

Cancer Meets the Isle of Truth



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 _____

B _____

C _____

D _____

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 force

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 am not kind to myself when the sun isn't shining.

I appear fearless
I am feeless

And I thought I felt alone before

I'm in a ghost ship in the air. Will voices become extinct ?

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?

Doing what I did when I was 25

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 $\frac{3}{4}$ bagel and cream cheese.

On the outside I've aged on the inside I've regressed

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?

◦Adult Children of dysfunctional Cancer Treatment

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