



# CYTOKINE

It takes time. Inflammation remains a worry. My sister is weeping for one, not for two. A nurse, she works through the night. Inflammation remains. A worry triggers more worries on the cancer floor. They grow. Her nights are lanyards of ailments. She nurses and nurses with a skeleton crew. In these days of isolation, even breathing's a welcome change. The ragged gasps of the night remain. They remain and remain. What day is it? Healing takes time, makes change. Inflammation remains a worry. It remains. My sister knows what grows isn't always healthy. Worry remains and inflames. In her daytime dreams inflammation remains, and she nurses it like a worry. Don't worry, they say, and she inflames. We aren't built to stay the same, she says, hand against her belly. We aren't meant to stay safe. Still, her hand remains.