
POETRY | FALL 2019

What's Left of My Friend with Emphysema

By Nancy Dimsdale

In the beginning you were inside out.
You couldn't remember your name or mine.
When your face betrayed confusion and doubt
I tried to pretend this wasn't a sign.
It had to be only a brief decline.

Then you began to panic easily.
When you couldn't breathe you cried out for me.
At some point you'll tell me to let you go
but I don't know how I'll ever agree.
I'm scared I'll be caught between yes and no.

Nancy Dimsdale lives in San Diego. Her poems have appeared in *Magee Park Poets Anthology*, *A Year in Ink Anthology*, *San Diego Poetry Annual*, *Paterson Literary Review*, and *Intima: A Journal of Narrative Medicine*.

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