

Sonnet Scroll

On Receiving My Second Non-Cancer Biopsy Result **By David P. Miller**

The old-time acronyms, they ain't what they used to be.
I remember when a three-letter formula from my youth
tokened Public Service Announcement, with all its bland
good-citizenship. If I were a different man, I'd thrive
on its mutation to Professional Sports Authenticator.
But I'm not that man and the innocent alphabeticals
speak Prostate-Specific Antigen right to my face.

Whatever's going on in that obscure nook
of my sunken anatomy, for a second time
"elevated and rising PSA level" didn't whisper
about the thing with pincers. And what that means
is my gratitude for this tall rattan-backed chair.
A place to cradle my light head after I set down
the phone, after my cheerful urologist signs off.