

That is my input.

My other input is that the answer to the question posed in your poem is always yes—the yes of the poet's immortality.

*A shift.*

S:

That Spring, a group missive from Max:

M:

Bleak news, though no immediate death sentence impending. My tumors remain unchanged, despite the new chemo. My lungs have been too irradiated due to my first cancer for a second attempt. Surgery also doesn't seem to be a likely option given the sub centimeter size of my tumors, their deep enjambment in my lungs, and the slipperiness of Ewing's cells.

It's more likely that I will embark upon a clinical trial. These trials are trials because they are promising, and they are trials because they are not proven science. I will be on the periphery of medicine. Empiricists (like Dad) love the sentiment that man's reach should always exceed his grasp. My body is being fanned and fumbled by the gloved fingertips. I hope they can get a grip on me, but I can't say the odds are very good.