

Dying Sucks

by

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Over the years I have written over a hundred shorts stories, flash fiction, poems, pod cast and a novel. In recent years I have had to deal with thyroid cancer and have to face the truth that I may have five years but maybe not ten. Being the prolific writer I am I wrote a chapbook poetry about it. This is the thoughts of a person who deals with dying.

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Dying Sucks

That day I dread, when the doctor said, "There are tumors within."

What can I say, there's no other way, how shall we begin.

Slit my throat, peel back my face, and rip out what you can.

When you're done, stitch 'n' lace and staple me up again

Change the pace, melt plastic on my face, radiate me on the table.

Thirty-three days and sixty-six Grays (Gy's) I'll survive if I'm able.

I'll be in a haze, when I haven't eaten in days, so I'll starve a little while.

But now and then, I'll wake again, and cough up something vile.

Yet still it's there, to my surprise, I cannot pass the bucks.

It was then, I realize, that all of this dying sucks.

Rhyme and Verse

If you don't see the stress, or the bitterness
 In these days before I die.
It's because these words I compose, when the cancer arose
 Have helped me learn to say goodbye.
And as the end grows nearer to me, I will find serenity
 And accept my fate, its not a curse.
Then when life's comes to a close, this will be my repose.
 It's why I write, in rhyme and verse.

I Refused To Take It Out On Others

As you read, perhaps I can show.

Why I take time to write this.

I can only say, because I know.

God's wrath and his forgiveness,

So why am I not, more berate.

Why no tears upon this page.

Because I have to learn, to accept my fate

I will not inflict my rage.

But why poems of death, before I go,

Why is this scribble and scratch my druthers.

Before you leave, you need to know,

I refused to take it out on others.

Fairy Tales

They say that Hell is the lack of all reason.

Logic demands all things have their season.

We struggle for life, but often we fail.

It's not always the ending to some fairy tale.

Why tell these stories that bluster and brag on.

Sometimes the princess is ate by the dragon.

When our battles are lost, we fall to the ground.

And that's when the cancer wins the last round.

Hope

Hope's a word that's defined:

 "A feeling of expectation and desire."

Hope, is cherished by those of us

 Who's faith will never tire.

But in all things, they have their end

 That's something that I know.

Though through the years, I grew, I learned,

 There are times I must let go.

Hope, I will not waste on me

 Soon I'll be departed.

Hope, I'll save for my young

 Whose lives have only started.

Days

Some days I wake, from broken dreams, and curse the morning sun.

Other days break with a smile, I say, "It's been a good run".

Then there are days, I cry to God, and do not hear a reply.

And days I find a stronger faith, and I stop asking why.

Sometimes it seems I live, in the days, when all I have is tears.

But a day will come, when those I love, will move on to other cares.

For all my days, they will end, I'll have to say goodbye.

Because I know, there'll be a day, when I have to die.

What I Read on the Internet

The doctor said to me one day.

 “Your chest scans have spots”, and then,
“I have to tell you, I’m sorry to say,
 You’ll have five years, but not ten.”

Will I one day, not awake

 And pass away without care

Or will I, with every breath I take

 Find there is no air

And so I ask, “What’s my demise?”

 But that he will not answer

So I search the Net, and find out otherwise

 “Death from thyroid cancer.”

I find the answer, on the Net, perhaps this will end all my frustration:

 “CELLS METASTASIZE IN THE LUNGS,
 PATIENT DIES OF SUFFOCATION.”

A Letter From God

Dear Bruce,

Don't think that your life has all but been frozen.

Your dying is a decision, for which I have chosen.

I heard all of your cries. Please know that I care.

But this is a cross that you'll have to bear.

Your roads have been lonely, I do know your strife.

Be thankful your punishment is received in this life.

And in all of your workings, I did not throw in a wrench.

It's just to remind you, Hell's a thirst that's unquenched.

Though I have seen your attempts at petty repents.

But how many times have you laughed at another's expense.

And all you were given was not always returned.

Now all that you suffer, this you have earned.

You've strayed far too often, now your paying the cost.

Like some little lamb who now has been lost.

So I yanked you back, from the path that you took.

And now your neck's scarred with my shepherd's crook.

Look at your life. It isn't so odd.

Count all your blessings.

Sincerely,
God

I'm sorry

I've made mistakes, a lot of them,
I'm sorry for that time.
A wise man said to err is human,
But to forgive divine.
I'm sorry for the misdeeds I dealt,
And I may have stumbled since my birth.
Please know no greater offence is felt,
If you feel my sorry is of no worth.
Then it seems I'm sorry, all the more,
But it's not the biggest thing I dread.
Because most of all, I'm sorry for,
The sorry I never said.

Times

There are times we'll live, in love and laughter.
 And times we'll face, the ever after.
There are times we'll smile, with the rising sun.
 Yet there are times we'll smile, when our twilight's come.
We cherish all the time, the Lord will send.
 But in time we'll know, it all will end.
And when it's time, for us to die.
 It's a time we'll prey, and say goodbye.

