

CREATIVE SPACE

Journeying with cancer: A trilogy

C SATHYAMALA

An ode to my rogue (cancer) cells

*First there was one and then two
and before I knew
there were one too many
counting made little sense
morphing new with exuberance
new is not progress, not always, I found
how can I complain,
when, birthed from my own.
They too are mine.*

It is all a game

*a smile,
the littlest of smiles
not untouched with malice
she does not know, not yet anyway,
hidden deep within
in her folds
where shall I strike?
it's all a game
I feed, I grow,
does she know?
off her breast
that never fed
a hunger
rogue, she calls me,
pinches my cheeks
somewhat melancholic...
The only question left
How then shall we cohabit?*

Goodbye forever

*It's time to say goodbye
You arrived
Unannounced
Turned my life
Upside down
Frightened me
To (almost) death
To learn
Unwelcome guests, at times,
do bring welcome gifts
Cutting edge
cuts both ways
Now poetry flows
From my nuked/chemo-ed brain
Thank you very much
But its goodbye time
Do me a favour
Stay away, don't return
I can live (only)
Without you*

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Conflict of Interest: None declared

Funding: None

To cite: Sathyamala C. Journeying with cancer: A trilogy. *Indian J Med Ethics*. 2026 Jul-Sep; 11(3) NS: 242. DOI: 10.20529/IJME.2026.023

Submission received: March 6, 2026

Submission accepted: April 15, 2026

Published online first: April 16, 2026

Manuscript Editor: Meenakshi D'Cruz

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