

Steps to becoming a cancer survivor

Be born

Be tortured

Be alone

Be stubborn

So, I'm here with my gang in the isle of truth

The door bursts open

Three beings clothed in black clouds force their way in

Word has gotten out that the meaning of life can be found within my group

They try force I resist

They torture and wait

First my tongue, but not all of it, is yanked out of my mouth

For 66 days I am bolted to a metal table and blasted with poison in 10 minute increments
At first I glow
But rapidly descend into darkness

I am left shattered and broken Gathered in the arms of those who so desperately want me to be whole again

It was a battle Ended in a draw

I am pronounced a survivor HA!

I am stripped clean What's left? I'm reliving and remembering the torture of "treatment"
And my cells cry

Looking back

I've lived so many lives Perhaps a way to survive Perhaps the only way Always fueled by angst and curiosity

It seems

To

Still

Be

Worth the

Effort

Never felt crowded

Oh

Except in the train

In India

Always with people who wanted to

Go places

And do things

Most of them settled down

Or died

I didn't

Only 9 years

It took

To have enough feelings

To grieve

What's gone

It / I

Hurt

In a way

That feels unbearable

I hope it's not

Need so huge

Seems like

No future

Am I reaching the end

Do I care

Pathetic

Real

Almost unfamiliar

Not a problem to solve

Not about what's outside

Excruciating

So not fair

Physical pain ebbing

As feeling replaces it

Easier to take aspirin

Quietly exploding in grief

Loss feels huge

And irretrievable

Repellent

Can you smell the odor

Of aloneness

Resentful
Determined
BITTER
confused
Cryogenic feelings
Hang
Suspended

Life

Whatever

Now

I'm being Recognized For Who I've Been All along Ideas sprout Energy withers

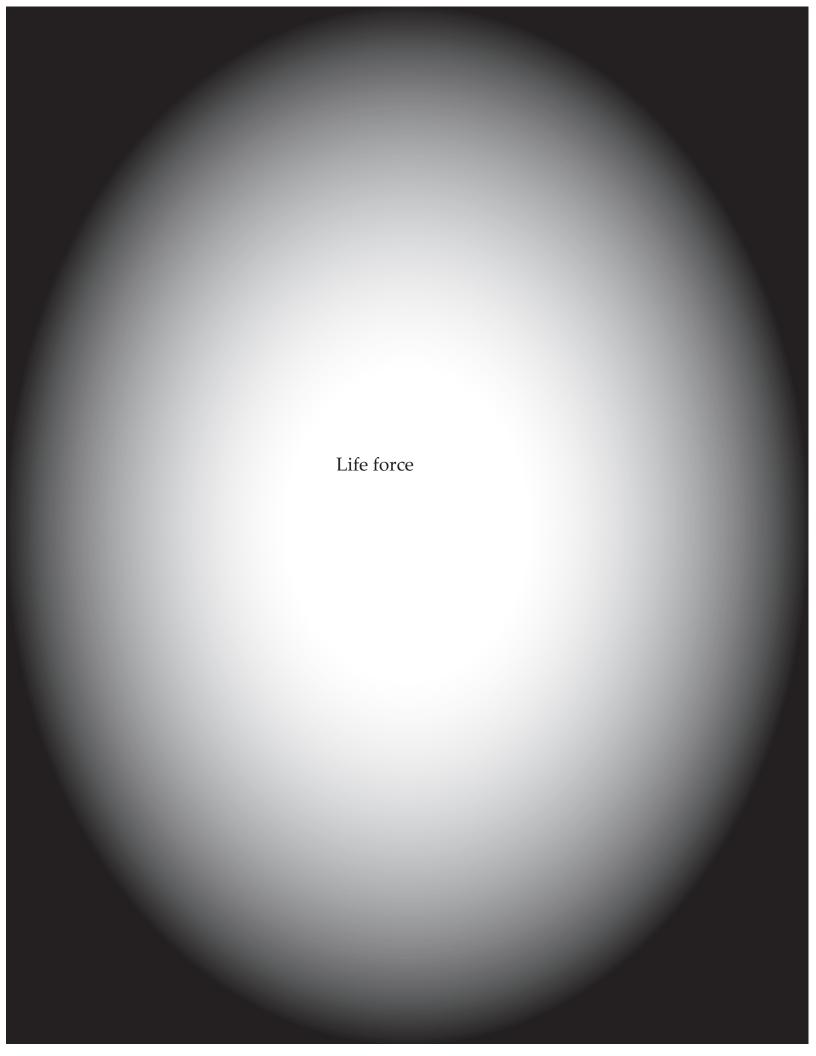
I got cancer because		
A		
В		
C		

We are the same bc and ac Only more so

Depressed before Depressed after Silly before Silly after In denial before In denial after Would I feel this untethered if I had not been so intimately Introduced to Death

