

“Deconstruction: During March Madness” [inspired by Mark Nepo and Women’s NCAA basketball]

Double-teamed by disease,  
courting disaster.  
Deconstruction  
self-reduction  
breaking  
down  
the body  
the breast

breaking apart  
my heart

breaking free  
this sacred sphere,  
this orb of flesh  
on the glass  
under the scope,  
a face-off with Fear  
losing  
in order to find  
my inner warrior.

Hoop dancers  
Fast break  
basketball  
The madness of March  
Springs forth  
full court press  
full compression bra  
full of fluid

Deconstructive surgery:  
Breaking bleeding breathing bouncing balling  
running away, tripping, falling  
Losing and winning  
Pressing--passing --pivoting  
Sweating slamming sinking scoring  
scarring.

Field of goals—  
keep moving, keep aiming

At the foul line  
“I can’t believe I fuckin’ did this!”  
“What the hell have I done?”

Deconstructing  
the process,  
the choices...  
Sitting with the rubble.

Reduced to  
Surrender  
Trust  
Love  
[And Love is all there is. Yeh yeh yeh.]

Reduced to Joy,  
supported by my team and cancer coaches:  
The confidence  
the courage  
the drive  
to keep moving  
to stay in the game  
cutting your losses  
rebuilding  
reconstructing  
this space that once was  
part of me  
reduced to scar  
An airball.  
A longshot.  
A rising star.

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