

Cancer Lyric V

by Bekah Steimel

Inoperable. The Cancer. Inoperable. My love for you. It cannot be removed or undone. Time passed only proves it, not lessens it. Like the disease, you became part of who I am. Our introduction was my renaissance, and you delivered a born-again human, cutting my cord with your teeth and grabbing my ass instead of slapping it. There was no understanding us. Not for my friends. Not for yours. Not for the girlfriend I had when we met. Without you, my identity is a secret even to itself. I have no idea where to begin, no concept of how to stitch a shredded life back together. Loving you has become what I am. Losing you has become what I am. This is not grief or depression. It is End-Stage Love. I am emotionally gutted. Inoperable. Pain management is the most I can hope for.