

Good Enough

Category: Poems

written by Carol Scott-Conner | April 29, 2022



Three weeks after my mastectomy, I traveled south.
I slung my carry-on bag crosswise over my body
and jostled my way through the airport, the bag
in front of me, to form a barrier, protecting my incision.
I let my arm rest on the bag,
to take the tension off the shoulder.
My wound was so fresh I still had to tend it every night.
But it was healed enough that I could swim
in the pool, alone in the cool water,
too cold for other swimmers,
a towel slung over the flat side
the side with no breast
until I dove in. I was still
self-conscious, even when I was alone.

And then I kayaked out to where
the oysters spat saltwater several feet
into the air as we passed. And I waited
for that phone call. And always
in the back of my mind, what if?
Finally, the call from my oncologist.
The last tests were back.
The numbers were okay—not spectacular,
but good enough. And that's all you need,
is good enough.
No chemo required. Just pills. He put

the scrip into the system. I could pick them up
when I returned. And then
it was the last day of the trip. I walked
through the farmer's market, ate cherry tomatoes
from a sack, and saw a bald eagle
soar overhead.
Then I flew home. It would be
good enough.