
Twas the Night Before Chemo

Karen Wyckoff – December 1996

Twas the last round of chemo
and all through the body
not a system was stirring
not even a cell

The platelets were clotting
by the WBC with care
In hopes to withstand
what soon would be there

The stomach lining was nestled
all snug in its place
while visions of popsicles
danced in its head.

The head in it's kerchief
chosen over a cap.
Had just settled its brains
for a long Ativan nap.

When out in the hallway
there arose such a clatter
I sprang from the bed
to see what was the matter.

Away to the doorway
I flew in a flash
upsetting the roommate
with my 100 yard dash.

The light on the cart
of leftover lunches
gave the luster of midday
to objects below.

When,
what to my wondering eyes
should appear

But an IV bottle filled to the brim
with mesna: beside it.
So lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be Ifosfamide

More rapid than eagles
through the veins it came and
it whistled and shouted
and called them by name

Now syno, now vial, Now your turn sarcoma.
Out cancer, out illness, out all you invaders
search to the end of the armpit
search to the end of the toes.

Now Dash away, dash away
Now dash away all.

So into the body
the lfex it flew
with a bag full of punch
And Adryimycian too

And then in a twinkling
I heard in the body
the twisting and turning
of each little cell.

As I drew in my head
and was turning around
down the stomach lfex
came with a bound.

A bundle of lining
it took in its track
and left me behind
just up chucking a snack.

It spoke not a word
but went straight to its work
and found the mitotic cells
including the real jerks.

With a final nod
out of the body it went
having completed the job
for which it had been sent

It sprang from the body
to its team gave a whistle
The WBC they flew
to make themselves bristle.

But I heard it explain,
as it flew from sight

HAPPY END TO CHEMO TO ALL
AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT.