

CANCER

I wish I had the answer to this dreaded bloody cancer; I'm in shock.
If it's a nasty tumour and not merely some rumour just take stock.

Doctors, scans and mammograms hospitals to curse,
Forms to fill while taking pills but thank God for the nurse.

The wait and the worry, the rush and the hurry, and when will they come on their rounds.
Cars and trains and aeroplanes, travelling up and down,

Vaccines on dollies, patients on trolleys, band aids and needles that prick,
No alcohol, the smell of Dettol, be frightened your mind might play tricks.

Its good health to you in all that you do, stay well and hang on to your smile
The good and the best don't ever get rest so ponder on that for a while.

Now here's a good thought you must simply dread nought, fear nothing and you'll be OK
I'm sure that your blood is thicker than mud and you will get stronger each day.

You'll need lots of rest as you hope for the best, remember the ones that you love,
You're precious to family and precious to friends, and precious to heaven above,

If you complain about any pain they'll be there just as quick as a whip,
They might be right, and they might be wrong but they're not going to give you the slip.

Your body and soul, and your health on the whole, could well come from what's on your mind
So, this little letter I pray makes you better for our sake and all of mankind.

*Sent to Tour de Rocks by an Oncology Patient.
Written by her Husband.*