POETRY

Oncology

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A dark mass
Grief lacerated my heart
Falling forward, succumbing to the helplessness

Doubt transcended my steadfast ways
It inhabited her soul, swallowing consciousness
He held her hand, but I let it go

Bones frail, body collapsing
Counting the reasons left to live
A will won’t just write itself

Tombstones line my mind
Finding myself trapped
The coffin closes abruptly

Waking in a dream
A hellscape only just beginning
Danger and fear isolating me from everything I once knew

The flowers are just
ironic
Blooming and thriving, germinating fully
They will, too, reach

Their ultimate demise

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