



Volume 14  
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## Transplant / Doctoring / Cancer Season

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### Transplant

Hill grass sparrows  
in the ditches  
dry clover, black antler limbs of fallen oaks  
gesture to us, speak  
of Mendocino county

the alluvial  
Navarro somewhere  
east of Eden, west of Highway One

what am I trying to say—

except that the mosquitoes are biting tonight  
and we make choices—this drug or that cut  
shifting livers from the dead to the living  
and whom to love

and so on.



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## Doctoring

Some lines are blurred of late—

in the liminal breakwater  
we trade stale air back and forth  
I look down  
I see your flesh on my hands  
*I must seem crazy to you, doc*  
*I hear voices, I do bad things*  
*to others*

not at all—you see,  
some days we are the same person  
at night you crowd the clinic  
candle wax faces melting into mine  
multiplied  
on the murky horizon between illness  
and migration  
where we bottom-dwellers swim.

Doctoring,  
you must understand  
is a lot like being a woman;

in the morning  
we put on our other faces  
we ride the subway quiet

hoping not to be seen.

## Cancer Season

Inside now we are going gently to seed  
not this, the world we knew before; I see  
spores behind your eyes  
like dandelions in August.

Still, the hot sun cakes our skin  
leaves fall as they do  
such are things.

Not a time we can cure  
but can we live on in the warm earth  
like nurse logs?

—perhaps

yes  
and slowly slowly  
the slowly burning forests will swallow us.

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