Cancer does strange things to a man!

Cancer threw my heart into a crevasse

Where it lay bleating and beating in desperation

Waiting to be rescued from the depths

Where I refused to look.

Thoughts chased around my brain

What if? How long? Whose fault?

What can I do? How do I know?

Racing each other with sharpened blades

Piercing my very soul with dread.

I stumbled through the days cocooned in fear

Not daring to feel, to touch, to see

The kindness people offered to me

For it was a weakness that enveloped, destroying my very being.

But HIM!

He never missed a step, absorbing it all

Realistic and hurt, shouldering the burden

Accepting yet fighting for all of us.

How could he do it?

How could he know how much it hurt

To see my man, my rock, my friend, my love

Suffering the indignities of the ‘war’

So many scars, so much blood, so many tests, so many needles

Were heaped on him in hope that we would win!

Like a tide the drugs held back the sea that beat relentlessly inside his body

Poisons fighting the devil of the disease

Sometimes they won, gave back some precious time

But the cost was high.

Battles raged inside my head

I could see no end, no easy way to sort this out

Lost in the mire I was blind and could only see

That something so precious was being taken away from me.

But there all along were the angels and friends

Who did not judge but offered their love and expertise

Waiting patiently for me to open the gates

To let love begin its healing of my heart.