

Post-Cancer

1:30 pm

The pull of the tourniquet around bicep
as fingernails dig into skin, forming a fist.

Please let it only be one poke.

The prick of the needle,
and sucking air through teeth.

Blood flows into the tubes.
One after another after another.
A slow methodical drip
as blood fills the last of 6 tubes.
Done in a blink!

Gauze to skin
wrapped in elastic adhesive bandaging.
Off for weight, temp, and BP.

The wait.
The long wait
in the waiting room
for the call of my name.

Nurse
Nurse practitioner
Doctor.

I know it's gone,
All gone, but still.
Those *words*.
“...No trace of Leukemia...”

I might cry.
I will cry,
in my sleep tonight,
Because of those words.

I am okay.
I'm back to normal.
My new normal,
having lived through
and fought Cancer's ass!

