Illinois Wesleyan University

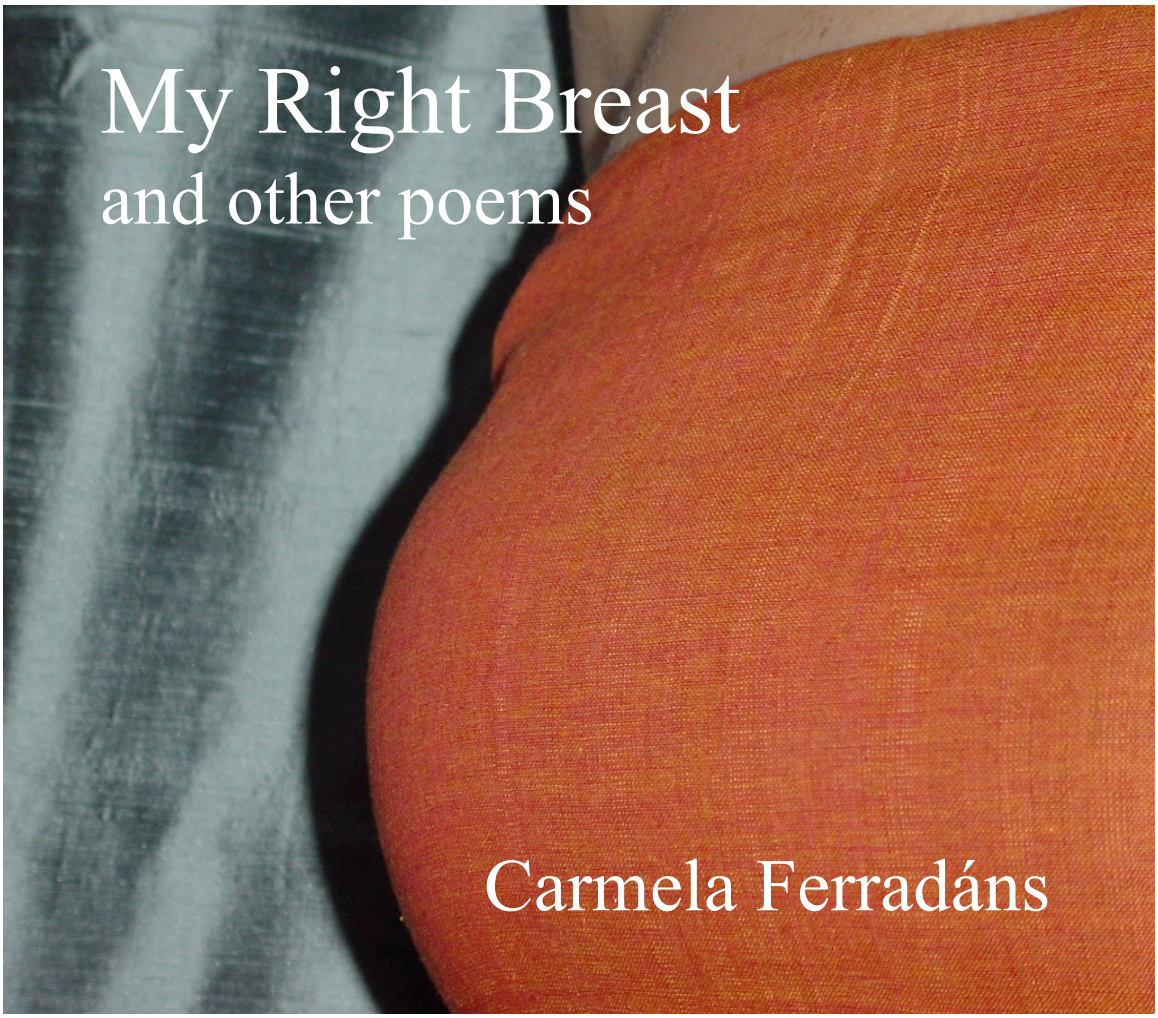
From the SelectedWorks of Carmela Ferradans

