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Tumor
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TUMOR

I lift your scalp like the lid on a pot of stew and firk the fucker out. I've wondered for weeks which color it really was: the yellow glow on the MRI, the encyclopedia diagram's green pecan, the tiny blue crab from my dreams? You were no help. You slept and slept. I quizzed interns over cafeteria trays: *Red like cherry Jello-O? Darker, like these beets?* Sometimes I imagined it earthworm pink, sometimes grey from all the brain it ate. Now here it is at last: white as an empty ledger. Wake up, you bastard. I can't write this alone.