**On Facing Cancer**

*May 20, 1998*

Dare I grant my heart the grace to speak?

Loose thoughts caged deep within my tortured mind?

Sadness. Fears. Melancholy. Tears. An ache so deep.

At what the future holds. The morrow finds.

Such a perfect day to live. To Breathe.

Life is full. The air so sweet. So rare.

Yet deep within a silent seed. One sees.

The core of life breaks out. Consumes the pere.

Those precious moments once without a number. Without end.

Now pass before one’s eyes. The die is cast.

And as the ancient jester’s seductive dance begins,

One peers into the void. Must finally ask.

Has what I’ve done and been,

Reached out and touched one soul;

Journey through this veil

Of tears been for naught?

As this humble spirit joins the flow,

And leaves its fragile shell,

What tracks in life’s fine sands

Have its steps wrought?