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Tamoxifen and Turmeric

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The Fates spun our threads
Together, wove our genes
Into the fabric of this moment.
Our fingers linked, we shared
A womb, a bedroom, a diagnosis.

Our yoke chokes me when you
Stop to question the chemo and
I cannot; I take the cytarabine.
You sprinkle cinnamon and cloves and
Gather stones suffused with the
Goodwill of the universe.

Your decisions drift you to a
Fate I cannot follow, but when
I am finally alone, your
Crystal pendant is a millstone
Of my faithlessness, hanging
Warm, beside my breast.

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