POETRY

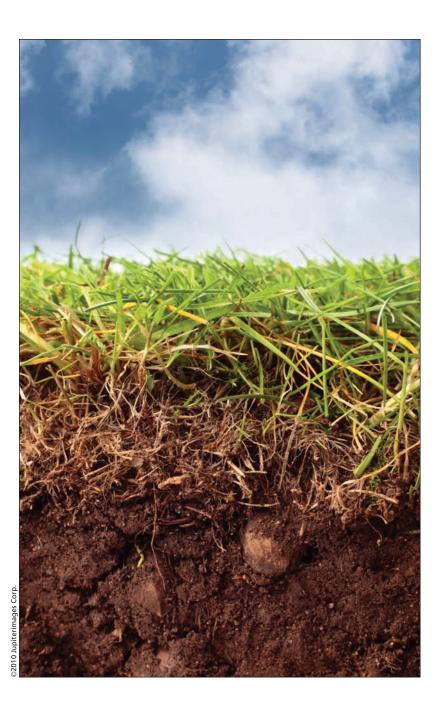
Returns

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The earth asks for my return: Body lines settle softly, A butter pat left by the stove. I am, in fragments Replaced by the air I breathe, The apples I ate. Unfair trade is assured; Pieces of me get left behind. After the babies departed my belly, The once-thick hair, a banana In its ponytail elastic, Fell in black torrents. Where did I leave the placentas And the nail clippings And the spit? My bones are in cycle; A daily disintegration And faulty restoration That is running out of bricks And mortar, though I consume Rations of minerals Like a good girl. The earth is asking for me And I am docile in the descent. The time for raging against Gravity is past; I'm off The apogee and sliding. I look to the water, the soil -I will be there soon enough, Everywhere and nowhere In the gingko leaves Of the great front-yard tree And the East River by which I learned To shred a cadaver so delicately With blunt scissors.

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