

## 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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