

**Burnt-Orange Mountain**

The doctors say	there's a mountain
between your stomach	and esophagus.
They tell me	the area is blocked
and that's why	you can't swallow
the spit	I crave
when you jam	your wet tongue
inside me	searching for treasures.
The tumor	is described as malignant,
a burnt-orange mountain	that might take you out.
The doctors whisper	
but all I hear	is the mountain's howl.
	I grab your frail fingers,
	strap on my boots
	and climb.