

POETRY | FALL 2018

Visible Signs

By Meg Lindsay

The physician's assistant says
as she clicks the mouse
as she stares at the blue screen
oh he'll want to resume chemo

and we are torn
between chemo, side effects,
the new immunotherapies
or
an emptiness
perhaps sooner, or rather later

and the oncologist says
it's change, it's what we've expected,
from .05 to .20,
you've done no maintenance
to keep it down and we counter with
he's healed his broken bones,
not built up resistance to the drugs
and the oncologist says
we'll do another test

so I ask him about his Thanksgiving,
wanting him to pause, wanting him not to vanish
behind a closing door and he says
he is *cooking, two cranberry sauces so far,*
one with chutney and I say *I prefer to add orange.*

Does he see beyond our unchanging expressions
the bomb he has lobbed
into our lives
exploding, as we try to think
what more to ask before he shuts the door

as we sit and look at him
as he looks at the screen
as his hand, each time, clicks the mouse,
moves the mouse, searching?

Meg Lindsay, who has an MFA in poetry from Sarah Lawrence College, was a semi-finalist in two "Discovery"/The Nation Contests and a finalist in an Inkwell competition. She has poems published in Light, Tricycle, Pivot, Salamander, Alimentum, Connecticut River Review, among others, and is also an established painter showing for decades in galleries and museums. Her chapbook about the process and emotions of painting titled *A Painter's Night Journal* was published by Finishing Line Press in 2016. The subject of her writing dramatically changed direction when her husband, an athlete, collapsed with bone cancer in 2016. Find out more about her work at www.meglindsayartist.com