

Tumor

John Kay

We visited the life you fled
for a bed on a Houston cancer

ward. Utter strangers, we slept
in your sheets, used your pillows,

drank coffee from your cups,
examined your college photos,

your choices of art, the books
on heaven. In a week, we were

floating in your skin, carrying
your keys. In the beginning,

we tried to leave everything as
it was—then it didn't matter.

