

Heroic Living

A certain heroism in facing illness
A heroic posture called for when challenged by frailty and fragility.

Illness drains energy from my body
My prognosis is draped in doubt.

The sages declared:
“By dint of force were you born and by dint of force will you die.”

What is left but the inner choice, in the secrets of the heart
On whatever bed I lie
I become a warrior
Armed with steel resolve, the weapons of my spirit.

Against the melancholy that ties me down
The dark forces that counsel surrender
I choose
Not to allow dreams to turn into nightmares
Memories of laughter blotted out by darkness.

I have dreamt glorious dreams
I have stumbled, fallen and propelled myself up
As I have lived through storms
I would die a hero.

