

Group Therapy

We meet in a room to chat about Radiotherapy,
To discuss and question: *“What does it mean to me?”*
All of us different and yet somehow the same,
Our emotions, thoughts, experiences and even our pain.

We discuss the surroundings, the sounds and what we see,
The friendships, loneliness, fears, the normality.
Telling our family our friends how we feel,
So sad and frightening a big ordeal.
We don't know what is to come – so how can they?
Another appointment, scan, biopsy – just another day.

The machine so hard, black and daunting,
Makes us wonder what is this world we are entering?
The staff all qualified, professional and precise,
Really don't have the time to fully explain about this device.

Measurements are taken, then checked again, and once more,
When all is completed they leave through the door.
Once more alone – just you and the beam.
Working it's magic, zapping you – such faith in that 'stream'.

Looking up at the ceiling, fluffy clouds and green trees,
Doing my best to relax, bringing to mind happy memories.
The arms that are stretched beginning to ache.

“Oh come on! I don’t know how much more can I take.”

OK it’s over now no more sessions to endure.

Get out there,

Life is for living,

Of that I am sure.

That’s it .

(At least until they find a cure)