

POETRY/FICTION

Poem

Survival rates

I hate
Survival rates.

Don't tell me
That they are scientific.

Don't tell me to
"Get my affairs in order."

What about me?
As just a unique person?

My age
My heart and my hope.

I need, demand
A chance for a future.

Please don't let an
Outdated chart steal that.

Let me embrace
The uncertainty with
Openness and maybe
Potentials and possibilities.

I hate
Survival rates.

—Roger Granet, M.D., D.L.F.A.P.A.
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