

Bucket List

I never wanted a tattoo.

It had never been on my bucket list.

Walking through the door of the old hospital building.

Not knowing what a mapping appointment meant.

Sitting, anticipating, fidgeting, waiting to be called.

Meeting my oncologist, who I had only seen once before.

Talking to him,

Smiling at him,

As if I understood.

Getting undressed,

Lying on the machine.

While they do whatever it is they need to do.

The nurse comes over, "we just need to mark you."

I now have 3 small tattoos.

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