

"Damaged Good"

The novelty has worn off.
The reality of what has happened has set in.
Like the mountain whose top has been blown off, my daily view has changed.
The volcano has erupted and spewed its ash for acres —
Cancer's collateral damage.

Do I crawl in a hole and die
Or fly my freak flag high?
Do I smile politely when people tell me how "good" I look
Or counter with reports of fatigue, loss, worry, grief, anxiety, shame, depression, resentment, regret?
Or do I put on the invisibility cloak and just silently trod on, numbed and aimless?
Damaged goods.

Humbled by this dis-ease...
Missing my beloved body parts that are gone forever...
Damaged, destroyed, dissected, discarded
for the good of the whole.

How to turn this shit-show, this freak show into a graceful garden, a peaceful sanctuary
a loving and comfortable nest
Making friends with my aging body
One cell at a time.

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