
CINDY CHILDRESS

What Remains for Suzie

Suzie writes to me about sexual exploits when she’s between chemo treatments. The friend she always flirted with took leave from his job and moved across the country to change her bedpan and give sponge baths after the partial; he found ways to please the two remaining inches inside her when the scars healed. Eddie’s gone home now.

So, she tells me what color scarves should I send, what places she dreams of having again to be touched and by whom. The tumor isn’t responding to radiation Eddie is married.

The doctor smiles sadly, she thinks because he likes her face masked in donated Lancôme products framed by a bright, red wig in defiance that those outside herself should read her inner cavities like a cheap novel as she awaits prescriptions at Walgreens.

When they met, Eddie said he didn’t normally like feminist but she was not butch at all. She clings to breasts and the masquerade of hormones, feminine and undone. It is the female abjecting itself from itself, she writes amazed at her body’s treachery, conspiracy with science against her nature’s impulse to climax.

Cindy Childress’ poetry appears earlier in this volume.