

***Aspergillus* in a Well-Loved Pillow**

Caroline Hawkrige

All night
you breathe
my hyphae.

Your white blood cells seek,
then eat me; snip, stop
my stitch-up.

You won't face months
of coughing up buttons, dark
mucous plugs.

No x-rays for balls of my silks.
No drugs trying to heal where I left
all my needles.