

## Matinee

After the biopsy,  
after the bone scan,  
after the consult and the crying,

for a few hours no one could find them,  
not even my sister,  
because it turns out

they'd gone to the movies.  
Something tragic was playing,  
something epic,

and so they went to the comedy  
with their popcorn  
and their cokes,

the old wife whispering everything twice,  
the old husband  
cupping a palm to his ear,

as the late sun lit up an orchard  
behind the strip mall,  
and they sat in the dark holding hands.

from *Boy* (University of Georgia Press, 2008)