

# The Art of Dying

I wear my hand-stitched cloak with pride  
And finish the look with a pointy hat.  
I hold my paintbrush like a wand  
And brew potions to poison my cancer  
And cast spells to banish sad thoughts.

I mould clay and smooth it into shapes.  
When the medicine failed me,  
I made my own liver like a crescent moon  
Infested with tumour  
And smashed it to pieces with a hammer.

When my cancer mocks me,  
I spit metaphors and stories at it  
And the pain subsides.

And when the time comes,  
I will use my cloak to keep me warm  
And my paintbrush as a walking stick  
To keep me upright  
Until my last breath.

And I will be buried in one of my clay pots  
So that really, the only thing the cancer took  
Was my body  
And when that died, the cancer died too  
The silly thing.

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