Selected Poems

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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 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, blurriness, 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 riverside, 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 anatomically 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 screaming 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, forget or be forgotten.