2006

My Right Breast and other poems

Carmela Ferradans, *Illinois Wesleyan University*

Available at: https://works.bepress.com/carmela_ferradans/13/


My Right Breast
and other poems
Carmela Ferradáns

My Right Breast
and other poems

by

Carmela Ferradáns

de saubray
design

2006

© 2006
Carmela Ferradáns

to Alejo and Emma

will my breast glow in the dark after radiation?
no, you'll still need a light to read at night

my right breast was never right
not quite perky
not quite round
in between bra sizes
--more than a B, not truly a C--
somewhat saggy
oblique areola
inverted nipple

no, it was never right

I am putting myself to the fullest possible use,
which is all I think that any conscious entity can ever hope to do.
Hal-9000

I went through the radiation door
at the cancer community center
thirty six times
the heavy door would close behind me
without a sound.
I would walk in the sparkling white hazardous zone
in spite of the caution high radiation area posted at the door.
I would lay on the bed with my hospital gown open to the front
the technicians shift me around
until my right breast is in perfect position
to receive the venom that will cure me.
I am in a scene of Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*
I am talking to Hal but he is singing
"daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do.
I'm half crazy all for the love of you.
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage. But you'll look sweet
upon the seat of a bicycle built for two"
preoccupied with other matters.
Slowly shutting down. Shutting down.
Caution high radiation area
It is written in lavender.
It is lavender, the color of women.

CAUTION
AUTHORIZED
PERSONNEL
ONLY
CAUTION
HIGH RADIATION AREA

pieces of me
fragments of my body
scattered on the grass
cannot put it back together
cannot make it work.
I am a surreal exquisite corps
no head, no eyes
my hands coming out my spine
my ribs are flowering in my legs
my hips are hollow
my breasts are no more.

MORE
COMBINING SCIENCE & HUMANITY
SPRING ISSUE VOL.5 NO.1 / 2006
cure
FREE COPY!
COMBINING SCIENCE & HUMANITY
SPRING ISSUE VOL.5 NO.1 / 2006
cure
FREE COPY!

I have an old house on a boulevard
where the early summer breeze
stops in every tree and twirls
around my neck in the afternoon.
I like to seat by a southwest window
and look at the clematis
hiking up relentlessly
conquering the fence inch by inch.
Suddenly, the backyard becomes
my private garden at this hour.
It is quiet on days like these.

Kiss me again and again, for your love is sweeter than wine.
The Song of Songs

red wine, running at your navel
making a puddle to
disappear in fine threads
into the dark corners of
your sweet groin.

Your belly is lovely like a heap of wheat set about with lilies.
The Song of Songs

Come into my garden, my love.
Let the lazy afternoon breeze kiss
your temples and comb your wavy hair.
Come into my garden, and rest for a moment.
Lay down under my ancient oak and
close your almond shaped eyes. Let your back
unwind on the grass.
Come into my garden, so I can see your
belly of wheat and lilies. So I can contemplate
the sweet abyss of your groin. So I can gaze
into where your navel disappears.
Come into my garden, my love. Come.

I am floating in a tin can
in outer space like major tom
looking at our beautiful blue planet from far away.
Beyond the clouds.
I am hovering. My arms
wide open. I wish I had a
long auburn mane so it would wave the moon.
I am singing the lyrics of *Space Oddity*
and I fly across the universe. I am a bright star.
Let me go. Let me shine.

