

## POETRY

**Fontanelle**

Previously published at [www.cmaj.ca](http://www.cmaj.ca)

I squished the soft spot on her crown,  
no longer sunk, my fingers paused  
along the fault lines, ossified  
to find this new, hard, mind of her own

The first great fontanelle had closed.  
Now there'd be the secrets hid in hair,  
desires more fleshed out than milk and potty  
blushes, crayons, jokes...  
Who knows what else she'd stash in there  
tuck away in bone, and never share.

I took her to the doctor for a cure, early intervention  
for brains that locked, a skull that double crossed, could  
shut me out of windows.

He laughed.

But truth is, I was scared  
I would never touch her thoughts so completely again.

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DOI:10.1503/cmaj.091671