

# THROAT AND LUNGS

Abigail McCreedy

You fell like a flower  
weeping by Wednesday  
wilted on Friday

You were stage three on Sunday  
spreading and infecting  
faster than a wildfire

Lungs to ashes  
a cough like gunfire  
hair falling faster  
than a hummingbird's flutter

Wondering if you deserved  
the end of your serials,  
terminal with season four

Carcinogen fuming.

Laying in white hospital sheets  
you told me you saw God and Rama  
that second time around  
You would eat green peas  
drink chamomile tea

You died on Friday  
You were green last Sunday  
I hope you found a heaven  
where only health spreads