Mayos’

April 27, 1998

10 o’clock at Mayos’

Waiting for a call.

Hit the floor at 5 a.m.

Drew the blood and all.

Waiting for an answer.

Waiting for a word.

Good morning Mr. Cancer,

Been two weeks since I heard.

Two weeks of reflection,

A lifetime in a slide.

A pause? Fatal direction?

So young to have died.

Watch the world around me,

Laugh and cry and live.

Strange how much I now see.

How much more to give.

Waiting for a small sign.

End or just a start?

Why me? Why now? So fine

A day to know my heart.