

After the Biopsy; or, What's the Verdict?

by Harry Brown

Like the lawn and shagbark near the garden,
maples in the front look greener than he
has ever known; and when a breeze visits
branches slowly wave, conducting this fine
June morning a passing adagio. Once
for minutes in a stronger wind the maples
sway as if under water, leaves
lightly flutter in a movement
he has never before heard.
This quiet symphony is new.