Who or Why or How or What

I was so used to the nausea, the anguish, the stomach pains, your stumbling, arm aided walk, the diarrhoetic dashes, the slow sleepless nights, your arms shuddering, pinpricked like a junkie’s

that when the preoccupied secretary hurried to us, split open the thin lipped envelope, and briskly explicated the intricate scientific phrases as “all clear”,

I wept, and couldn’t accept it, and I wondered, as the two words sank in, who or why or how or what had catapulted our lives away and just as blithely decided to fling them back. So that now everything could seem the same as it was except that the waiting room, the chairs, the sky outside, our hands, your turbaned wisps of withered hair,

were all new, entirely.