

The Brave and the Scared

By

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I'm scared to death, but it's not happening to me,
It's a battle fought in isolation, the world doesn't get to see,
The ten chairs lined up against the wall, dispensing cocktails and potions,
To kill everything that crosses their path, yet she just takes it, hiding her emotions.

My hair is simply turning grey, but hers is falling out,
It's just not fair I want to scream, yet it does no good to shout,
This is a war, and she's on the front lines, in her battle against cancer,
While all of the doctors, nurses and potion-makers, try to come up with the answer.

The pills to fight her nausea, after each session's chemical infusion,
Her chemo-brain, the constant strain, the fear and the confusion,
She has no energy and she sleeps all the time, yet I'm having trouble sleeping,
We're afraid to go outside, or touch anyone, without sanitizing everything,

If her world ends, then my world ends, but she's the one doing all of the fighting,
I'm just the guy waiting in the car, trying to pretend that it's not all that frightening,
All I can do is drive her to her appointments, I'm getting the best side of this deal,
We can see the light at the end of the tunnel, we hope we're almost through this ordeal.

With all of the world facing its global shutdown, it's hard not to think of it all ending,
We're trying to flatten the curve, buy us more time, for prevention, recovery and mending,
Some battles are fought one patient at a time, some are fought on a global scale,
It's hard to be told to just wait on the sidelines, and hope that our efforts don't fail.