

# Cancer Can Be Fatal

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Once there was sunlight in my urine  
and now there is only blood.  
The whitely-clad doctors have  
fastidiously suggested  
I leave my body to Science.  
But Science has failed me and I  
want revenge. How could I have thought  
a hospital would have helped? Why  
didn't I think of the other inmates  
curled up on their mattresses  
like writing on tombstones?

I want to die now at home. But I am  
too cowardly to invite the razor,  
or listen to the gaseous music  
my car can play. Instead  
I sit in a bar, watch ice  
cry itself into nonexistence in my glass,  
and wish my own death could be as romantic.