

Kevin's Cancer

WHY?

There are no indisputable histories of Christmas
Playing possum in a PO box
With the key I'll receive in good time
Or vague, indefinite afterlife scenarios
On loop laying true
Unnoticed, deep in the rustiest back silos of my mind

No I know with no uncertainty
That I'm uncertain and I don't know
I know with no uncertainty

Kevin's cancer said

You say I should pray that Yud-Hey-Vav-Hey
Would stay above me
But for all this chaos and dread
I need not one cloth on my head
To hold it all in with
And so I go without a care
Head bare and somehow I'm still here
Lay your mother's dread in her grave
Savor the gift and behave in it's midst

Oh I know with no uncertainty
That I'm uncertain and I don't know
I know with no uncertainty

Kevin's cancer said