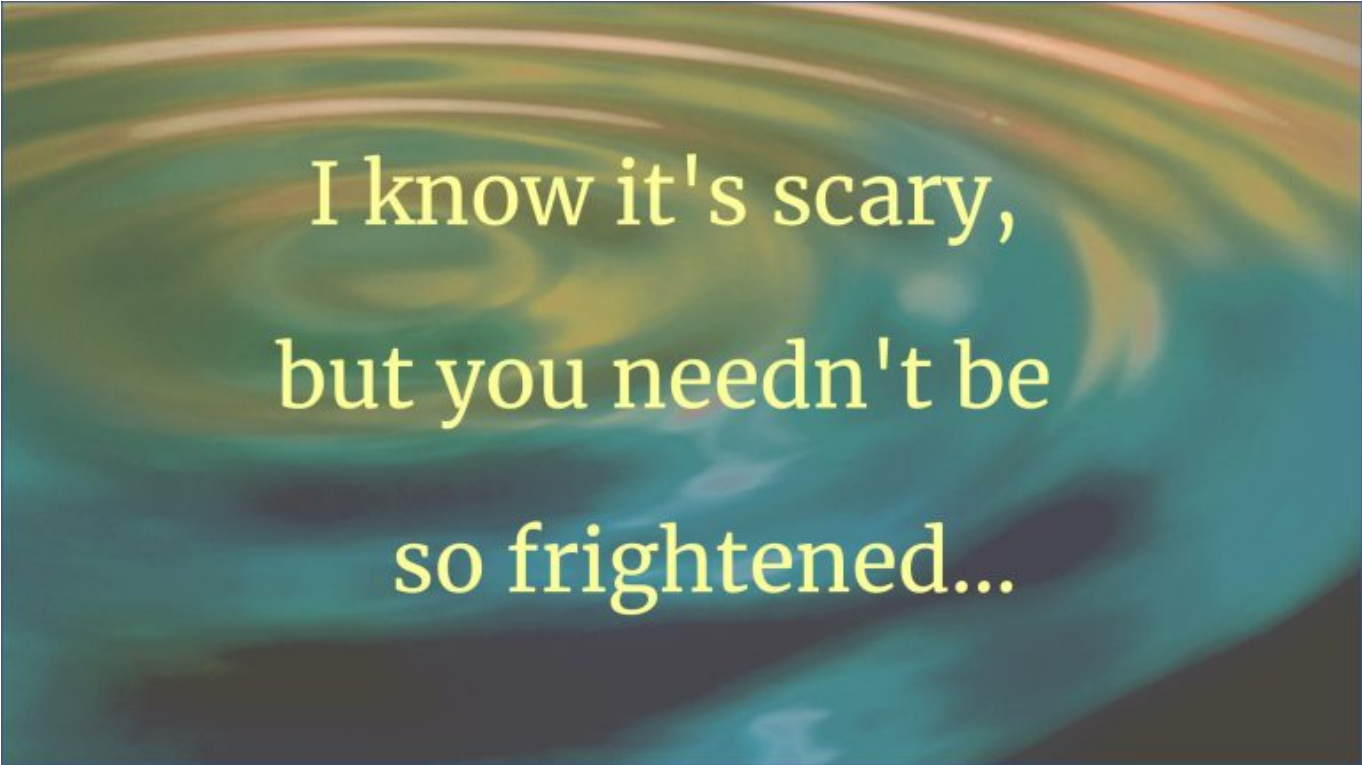


# Microcalcifications

Category: Poems

written by Carol Scott-Conner | October 1, 2021



I know it's scary,  
but you needn't be  
so frightened...

A cluster, I say,  
so small – see? I can cover it  
with the tip of my finger. Tiny little  
calcifications. I show  
you the mammogram.  
I orient you to your own breast,  
shown in unfamiliar form. You need  
a biopsy, I say. They will  
numb you up and take  
out some material  
with a special needle  
and then we can see  
what we are dealing with here.

Is it cancer? You ask.  
We don't know yet, I say.  
Maybe, maybe not. It could  
be something, it could be nothing.  
The thing is, it is small, this cluster,  
see? I can cover it with my  
fingertip. We can deal with this,  
you and I.