

The Waiting Room

Category: Poems

written by Michael Brown | December 8, 2023



What happened to the fish
I ask the receptionist

The plastic seaweed was toxic
She replies with a shrug

So we sit and wait watching
A string of jeweled bubbles rise

To the surface
In the otherwise empty tank

It's our second visit to the oncologist
Only weeks ago four or five fish

Sashayed back and forth
Like orange and black flags

They seemed content
Devastation is a molecule of plastic

A broken chromosome
A surfacing bubble