Not *Really* a Cancer, cancer.

by Alexis McCauley

Even though I had cancer, I didn’t have cancer.

Choriocarcinoma, no rhymes for it.

No rhymes I want to use.

No words that can come to mind anyway.

Trophoblastic tumor?

No, definitely does not rhyme.

It does mean the end of hopes.

My hopes turned against me

when a life was growing inside me,

it was the cancer’s life,

not the desired being I wanted.

This life inside me was a parasite

an evil and was toxic.

Gestational trophoblastic disease?

Again no, no rhyme.

No matching word for this.

But still words that mean nothing

and everything.

It means chemo,

it means cancer,

it means no more children,

it means short term remission.

Yet it means short recovery,

it means “you have cancer,

but it will seem like you don’t have cancer!”

Hydatidiform mole?

Nothing!

No rhyme here.

An empty uterus on ultrasound,

a dehydrated form of life, but not a life.

An immediate start to treatment.

Sickness, but I get to keep my hair!

Fatigue, but you are one lucky cancer patient.

Frustration

pain,

disappointment,

But how can I complain?

I’m the cancer patient with not really a cancer.