

2013

Selected Poems

Jason Fishel
New York Medical College

Follow this and additional works at: https://touro scholar.touro.edu/quill_and_scope

Recommended Citation

Fishel, J. (2013). Selected Poems. *Quill & Scope*, 6 (1). Retrieved from

This Poetry and Creative Writing is brought to you for free and open access by the Students at Touro Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Quill & Scope by an authorized editor of Touro Scholar. . For more information, please contact touro.scholar@touro.edu.



Selected Poems

Jason Fishel

Neoplasm

They say that if they let it grow unchecked,
this cancer would soon develop into a mass
the size of the Earth, and but of course, science
being so positivist these days, how could
they possibly even know that, you know docs
don't have to ask for your permission for
anything these days, I really bet they just went
ahead and did it, shot that little piece of tumor
they whacked out of me into space and watched
it grow unchecked into a mass the size of the Earth,
you know, they say that every cell in the human
body comes from one single great great great
great great great granddaddy, I guess
I too could have just as easily grown up into
a cancer planet instead of me, but I bet that I'd
make the same choice if they let me try again,
the giraffe still gets a kick out of his graceful legs,
even as the lion takes him down to earth for dinner.

Focus

My eyeballs have left me in the dark,
packed their emergency duffel bags
and rolled aboard the first subway
train they could find, they left a note,
I think, but I couldn't read it, I'm guessing
it was something about long work hours
or taxation without representation,
it hardly matters now because they're
gone, off to see the world, their long
misuse now ancient history between we
three, I miss them quite a bit, you know,
there's always a chance in these sorts of
abusive relationships, a chance they might
come back, I know that wouldn't be any
good for either of them but that doesn't
stop me from dreaming about it, picturing
them in my mind's eye only, circling on back
into my empty sockets, coming to rest focused
in on a single point like we used to do in the old
days, and then back to it, to long nights, small
text, blariness, pulsing blood percussion even
when they try to sleep, oh, they'll get sick of it
again, they'll leave again, maybe next time they
won't come back, finally enticed by the lasting
freedom of sunsets over the Pacific, of places they
never got to go when they were still with me.

Manse

This old house is senile,
demented, out of its gourd,
the comings and goings
have blurred into a fleshy
stop-motion rainbow,
the tendons are tenuous,
holding the doors, stairs,
and windows in a creaky
limbo, I hear the phthisis,
crawling through old,
wasted basement lungs,
this old house has meant
a great deal to each of us
over the years of storms,
holding its tenants tightly
against a warm breast,
muffling the screaming
wind, now who will save
this old house, I wonder,
even as it sways in an odd,
dusty dignity, giving even
in the last moment, rotted
but still standing, begging
us inside for one more meal,
one more song, one more
smiling family portrait in
front of the fireplace before
we pull the plug.

medical school lesson 4

patients experiencing anaphylaxis often describe
a feeling of impending doom, in one of those rare
but firmly documented instances that the practice
of medicine shares its linguistic origins with
anyone?
anyone?
that's right, christian death metal bands from river-
side,
california, which, come to think of it, is perhaps
as paradoxical a concept as predicting one's own,
like, metaphysical fist clenching around one's
anyone?
anyone?
that's right, trachea, we would also have accepted
throathole, but the point is simply that hohohoholy
shit, it
might even be happening to me right now, even as i
stand
here lecturing you, i'm seeing this, like, really anatom-
ically
accurate skeletal visage looming over about three or
four of you in the back row, yes looming, hovering,
impending
and the air is thick with meaning and could somebody
call a
anyone?
Anyone?

Popular Culture

Tenet number one, the media matters, one must not
simply throw
in whatever chicken broth one finds at the downtown
rescue mission
and expect the organisms to grow out of a sense of
poignant duty,
a certain amount of bloodshed is often essential for
success, sing
to the creatures, let them grow toward a voice, do not
coddle, sprinkle
generous pinches of rat poisons and chemicals to
make their walls
brittle and tragic, unable to accommodate the scream-
ing struggle
to grow, this will breed that millennial resistance
right into their
little plastic bodies, they must be strong yet detached,
contamination
falls from the sky as it will, and the life can only be
good for so many
in these United States of gelatin, natural selection, for-
get or be forgotten.