

Pink

So I live my life a suburban cliché - the good life!

And then BAM - here it is... a lump.

The journey begins.

One stop breast clinic,

Like a conveyor belt of girls in pink.

This image makes me angry.

I hate pink, would much prefer black – it's more stylish.

So we all glance up from our phones making brief eye contact thinking:

'What is it for you?'

The investigations start and we hope they leave no stone unturned, find it all.

Try to keep calm, keeping it real.

The results are back.

The consultant is here with the nurse at her side.

How does she do it?

Sadness, every day.

She's so kind, so calm, so reassuring.

I hope she doesn't let others take her kindness as a weakness.

So the treatment starts:

Surgery, radiotherapy, appointments, no work.

I miss my routine, my peers and my sense of purpose.

I guess it takes awhile to settle in to a 'new normal'.

But you know, do what you've always done and you will get what you have always got.

Good comes from bad they say.

I've found a new purpose, new 'peers'

I feel like I'm on my way to being 'in the pink' again,

In a different way this time.