

Daniel J. Langton

At the Doctor's Office

There are always the bright pictures,  
pretty wife, children with glasses.  
We don't shake hands, I'd dirty his  
with commerce and my common itch.  
We're not somber, he has entrails  
to study; I'm playing for time.

He notes the X-ray's pantomime  
and draws conclusions from the trails  
and dots of tests. *Son of a bitch*,  
he says, and I say *What?* Sepsis  
on my mind, or undue masses.  
*You're right as rain! No more strictures!*

The rain so hard you need a boat.  
But I walk slow, with open coat.

---

Daniel J. Langton's work has appeared in *Poetry*, *The Nation*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Paris Review*, and many other periodicals. His *Querencia* won the Devins Award and the London Prize.