

Beastly Cancer

CHRISTA FAIRBROTHER

I haven't met cancer in person, only glanced her lair.

The entry is one you inch up to laying down,
a freezing cold doctor's office,
grey paper-lined table, white-tiled ceiling.

She has more than one steward,
tech, doctor, shapeshifter with a well-worn impartiality;
friendly yet neutral tones request you disrobe for feeding.

Cancer prefers her victims at least partially nude,
wearing a drab, ill-fitting uniform,
sweetened with gels, tenderized with dyes.

When properly dressed, offered up
she may, or may not, appear to devour you;
her fickleness is part of her fearsome aura.

Once you've been selected for sacrifice
you'll be proffered again and again –
it's only a matter of time.