

Abacination

Cancer

Illumination illudes in brief sojourn
It pangs with menace, yet menace no less
To grow or dwindle in fullness of time
Its presence I welcome, yet oblige

Hands pass faces in constellation
Like evening mist - my old friend
Blurs stars dripping in atmosphere
To come alive and scribe austere

And once again my strength returns
Cold air fills lungs in debt
This abacination
Discomfort I beget