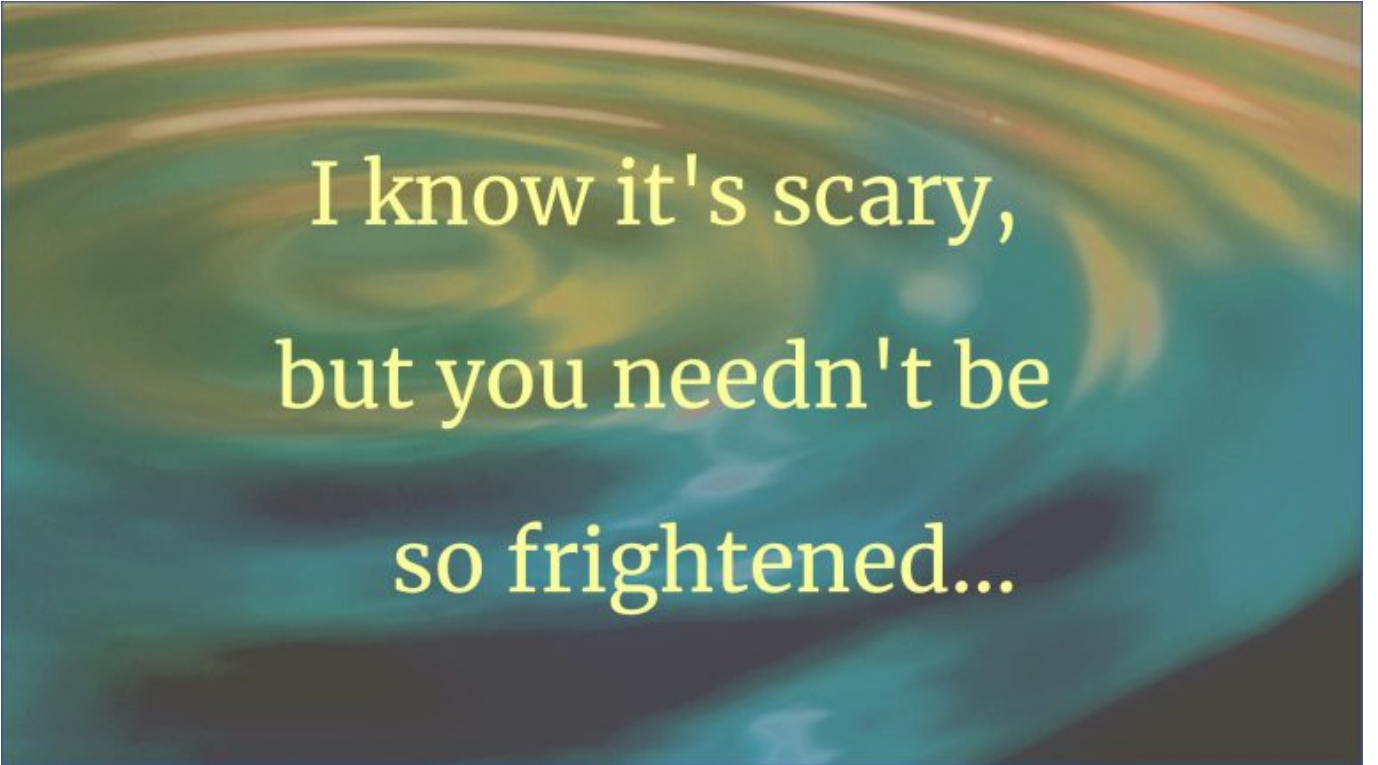


Microcalcifications

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.