

Bifucuration

by Diana M. Raab

Having a breast sliced off
leaves a woman with two lives—
the one before the loss
and the one after.

The post-op phantoms echo images
of a normal womanhood, stretching
back to the teen years and
horny pre-pubescent boys,
then passionate lovers
and husbands, all on the hunt
for mysterious erogenous zones.

My next life will be laden with
tears, eruptions of anger, reminders
of budding adolescence, the tinglings
of let-down and the sounds of a crying
baby who knows no other way to
ask for what it wants, unlike you
who have been in love for as many years
as your age now.