

The Man Who Will Perform My Colonoscopy

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As I slouch in the shower, drained by fear
and laxatives, does he look forward to a day
inspecting bowels? The way I dreamed

of the Big Leagues – the three-two pitch;
my swing; the long drive going, going,
gone – did he dream of reading messages

from where the sun don't shine?
While I try, with mental spears
and two-by-fours, to fight off banshees

wailing, *Cancer*, does he (like me) savor
the word TLACATALALLI: Aztec treat
made from sweet corn and enemies?

Does he smile bitterly to think how cows,
Goats, pigs were hanged for witchcraft,
then eaten by fat priests, sins and all?

Did he remember to kiss his kids good night?

(I did, wondering, "Will I drag,
tomorrow, a death-sentence home?")

After sex – how not to link the penetrations? –

does he give and get the benedictory
goodnight kiss? Does he take his wife's dear,

mortal face in his often-bloodied hands,

wishing she'll sleep tight, and have sweet
dreams?