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POETRY/FICTION

Poem

On dealing with a sudden cancer recurrence

"Cognitive overload and neuronal depletion.
Emotional saturation and psychic enervation."

That's the fancy doc talk.
But what we really know is that

Time suddenly knows no time.
Order is disordered.

But what was going on a week or so ago?
And who snuck in when we were sleeping
And stole our peaceful mundane lives?

Breathless is existence now.
It is hard to hear the big wide world.

Too many people call us
And we do/don't want them to.

Busy, too
Busy these brains of ours.

Yet suddenly all at once

There is a

Cool
Kind
Quiet
Clarity

That only whispers:

HOPE

Now doesn't that make sense?

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