



Volume 11
Issue 3
2017

The Invaders

with thanks to E. Ellen Schmidt

Barbara Lydecker Crane

"It's small," the doctor says,
"but your cancer is invasive."
Instantly in technicolor I can see
*a horde of Huns on horseback
in a thunderous attack.
Charging archers, wild-eyed,
pierce the unprotected sides
of villagers like me who cower
at the carnage and the tower
of smoke above each mountain town.
One Hun leers at my hospital gown ...*

"The cancer has moved beyond
a milk duct," the doctor continues.
"That's all 'invasive' means."
*At that, invaders pull in reins
as horses rear and stamp.
Men dismount on dusty plains,
set up a makeshift camp.
Will they stay or will they go?
I wait for history to know.*

Dancing in the Dark

Doctor, would you like to hear
my light verse about cancer?

If laughter is the best medicine,
it might radiate the answer.

Laughing in a CAT scan?
A mirthful shaking can't blur

the end result, this finding of
invasive cancer—nor will rants or

rhymes. I'm trying hard to smile
but right now I can't, sir.

Tell me the steps, and give me notes.
I don't do well with chance or

fate, but I will dodge the odds
if I can be an artful dancer.

Barbara Lydecker
Crane, of Somerville,
MA, has published
two collections of her
poems: *Zero Gravitas*
and *Alphabetricks*
(for children). A new
one, *Back Words*
Logic, is due out soon.