

Between scars

by [Marjorie Maddox](#) in the [September 22, 2021](#) issue

After the knee, the neck, the thin incision,
skin stretched, pricked, pulled for needle,
catheter, scalpel, hope, horror, exposure,
expression rounding the bend to belly slashed
wide for the almost-dead, but still breathing,
or the foot with its faint zipper, arthritic but agile
enough. Even the sagging breast, dug into—
fear excavated—each weighty bygone biopsy
finally declaring what it needs to say, which is
here, now, before, after, between, everything
geometrical lining up to point to crease
not cut: crows feet congregating, wise angles
of seeing, two-stepping, cawing
yesterday, tomorrow, today,
sky's approaching horizon,
just the rim, really, of tale,
the going or gone unfurling into this
final prognosis of flight—
calligraphy of clouds and skin—
your story of lines soaring.