

Cancer Always Calls Collect -- Part 20 -- Stuck on the Pitch of a Roof

by Linda Seccaspina

I never told anyone I was Superwoman and the last time I looked I didn't have any of Wonder Woman's lassos. So why is the best I can do just not good enough? I was strong when I began, but now my body is falling apart inch by inch. The stress alone is desensitizing me much like living in a high crime area. I can't carry my emotions in my sports bra for safety like I do with my valuables--so where does it end?

Looking at the pitch in the roof I know one jump would stop all this chaos, but that is not the answer. My pain would be over but not his--and that is not the ultimate goal. I have to finish what I started, but at what cost? Is that being selfish--because that's what it feels like. Little things that kept me going are no longer doing the trick, and venting to someone eventually drives them away. People around you know what is going on, but there is little they can do. They now stay away at arms length and you understand. Tragedy creates victims.

The snow keeps me captive in the blackness, and no longer is sunlight able to get through. The outdoor greenery has come and gone, and now things are dying inside of me. I feel helpless as there is nothing I can do. I blame myself even though I know it is not my fault-- but whose fault is it?

As I try to save a goldfish immersing him in clean water--I wonder if it would help if I did the same. He attempts to swim, but falters and lies on top of the still water. Funny how everything he is doing mimics my life now, as I too am treading water. How can I keep on swimming if the oxygen is being sucked out of me also? Cancer generally follows the same rocky trails and I have seen it one too many times—but this time seems different, as I too feel like I am dying inch by inch.

I make ripples in the water with my finger encouraging the fish to swim and he tries slowly. Maybe that is my answer. I have to make ripples in my life to keep going, as there is no other answer. In essence isn't that what is happening here? The person that is dying is slowly being submerged into black murky water and now so discouraged he needs others to try and help him survive.

Overfeeding, too much chlorinated water will kill your goldfish-- just like cancer. Too much chemo feeding on the cells has sucked the life out of him and poisoned his body and soul. No one can feel as helpless as trying to keep a goldfish alive-- just like someone with cancer.

The goldfish is not surviving, and as I watch the flakes of snow falling to their death on the ground I wonder how much longer I can absorb all of this. Those that are helpless put their trust in those around them as they feel alone and angry-- but so do those that take care of them. It is only the few that can understand, or even begin to believe, how life can be this painful.

