

Cancer flower

On the ultrasound,
it was a white, bright
seed –

that had planted itself
in a field of breast
waiting to
manifest.

Drawing nutrients,
full of possibilities.
Roots might delve deep,
flower and creep

into strong stem green,
petals purple and blood red,
pistils and stamens,
pollen full –

ready to propagate,
seed other fields.

Grow into a meadow
of fantastical flowers.

Break the boundaries
of what the body's
cells were supposed to do.

They could be
strong, beautiful,
overwhelming.

I had my gardeners
In their clinical white coats.
With their tools to dig out the seed.
Weed killer to destroy errant growths.

Would one seed escape?
All I had was hope
in the gardeners'
skills to save my landscape.