

**From *Thyroid and Other Matters***

“We’ll go in there and take out the criminals,”  
says her Dr. Cop. They must be saddling her thyroid.

At her drawing class, she sketched a nude model.  
A mark or two, what would be drawn on her skin.

She sketched a long and fluid unerring line,  
the thesis of the pose.

*Please, don’t slip up on my skin.*

And at night she snips the flesh acorns hanging from  
her earlobes and her navel.

*I knew I wasn’t a tree.*

\*

What are the insides called?

Day before they take it out, she looks up  
what it is:

gland, two lobes  
& an isthmus, wrapping around the wind.  
No. Just below the voice box,  
around the windpipe.

The body’s names once landmasses

and a shield.

\*

“Take a photo of me in a surgical cap,” she smiles.

“Cocktail?”

“Why not?”

Surprises—

The surgical room the size of a walk-in closet  
Small corner of the world

\*

Incision  
Body taken off  
To wake attached  
To a cherry pit  
Kicked into rolling

Far away  
The trees are soaked

They drip dry

\*

People say they don't see the scar. She tells them the news. "Oh, I see it now," they say.

\*

Hospital basement, doctor puts on gloves, opens a vault in the floor and hands her a pill she swallows. Six people wait outside for theirs. At home, after she reads *To the Lighthouse* she throws away the book because of her radioactive hands.

Letter to a patient: "This radionuclide has a half-life of 8 days."