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Surely

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Small pink roses, given to me from a grandmother dying of uterine cancer—

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the baby toe

flowers drying on my wall

hanging from a caramel drip of ribbon and losing all their juice

just as surely as she is.

They cut out her woman parts

like dissecting a fetal pig in the 11th grade

overwhelming thin nostrils

chemicals and yellow pulpy organs

stiffened water balloons—

what did the ovaries feel like?

Did the surgeon squish them between his fingers?

Did he bite them open and count how many eggs were left?

None. Obviously.

Both the breasts

shaved off like irregular mounds on a block of cheese. The weight of those cancerous mounds adds to my cup size.

White splotchy chest bone,

the nipple crusting away in some trashcan.

Does this mean she is no longer a Woman?

I see Shirley,

I see a lump

that has my mother's hands,

my hands,

but I don't see a Woman.