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The C Word

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THE O WORD

TONAYO CROW

When your world shatters,
A mirror breaks.
Shards of glass as sharp as words tumble down around you,
And the pieces no longer fit together, a lock with the wrong key.

Cancer,
A dirty word.
It echoes in my brain,
Jeering, laughing,
It's the invisible hurts that cut the deepest.

When your anchor is ripped away.
You're left reeling, spinning, choking on too much salt water.
Waves beat you down, but you're not the one drowning,
She is.

So we beat on,
We beat on,
And hide feelings raw as an open wound
To stand strong, to anchor her.

It feels wrong to be angry,
Anger is selfish.
And it feels wrong to be sad,
Sadness is selfish.
Everything feels wrong, wrong, wrong.

And when the sickness finally leaves,
When the world is no longer a spinning amusement park ride,
That fear, invisible,
Of loss, of death,
Hits you like a semi-truck going too fast on the freeway.
It's impossible to fix a shattered mirror.