I am swimming with the fly fish in the Adriatic Sea.
I look up, and the sky is blue. The salty water is warm
and smells of ancient sailor tales and Ulysses.
I can hardly see the distant shore—a long fine line
of sand. My hair curls around my waist.
I am drifting with the waves.
My curvy silvery tail explodes
in a myriad of colors with my every move.
I notice my two perfect round perky breasts
floating with the surf.
I am a mermaid swimming with the fly fish.
I am reaching Ithaca.

of the copies signed by the author
this is number

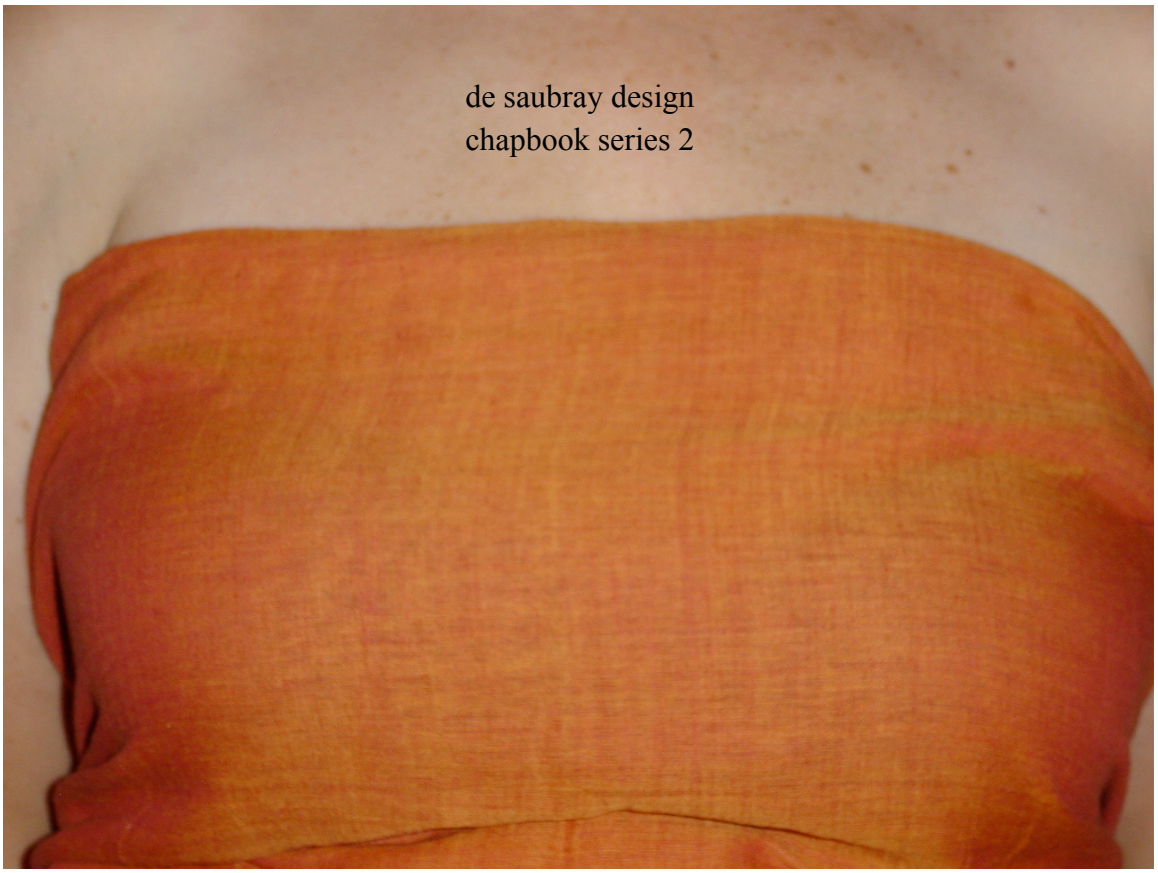
Front Cover photo by Alejo R. González
Photos by Carmela Ferradáns

Thanks to the Community Cancer Center of Normal
for allowing me to take the photographs
included in this book.
To Dr. Campbell whose magnificent sense of humor
and good spirits make breast cancer seem like a mere hard bike ride.

To all my dear good friends—
Ana, Diego, Jason, Mauricio, Sobeira, Carolina, Chad,
Spen, Patti, Dan and Bob
for providing me with delicious food for the body and the soul.

And, as always, to my old friend Alejandro
who sent me the most amazing bouquet of flowers
yet again, on a dark and rainy afternoon.

--Carmela


de saubray design
chapbook series 2