What was my mom’s reaction

when she heard she had cancer?

Did tears trickle down her cheeks

and fall onto the frigid tiles

of Queen’s Hospital

as she wept silently.

What did she do

as her long,

brown locks of hair

snagged between the valleys of her fingers

as she tried to pull her hair up?

How did she feel

after all her treatments?

As the poison oozed through her body,

did she question her strength?

Was she convinced

that she could crush the cancerous cells

and live out the rest of her life?