

Cancer, she says unequivocally, is nothing short of an abomination. Lorde refuses to adopt an optimistic attitude, when she too is encouraged to bright side her cancer experience. Lorde angrily asks instead, highlighting the politics of cancer prevention, “What would happen if an army of one-breasted women descended upon Congress and demanded that the use of carcinogenic, fat-stored hormones in beef-feed be outlawed?” (16). Feminist anger, however, as Ahmed reminds, is generally not well-tolerated (177). Indeed, angry women are still too often dismissed as irrational, misguided and even crazy. Despite this, Ehrenreich and Lorde both choose to illustrate how a breast cancer diagnosis is worthy of anger. It is worth getting angry about if the goal is a collective eradication of the disease. And it is worthy of anger in order to critique the emotional culture of breast cancer currently cloaked in the guise of happiness.

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M. E. CSAMER

and round the meadows let the winds rotate (after Rilke's *Autumn Day*)

The wind will blow hard from the south today,
snow pile its bulwark against the door,
no footprints will cross the lawn: this desolate house
abandoned to exigencies, no one to *impose*
upon the sundials shadows or any other measurement.
Time's of no account today.

No one *commands the last fruits to incarnadine*
they lie black beneath the snow. I would be here
but for the pause your death imposes, a silence *inveighed*
into the heavy vine.

I have your papers to look over. Lie abed instead,
with Rilke, this poem a friend has sent:
He'll not build now, who has no house awaiting.

These days are for mourning, hours unprepared for
not respite but parenthesis,
broken threads to be reworked into the whole;
I think and dream, I look for words.
I wish I knew how not to turn grief to grievance.

Who's now alone, for long will so remain
That's you, Dad, as always. How do
I mourn you, do I mourn the absence, the exemption
from us you took, years before my birth?
I arrived to your absence
which made you irresistible.

Inertia's daughter, even now I look for you
in this empty place, my love,
which as you aged, gave in tasks
what it could no longer utter
down the long telephone lines,
waiting for you to say it back.

I do as Rilke says
sit late, read, write long letters
and when that fails, write poems,
the part of me you sometimes read.
I'll not return to *restlessly perambulating*
the avenue of parks when leaves downrain.
Winter has come to wipe out definition.
Grief's as white, as ineffable.

M. E. Csamer's poetry appears earlier in this volume.