



FEAR

Thus far it could so easily be
the journey to my end –
consultant, scans, then biopsy
no room left in the mind to pretend

Unless, of course, this is a false alarm
where consultant greets me, eyes bright,
and tells me from a well-lit pool of calm
the tests show there's no cancer to fight

What folly that I should be in such a state!
Anxiety, right at the top of the scale
where every breath and menacing thought
promises a ringing sting in the tail

Until I realise, even if this is my end,
it is fear I must face, fear I must befriend.

Julian Nangle
7-8 January 2020