

POETRY | FALL 2019

Veterinary Lessons

By Jane Desmond

Yesterday, at the Vet's I learned how to puncture your skin,

to pull your wild, soft fur up like a tent between your shoulder blades, behind your tall, tufted, bunny ears that make you look perpetually surprised,

to prick the tiny needle in and wait while the thin plastic tube, looping like a twirl of linguine, fills with clear liquid from the bulging pouch:

Just the right balance of electrolytes to help your kidneys keep flushing toxins.

This will now be our daily routine-a solution to keep you alive.

Slowly, a balloon of that water bulges under your thin skin with its plush angora coat pushing slate colored fur out like a fuzzy softball.

Then, like a magician's trick, it subsides, life-giving fluids sucked up by your tissues.

I pluck the needle out short, thin, -- a minor thing, and, treatment done, know that

"When the time comes," (as the veterinarian puts it,) when your kidneys fail, no matter how much water is pushed through them,

another needle, longer-wider-but just as sharp will deliver a different solution.

Bright blue juice from the doctor's hand will be your final treatment: your death a quiet endless sleep.

When my time comes, when pain grinds all away but a tiny glimmer of who I used to be I wish such a simple solution could be brought to bear:

a glide of surgical tip, beveled steel slid into my vein the warming plunge of bright blue toxins to still my heart:

suffering's generous end.

