## What the Doctor Saw

Yoni Hammer-Kossoy

The blot on my leg

that she scoped with her loop

the one I thought

was a harmless spot

what catch called her back

for a second look

instead of waving me out

until next year?

Did it drift like a storm

long before it's been named

no more than a pile

of feathered clouds

or did a torrid eye

shoot back her stare

from a deepening whirl

of spiral bands?

Did it bound like a gazelle

or stalk from afar

like a hyena at the fringe

of a water hole?

Was it primed to bloom

into a singular rose

or snap shut in a clap

on an unsuspecting fly?

How deep could she see

to what scale or scheme?

Did her gaze pierce

the story that thrums

at the core of every cell?

Did she witness the moment

when off triggered on –

a forgotten line

or buried lie

that waited somewhere

between halfway done

and just begun?