
POETRY | FALL 2020

Here, Ellipses

By Suzanne Edison

I.

Here, a forest where a broken
swinging limb houses lichen frost
that lives as I do, on thin air

II.

Here, in this warping shadow,
I've lost track
of the day's name

overloaded as we are
with magnolia coronas, branches petaled
cream & lipstick edged

frothed
by the quiet
quickenened by lack of traffic

III.

Here, the invisibly viral moves me
to virtual voices & visions
the cat chasing its tail
turning & turning

IV.

I stand at the window
moon waiting

day waiting

lines at stores

masked

figures

the darting

fear, in black bandana

or cupcake patterned paper

masquerades

in parks

on bicycles

hospital doorways
the surgical theater

not a stage is this a stage?

V.

For now, we parents & partners
forced to family
fragmented memories of fragrances
 chili peppers rice paddies cedar pollen

what's familiar?

I tell my daughter
this will pass, though each day
seems like 52-card pickup

VI.

We have sirens
& EMT's perspiring like NASCAR drivers
& the daily droning

of probabilities & percentages
of graphs & graphs & graspable
warnings unheeded
to-do lists vised & revised & listlessly forgotten.

of splits who & what to trust

VII.

We have diameter & distance:
our shrunken social circles
 diametrically opposed
to skin and arms

our air & space laden
with head-turning viburnum & diesel delivery trucks

we have panic & protesters
a scrambled chorus
egging up our minds

VIII.

And we wonder
Who's essential expendable

IX.

And we watch
the baby hummingbird fledge and think...*O, to be aloft*

X.

And we call each other saying—*How*
you holding up
How you holding
How you
How

Suzanne Edison, MA, MFA. Her recent chapbook, *The Body Lives Its Undoing*, was published in 2018. Poetry can be found in *Michigan Quarterly Review*; *JAMA*; *Whale Road Review*; *The Naugatuck River Review*; *Scoundrel Time*; *Mom Egg Review*; *Persimmon Tree*; *SWWIM*; *Intima: A Journal of Narrative Medicine*; *The Ekphrastic Review* and forthcoming in *Passager*. She lives in Seattle, is a 2019 Hedgebrook alum and teaches at Richard Hugo House. Her poem “Here, ellipses” appears in the Fall 2020 *Intima*.

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