From the Book of Treatment

And the Chemotherapy came to him and said, Give Me your fields, your flowing fields of hair, from atop your head to your toes every single follicle—all of them give them to Me, your Chemotherapy so that you will feel naked although clothed.

And give Me your flock, your bountiful flock of mucosal epithelial cells the cells by which you consume and digest give them to Me, your Chemotherapy so that you will be a leper to food.

And give Me your soldiers, your brave soldiers of your immune system, your white blood cells from the tribe Neutrophil and Lymphocyte give them to Me, your Chemotherapy so that you will know how fragile you are.

Give these, your most prized possessions, to Me amid incense of rubbing alcohol upon an altar of reclining chair.

In return, I shall smite your enemy the cancer, cause of suffering and death. I, and no scalpel; I, and no x-ray. I will poison the primary tumor and his children and his children’s children throughout your flesh, in every hiding place. Their cytoplasm will run in your veins! I will destroy them all, without mercy so that you will know bad happens to good in order for worse to happen to bad.

So did the Chemotherapy declare. And the follow-up CT scan was good.

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Illustration by Jim M’Guinness.

A Vision in the Infusion Suite