

Diagnosis

by J N MacNeill

She walked a dozen silent staring strides;
then told me what the diagnosis was.

More tests were due.
Our lives were put on pause.

The information trickled,
and implied ... exactly what?

There was no get-out clause,
but clinic visit,
visit,
visit.

Daunting treatment turned her life-flame low.

And on it went.
She had become a worthy cause.

The lasting harm the treatment did,
the contract fee to stay alive.

Their recommended plan was best,
the numbers said,
but when could we be sure?
Each week, each month, was long.

Now,
twelve years later,
déjà vu events,
some hurried tests,
and here we go again.