



11-15-2002

Getting the News

Peter Desy

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Recommended Citation

Desy, Peter (2002) "Getting the News," *Westview*: Vol. 22 : Iss. 1 , Article 16.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol22/iss1/16>

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Getting the News

by Peter Desy

You can't feel them but you know they're there,
the sentinels on guard against those cankers
or the cells that go amiss. But now the molecules
break and form in helpless *deja vu*.

Or the albino tentacles of tissue
sinuate toward some important part,
a thing you can't do without, a small gland,
or smaller even than a follicle, subhuman, with a sac.

Well it *all* breaks down, and you get the news
on the telephone from a nurse with a guarded
"The Docor wants to see you,"
which is exactly like getting The News.

His still photograph shows the site
of the traveling disaster. You wish it were
something on your arm you could slap
and flick away, but it isn't.

It winds down or up some venue
of a vein or duct, or (you imagine),
breaking surface, oozes here or there.
The limpid antibodies float, petered out.

Going home you feel like a broken equation
in which x got lost for good.
It all seems so simple, and it is,
but unacceptable.

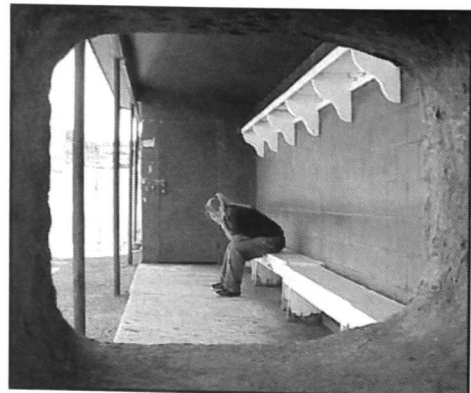


Photo by Tabatha Kathol