A particularly dark day
Started last night

Anything can happen
But it has a taint to it now



Life is a mystery And lures me Into staying alive So I can see what comes next I hate how I sound Reality strikes like a dull hammer

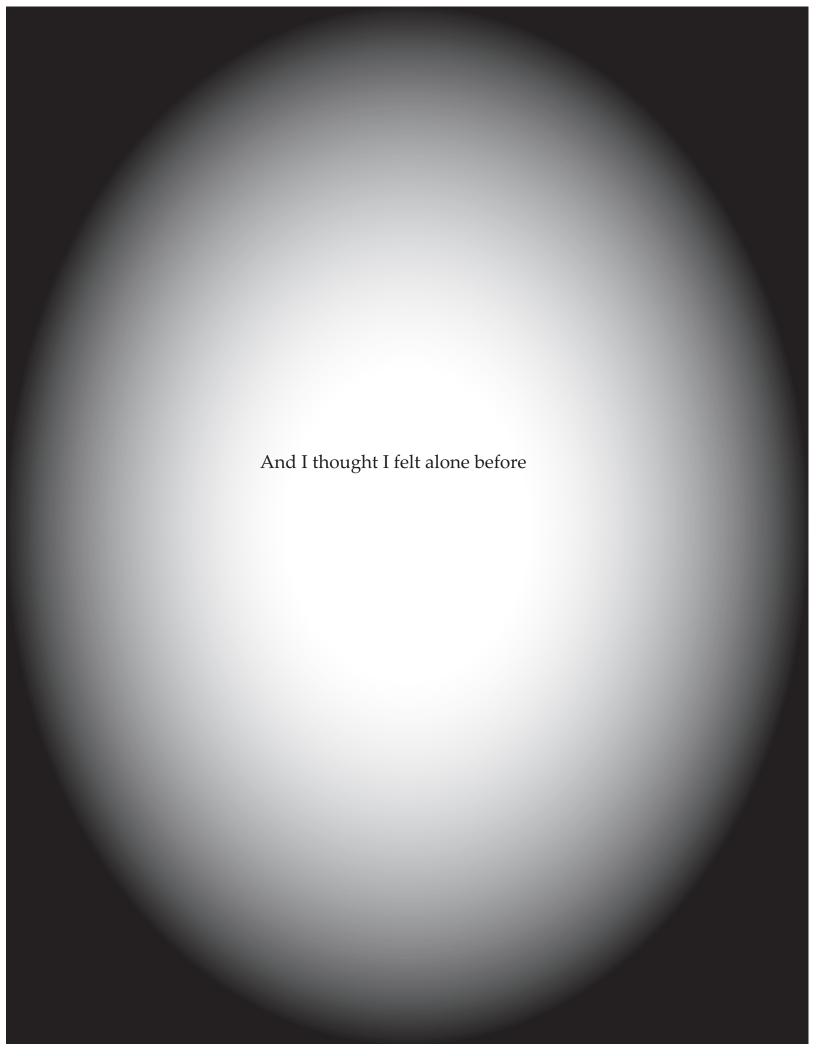
I want to be the Important One

The one That Matters

