

## What we are

The doctor's voice trails away into oblivion.

The ground drops out from under me as I fall into the invisible abyss, which has now become my surreally inconceivable reality. A single tear escapes drowning eyes; but I do not weep. I silently take a business card from my doctor's desk and leave the room.

Exiting the doors and stepping into the sunshine I stop. Each cell of my exterior raped by the consent-less mutations of cancer or not breathes as if for the first time.

In this moment am reborn, knowing I am soon to die.

In this moment I see the sky gently kissing the horizon where terrestrial tangibility fades into an unknown beauty that cannot be captured or capsized. The impossible romance between sky and earth, a metaphor for the life I have just bore myself, and my inability to ever fully live it. In this moment I think of the cancer.

My impending personal doom surges through me like I have been hit by a ghost train. In this moment I thrice repeat to myself

Cancer. Cancer. Cancer.

I am looking down upon my body, floating away to sit upon the horizon to ponder beyond self and see a world drowning in impending death and destruction with utter ignorance. I wish I had learned to swim. The sky screams to its lover earth below in compassionate sobs of melting glaciers and soil cracking droughts; town-destructing tornadoes and life-destroying volcanoes, earthquakes, hurricanes, tsunamis!

And I see. I come back to my body and robotically remove a cigarette from my tattered bag, beginning to walk home in the wrong direction. I observe every soul I pass but do not see their faces. They are blobs of terrific greed no matter how much they portray themselves to be otherwise, every single human life... a mutated cell. The disease of us brewing in the lymph nodes of every continent since the beginning of this law called *time*, which we merely created. Mother nature and Athena themselves ever trying to keep our neurotoxicity of a race from completely enveloping our phosphorescent creatures and twinkling oceans and turning it all into a dull lifeless sphere. But we push onward, pumping ourselves full of vaccines and vitamins and anything to sustain our health just to destroy our creator. Destroy our host.

In this moment of rebirth, I am ready for my diagnosed doom. For I am the cancer too. All in this moment I came to terms with death because the true cancer is all around us. We destroy what we have and move on, suck the life from every morsel of thriving organic material until it deteriorates in the palm of our greedy dexterous hands. The human race is the real cancer. In this moment, I smile; finding it ironic that the way the gods of earth are fighting back, is by mass-producing a disease within us that we already are. I put my cigarette out, and continue walking home in the wrong direction.