the tree that you come home to ¹
never know whether to let you run away
fisherman hooks bite invasive
and plus
i am not sure whether i am the fisherman mother bunny
or the fish
if you counter enough of my airways maybe i too will stay
eat a carrot
for lack of other options
lack of the right
to royally mess up
on my own terms
to break and split and die and re grow a little from that death
chemo wipes out good and bad but if you survive
you can re grow good only
stronger from the hair loss and the
isolation
i don't need a fisherman mother to reel me back in
don't want to use a hook to catch you
already dead and conquered
i just need a tree
planted in soil by callused hands
with down growing deep roots
and an address
that i can fly back into after i crash
after the wings heal
after i get to be the runaway bunny
and realize
without you telling me
what home is

~ Kathryn Jean Schwartz

¹ partially inspired by Margaret Wise Brown's The Runaway Bunny as presented in Margaret Edson’s play Wit