I feel used UP And small and Fragile and No longer Relevant to myself



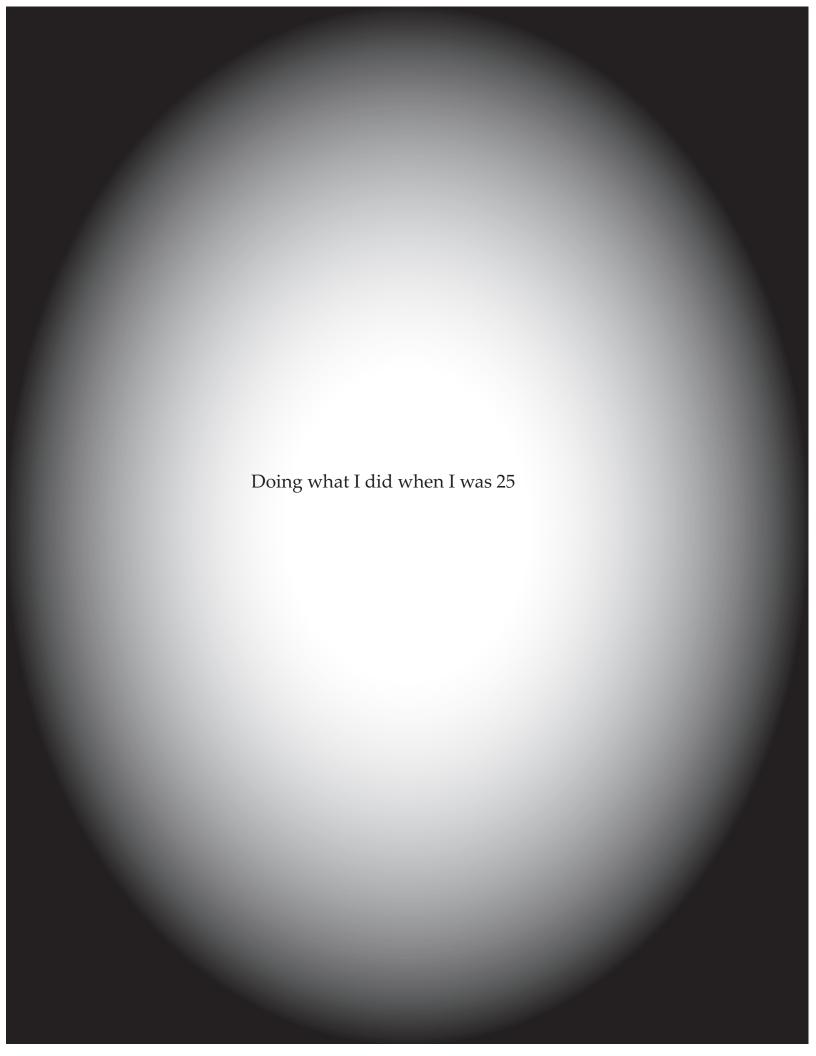
I appear fearless I am feeless





What does it mean when I listen to my real voice for 25 minutes and am numb and feelingless?

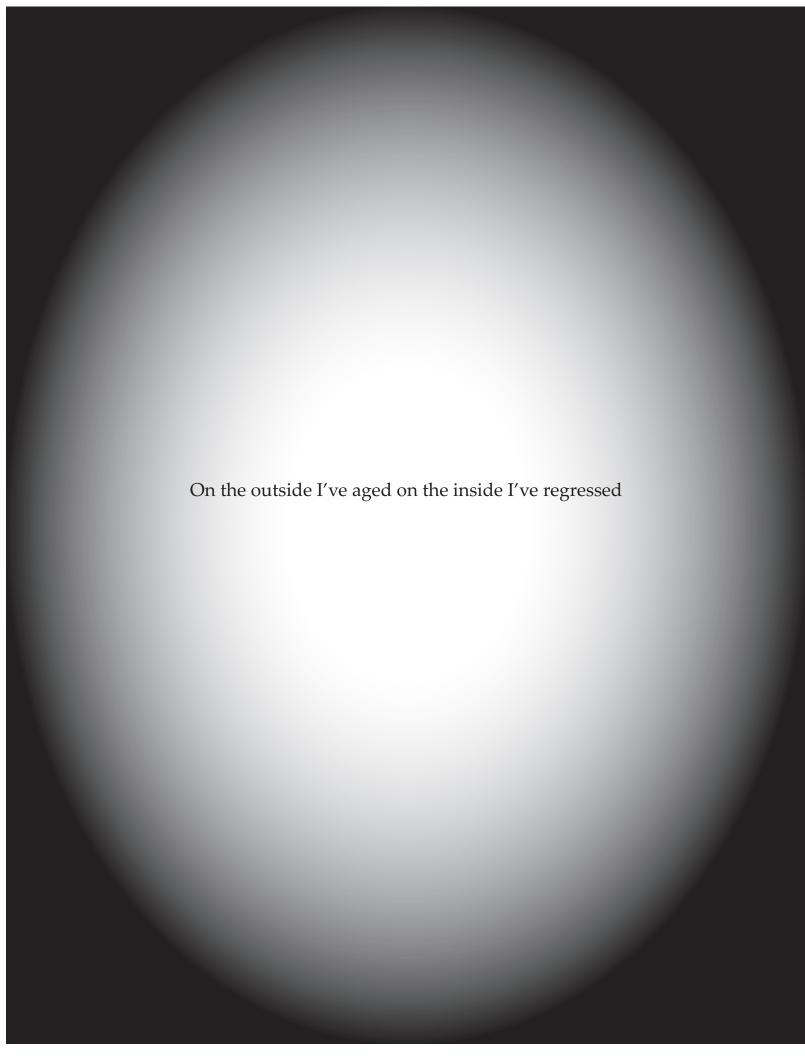
Do I even have a voice?



