

Embrace

Emily Pérez

The tumors wrapped
from your back
to your heart.

A cage
radiant, your face
was wet.

The tumors
vined
each vertebrae.

They moused holes
in the bone
leaving no
true line
just a nibble
of spine.

As if a bone
were cheese
easily dissolved.

The tumors
thirsted,
a drought struck tree
rooting
towards pipes
that fed
the dishwasher



and pool.
Cracking the steel.
Water seeping
to soil.

