

Faith, Hope and Love by David Copson

I have faith in the doctors, the hospital,
where my treatment takes place, a battle
of faith sometimes, where I think, “why me?”
As my cells mutate and force upon me a change,
as my very structure is rearranged and bits within
begin to die. I know the smiles and care I receive
have comforted countless others and that I am
for now a name and not a number, and my sinking
frame does not encumber the professionals who,
in their job, provide safe passage to a different place.
They do all this with compassion and grace.

I have hope that advancements, though slow,
may come to my rescue, like the cavalry in those
old Westerns. A bugle will sound, and a miracle cure
will cross the ground to where I lie prone, and in the
nick of time.....ah, if only. But you never know?
The doctor told me only last week I have far to go
- and I wasn't even born on a Thursday! -
I have hope because, if you give up on that your last days
will be full of clouds, and regrets will become monuments
you never wanted to build. Is that how you want your
private obituary to be filled?

And yet I have love, and if all other emotions battled
it out it would be this one that must win because,
although unfathomable, it is not where I end, but where I begin.
To me love has no end, and so it conquers all.
And it is familial love now that I value most; those children
and grandchildren I don't need to name because they know
who they are. And they sit with me and we talk of things
so mundane that are yet so deep. But love does not select only
what is brilliant or the best. It is there forever, in little things
and big; it is the result, not the test.