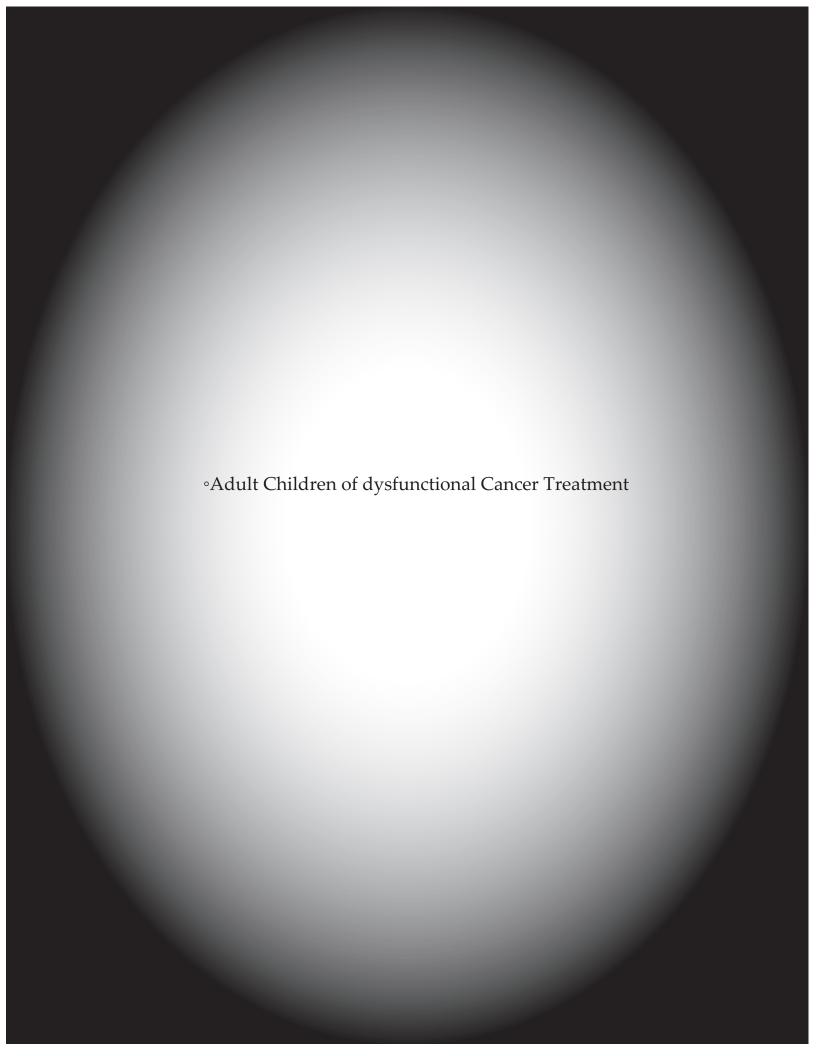
Having cancer and all that it came with pretty much erased who I was before

The child I never was and then found is once again gone.

It takes about an hour and a half to eat 3/4 bagel and cream cheese.



Burke dies and I wonder why I'm alive. It's taken a long time to ask that question. No epiphany except that I'm asking. Denial leaving? The big one. Why am I still here?



There seems to be no one available any more to send my most important thoughts

Any takers?

Apply here

My life force Was almost extinguished October 9,2013

Felt a weak erratic flicker High Holy Days 2018 Stirred again December 2019

Steadily and shakily
Made itself known
I became stronger
(work and determination)
And IT became stronger

Today I opened a bottle of juice without the aid of a wrench

Today I am putting form to my ideas And they keep coming

Today my feelings of being alone Almost overwhelm me

But not quite

I guess the important things really come in threes

I am running out Of people willing to listen To my story

Or Am I Merely Boring Them

Now