There Were Times

There were times, there still are times
It takes me by surprise
My body just doesn't want to work
My thoughts just turn to whys.

Why did Cancer show its face?
Why did it start to grow?
Why did my body react this way?
Some things we'll never know.

The mind has suffered, it's fair to say
It's got its own things to fight
The memory struggles with simplest things
Like getting my words out right.

'The thingy – you know – the hot thing!
The oven, that's right, please turn on'.
Why am I putting the salt in the fridge?
And where has the boiling thing gone?

It helps if you're in the right room
It's a kettle, remember? The word?
Walking into the room for a task
Then doing something completely absurd.

People will say that they do that
But they've not had treatment like this
They're only trying to make you feel better
That something is not that amiss.

But these things they happen daily
The treatment we know is the link
Time is a healer they say all the time
Well I'm done with waiting, I think!

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