

My Body Betrayed Me with One Word

I held my body like it still belonged to me.
The word cancer already started renting space.
Hallway was too long. Steps echoed with maybe,
we'll know more tomorrow, softened truth until it cuts.
I thought of all the ordinary things I hadn't finished yet.
Coffee cups left in the sink, photos waiting to be edited.
A dog believes I'm permanent, a woman feels like home.

My body betrayed quietly, numbers on a screen shouting.
I refused to hear, four times higher and walls closing in.
Room four. Death, whispered in another language.
I sat in my car, felt the fear like a tide I couldn't outrun.
Not pain. Not yet. Just knowing that life has changed,
between breaths; in and a breath out. Not be the last.

I wanted to call someone, wanted to be brave.
I wanted to rewind to a version of myself,
didn't carry this sentence inside my liver.
But I said it anyway, out loud, to no one:
"Okay. I've got this." What else do you do?
When the future cracks open, time's due.

I stood. I drove. I kept going. When the word won't let go.

