

LAURA PAUL WATSON

Two Weeks into Chemotherapy, I Receive a Self-Help Book in the Mail

Oh me—my life is unfolding
beautifully—bright
as a fish, oil slick, and a sun
flooding me with newness.

I am a nerve:
lit, iridescent. I am my most
primitive self. Strands
of light drop into my vision,

bolts of lightning,
locks of hair.
Oh body—
Oh proximity—

This anticrepuscular light—
I am, this evening, my opposite.
I am better by a cell
and splitting,

drifting, radiant,
a cattail coming apart.