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Friday Thirteenth

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Dark winter's night.
I saw your blood before you arrived;
nasty cells, divulging
your Diagnosis.

You arrived. Sick,
yet smiling. Conversive.
Confident. Fiancée
hiding behind
your Courage.
Support vital
during difficult months.
I told you.

I told you.
Telling is routine,
yet novel. I have done this
a Lot.
Your resolve
steels me.
It Affects me.

I wish we could
have helped.
Helped more.
If only Chemotherapy
had worked.
I wish we could have
Cured you.

I will miss
your patient
nature, battling
Defiance.
We have become
Closer than
perhaps we
should have.

A year further, I
naively resolve
never to Forget.

About the Poet

Nick Fordham is a paediatric doctor who enjoys writing in his spare time. He aspires to be a writer who practises medicine in sparer time.
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