

# Acceptance

the otolaryngologist tolls  
*You've got a tumor at the base of your tongue*  
—but you knew that  
*Take this paperwork to Tammi, she'll set up a biopsy*

stag-  
ger  
the hallway  
ceiling  
lights  
disco-ball  
fireflies  
punctuate  
the walls

clip the door frame with an elbow  
turn a corner into the reception room  
drop forms on Tammi's desk

smile (I think)

room shimmers clever gold fetching mauve  
feel my body gone slack faint  
wake to Tammi's waist asking *Are you okay?*