

# *Chemo*

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As you turn to the oncoming magic,  
what subsumes?

Because everything can't stay  
at the surface, what is forgotten?

Your overlying shadow?

The aspect of sensation,  
immediate, compelling?

Or the primitive drive  
of instinctual flight?

Is there a heaviness  
of limbs in your surrender?

Do you remain alert  
to what creeps in, to cool or heat  
as it progresses, moving  
under your skin  
like a spreading realization?

Does it urge  
or discourage a resolve  
as it performs its  
inner work?

And you, there, alone,  
in whatever position you've assumed,  
do you poise an idea  
toward what happens next?  
Do you allow yourself  
to think that far?  
Do you ask,  
"When is this over?"  
then  
"What is 'when'?"  
and  
"What is 'this'?"  
and  
"What is 'over'?"