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What the Doctor Said

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WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID

Imagine a countdown clock, ten, nine
eight, so on, but it's, say, four digits long.

It started at four nines, nine-nine-nine-eight
then down. In a long while, you get to four eights,

the same interval till four sevens. They glow
like hooks on the digital readout. The countdown

clock, you know, by its nature, will stop.
And then: an explosion, or a light somewhere turns on

or off, or the piercing drone of an alarm.
Maybe a rocket launches. Who knows—we know

only the countdown stops. That's your body now,
that's this disease. Here's the thing:

imagine the digits are foreign to you. In time,
you get the sequencing, sort of, know when it will click

to four identical digits, lights arranged all alike.
So when it says six-six-six-seven, the next

could be the last or it could keep going.
No matter what I tell you now

you'll never look away.