

THE CHAIR

I woke up early since I couldn't sleep last night.

Dressed in my best jogging suit, I drove down
To the Chemo Center.

The guys that park my car know me now:
"How you doing today?" they ask in earnest.
But what do I tell them and what do they really want to know?

I find my familiar chair upstairs:
The one close to the nurses,
But far away from the dense noise of
Overloud, overfriendly families.

And I settle in, with my port in place
And wait. . .

Time moves as slowly as does
The intravenous drip that invades me.

But as I sit in silence, I dream the hopeful
Dreams
That alas, this is not a dream
But a reality that I may hope.

—Roger Granet, M.D.