

F I O N A S A M P S O N

By Your Self

None of it matters of course, none of it matters now, you
might say as you wait for the scan or stare at that other
(tedious, familiar) who accompanies you on
this journey as on so many others: this journey: there,
you're saying it already like there's far to go but you
may be fine, *fine* and all of this a rehearsal a short
walk in another place you don't live, it may be nothing
but your fear (your fear and your doctor's) the scan may not show
any fat white patches, doodles on your soft precious lights
and liver, you may be going to live for ever or
if not for ever for now which is the same thing, it's *life*
it's now, stretching out again, it's a place in the rigging
it's your own story and not the one in the mirror it's