

*Cheryl Boyce-Taylor*

## **AFTER CHEMO**

**(for H)**



That summer her jaundiced mouth  
a yellow harp played graceful  
against the mirror of sky

ever so lightly her dull hair returned  
her eyes cleared, fingernails sparked  
a lively pink  
portions of the good earth returned

her left breast a bleached cloth  
returned to bulge under blue grains of linen  
white blood cells, those raging tortured cells  
sang melodious