

# It was never about The Cancer It was about Me

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## Dysplasia

Crept in quiet, slow  
Like medieval medicine's earthly humour.  
Carelessly and inadvertently sown,  
The seedlings were nurtured by potato chips and insomnia  
And watered with ethanol.  
The glamour of a dream career come true  
Concealing the hazards of new-found habits.  
Those sleepless nights spent ardently learning  
about the very thing making me sick.

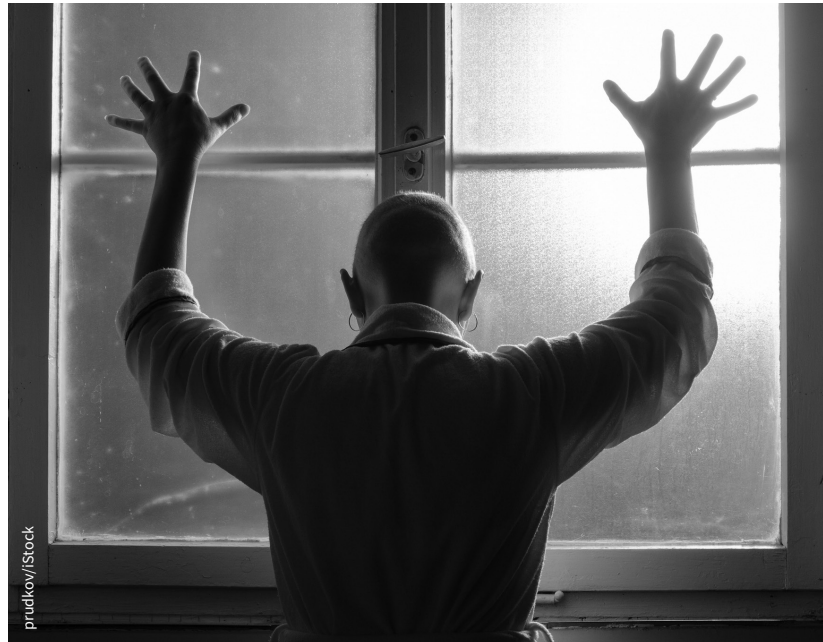
## Carcinoma in situ

The student of modern medicine overlooked  
Her own symptoms —  
Perhaps willfully.  
Weight loss, night sweats, pain.  
Took a week to believe what the doctor said.  
Malignant.

Genetics {one hit}  
+ stress {two hits} =  
Not my fault.  
The equation of blame remains.

## Invasive carcinoma

It takes a village  
To extract the small child's worth of malignancy from my body.  
The double-edged blade  
Leaves me bleeding and reeling all the same.  
Irony is a sick healer,  
A toxic treatment.



## Metastasis

It's an awkward conversation  
Telling folks you're sick.  
Nobody expects it to happen,  
As if brilliance implies immunity, immortality.  
So, ignorant, they say  
"You're so strong, you can beat this!  
Think happy thoughts."  
But kamikaze cells don't discriminate.

Cessation of invitations, your debilitated body  
Disquiets them,  
As if it were contagious.  
But at the wake they sob,  
"How could this have happened?"

Worse, it didn't begin with me.  
Worst, it won't end with me.

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