Poem

The Lady in Pink
From the cancer patient to the surgeon
By Rachel Brown

There was a young lady who said
As she lay—quite exposed—in a bed
“When poking around
I think that I’ve found
A lump that has filled me with dread”

So they kneaded and massaged and squeezed
And sampled a smudge of freeze
And be told her quite straight
That her cancer was late
But he’d cut it all out—if she pleased.

Then she said to the surgical team
“I think that your plans are extreme
Though you may be the best
You are only the guest
Of bows owned and grown by a queen.”

But when he had done what they do
She found that her outlook was new
When her breast disappeared
Her foot reappeared
She’d a vertical view of her shoe

And she thought—now he’d done with his knife—
She was going to get on with her life
She said to herself,
“I am not on the shelf
And my girls have always looked nice”

Then said the young lady in pink,
“The results of mastectomy stink
Though my tits are pits
I just love them to bits
Can you give them a tweak, do you think?”

For Alison and Martha, and all those women who face cancer with courage and style.

Rachel Margaret Anne Brown

Correspondence to Rachel Margaret Anne Brown, University of Missouri School of Medicine, MA215 Medical Sciences Building, Columbia, MO 65212, USA; brownmarc@health.missouri.edu

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