

-AND THE WINNER IS...

We speak in hushed tones
As if mysterious strangers
Were eavesdropping

Though you laugh
In small little jerks
Like tunes played staccato
Your knowing Eyes
Are begging for reprieve

If I could
If I only could

In horror
Do we watch
You slowly disappear

The tenacious octopus
With ever-reaching tentacles
Is sapping your strength
Your youth
Your vitality

We speak in hushed tones
As if God were eavesdropping

And, if he is,
What kind of god is he?

To make you
Writhe in pain,
Fear the morning,
Detest solitude

To deprive you
Of these sunny years
Of your flowers, your plants, your brooks
Of your family and friends

Are you listening, God?
Am I to be
Your conscience?
You've stolen her dignity
Robbed her of her warmth
Disintegrated her loves

Must we wait
Till she evaporates
To be angry...
An exercise in futility

Cancer,
Our ENEMY,
Wins again.