And This

And this is another thought I'd share.
 Something I tell with great despair.
And this, just a message that I send,
 When I wrote it at my life's end.
And this book's a road I walked alone.
 Yet still this heart's, not made of stone.
And this was the cancer that ate me alive.
 It is the reason I did not thrive.
And this thought is lost, when I'm no longer around.
 And this is why I wrote this down.

Sometimes

Sometimes we're happy, and all is nice.

Then sometimes fate has rolled the dice.

Sometimes our loved ones have been taken.

And sometimes we think, we are forsaken.

Sometimes we're granted, the strength to carry on.

Sometimes it's the rock, our faith is built on.

Sometimes we wish, that death was not known.

But always the Lord, one day calls us home.

Keepers of my Soul

The two of you were on my mind while heading towards death door.

Now I see, it came to me. It's not my life I live for.

It shouldn't take ten years to die in a life that's not been kind.

But my story's told, in the hands I hold, of the children I leave behind.

So please be happy, live your life. You're the ones who keep me sane.

And do not cry, you're the reason why. I smile through all the pain.

Cancer is my living death. Now It's has taken its toll.

So until I go away, it will be ok. You're the keepers of my soul.

You Cannot See

You cannot see, but please stay for a while.
I'll tell you some lies and give you a smile.
You cannot see, the horror within,
Or what's behind this face that I grin.
And you cannot see, me suffering inside.
Or all of the worries I don't take in stride.

So if you hang around, you cannot see what I hide.

You cannot see a soul, that's shredded and torn.
An existence I lived, perhaps since I was born.
And you cannot see, the depths of my Hell.
Living this way I hide it too well.

I ask how can one exist in this place that I dwell.

You cannot see me cry, or my quiet lament.
I won't burden you with the story about my torment.
You cannot see my fate, a joke that's so cruel.
I thought it would end, am I such a fool.

And you cannot see this poem as my emotional tool.

You cannot see, you've not lived my life.
So I don't want to hear this isn't my strife
All that I carry, It's never been light.
Yet you cannot see, I fought the good fight.

And you cannot see the pain in these words that I write.

You cannot see the cancer, which I did not choose.
All has been lost, now I've nothing to lose.

It Strikes a Chord Within My Heart

As I write, and stand here solid.
 You may find I'm not so stolid.
And all these poems may seem absurd.
 Still there's life within my word.
Though they are brief, they say so much more.
 This is how I feel outside death's door.
Because in these days before I depart.
 It strikes a chord within my heart.

For A Moment

For a moment, I basked in the sun.

 Moment's over, I've had my fun.

And for a moment, I was young.

 Then I found, that too was done.

Seems every moment ends I see.

 For the moment the joke's on me.

For a moment I danced and sang.

 In the next my death knell rang.

We live for a moment, but it never lasts.

 And then came the moment that I passed.

Beyond the Grave

Once I brought two babies home.
 Now your older, now you've grown.
You have each other, a sister and a brother.
 Appreciate it, you'll not have another.
You see, I've raised you two now I met my goal.
 And upon God's mercy I've place my soul.
And I've been your father, a long, long while.
 Matthew, walk your sister down the aisle.
But give a smile and save your tears.
 It's ok, I've had my years.
And when you speak of me, don't say he died.
 Say he lived say he tried.
I fought the good fight, now it's all I gave.
 Still a father's love extends beyond the grave.

To My Grandchildren I Never Knew

To my grandchildren I never knew.
I thought I'd write this one for you.
If I'm not there to spoil you rotten,
Please be aware you're not forgotten.
Though I never knew your name.
Still I love you just the same.
You may not miss me. You needn't bother.

Sincerely,
Your Grandfather

Who Would Write This

Why would he wallow in such lament.

Why waste his words and have them spent.

Writing poems till his final day.

Yes, we know he'll go away.

But to tell his tale so stale and stark,

Deep within there's something dark.

And his views on death, they are so terse.

Somewhere in life he faced much worse.

It is true we all will die.

But who would want to be this guy.

Who could stand the despair he's bid.

Who would write this, Oh wait, I did.

I Needed

I needed to write these poems in my time.

I needed them short and I need them to rhyme.

I needed to see the words you read here.

I need them for me. I don't need you to care.

I do not need to whine. I don't need to cry.

I just needed a way to say goodbye.

I needed to realize, death is not fiction.

And I needed to write my last benediction.

To You Who Reads This

To you who reads this, I want to thank you.
 You've stayed with me so long.
To you who reads this, you need to know.
 I'm just singing my death song.
To you who reads this, I found my peace.
 And toiled with my last breath,
To you who reads this, it seems I found,
 A way to face my death.
To you who reads this, toss these poems,
 Why clutter these lives of ours
Then again,
To you who reads this, save them for the day.
 When the death you face is yours.