

To Cancer, with love...

by Kerry Johnston

You meant me harm

But I love you

You made me so very ill

Still, I love you

You turned me into skin and bone

Took my hair and, for a long while, my smile

Yet I'm thankful for having had you in my life

Why do I love you? The monster that you are?

I love you for revealing to me my strength

My determination, my will

My need to survive

I love you for showing me the gift that is living

How quickly I can be taken, has made me love existing even more

I know how to smell the roses

To feel the wind in my hair and the grass under my feet

I've learnt to work less and play more

To love with all my heart

To say the things that need to be said today — and not wait until tomorrow

Yes, you meant me harm

But you failed

You lost

I won

And the prize is worth every minute I spent with you.

