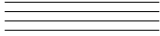


D I A G N O S T I C R A D I O L O G Y



R A C H E L H A D A S

The swirl of words: all borrowing, all refrain.  
When will they open the door and call my name?

Any sentence scooped almost at random  
from any student paper as I sit

reading through thirty medical memoirs  
hooks onto another sentence

*(when will they open?)* and gains  
traction and begins to move

*(and call my name?)* toward one big narrative.  
Or if it doesn't, nevertheless it could.

Are all their separate stories a scattering  
*(when will they call?)* of simultaneities,

beyond coincidence, unique, akin?  
*There is one story and one story only*

is close enough but also not quite right.  
Sometimes it feels as if this is the only story

and then they open the door  
and call your name.