

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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