

The doctor's words were abrupt and unexpected:
"We'll start chemotherapy right away."

Chemotherapy ... for WHAT?
I feel just fine;
I'm not that sick;
You must be wrong.

What does it mean?
I'll lose my hair;
I'll lose my looks;
I'll lose my life.

It can't be true:
I'm still too young;
The tests are off;
They must be wrong.

The doctor's words were abrupt and unexpected:
"It's getting worse."

It must be true:
I don't feel well;
I don't look good;
It's such a waste.
Why does life end so soon?

My body's ill
But my soul is strong.
I need to fight;
I won't give in.

And then, with time,
I make my peace.
I grasp what once
Seemed out of reach.

I'm calm
About my lot,
About my life,
About my soul.

The doctor's words were abrupt and unexpected:
"I think you're well."

How can this be?
I had no chance;
I was so ill;
I had no choice.

As I look back the pieces fit somehow:
Growth follows pain;
Calm follows fear;
Hope follows shock.

Now I have peace of mind.

As life goes on
This memory cannot fade.
It will sustain
When crisis strikes again.
I've faced the worst;
I've been refined.

I'll be equipped
Next time.

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Credits:

From *Life Is a Non-Stop Event*, a book of poetry by Carole Bos.

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