

MIND TO MIND

Creative writing that explores the abstract side of our profession and our lives

Stephen T. Harvey, M.D., Editor

Dear Dr. Park, it's June again

Carolyn Oliver

Dear Dr. Park, it's June again,
this one so wet and cool twilight spills
over the hours like a storm tide over houses,
and I'm half here, watching my son's
taffy-stretched limbs starfishing
across the bright green lawn gone to clover
and half submerged in a years-ago June,
in the night I was so far under the pain
I forgot how to hate your needles, Dr. Park,
and then I forgot to fear you too,
in the morning when I could feel everything
and begged you for the gift of feeling nothing
(or almost nothing, except the burrowing bass
beat under my skin, the tug and endless,
endless pull of parting, breath by breath)
which you gave me—I had enough nothing
that my arms trembled, empty, same as now,
until my son jumps to help me lift him,

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jumps to reach the lanugo-soft petunias
sending out their waves of languid sweetness
for the evening pollinators, sighing

it's not over yet, the work's not done
and oh Dr. Park, can you recommend
something to take the edge off time's routine

procedure, the severing of each moment from
its mother—I want to be awake for this life, I do,
but I can't surface for every scalpel slice,

I need a dreamy estuary present, because
somehow—I wasn't ready, but somehow,
it's June again, dear Dr. Park.