Marcel Marceau. Recipient of a Poets & Writers grant for workshops in Ohio's Appalachia, he taught collegiate writing for over 20 years. After being left for dead in a head-on collision Hathaway retreated from playwriting for more intimate voices in poetry. Poems are published in Peacock Journal, Steam Ticket Journal, Circle Show, Allegro & Adagio, prose in Connotation Press: An Online Artifact.

© 2017 *Intima: A Journal of Narrative Medicine*