The Cancer Nurse Drops By On The Afternoon Of The Day He Was Told He Had It

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On The Afternoon Of The Day
He Was Told He Had It...
Jane Scoville

She looks at all of us,
The women who circle his bed;
But, "Here," he says, "I'm the victim."

She smiles and moves
Closer to his head. "I'm glad
You've a sense of humor," she says.

We ask our questions;
She talks of treatments,
Pills and plans.

There is no hope to cure it.
He's old, bad heart,
Please understand.

She has so much to say—
More than we care to know.
His eyes stray to the television:

Will she ever go?