

# CANCER OF THE HEART

ELLA LUCENTE

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You had the appeal of a cigarette (but you know that all too well)  
A “harmless” little piece of paper  
That burned with enticing warmth.  
But, within you and those papers, were all  
Toxins  
That I know I should’ve avoided,  
And If I had found that out later, (or possibly sooner)  
You’d leave me riddled  
With the cancer & disease, tied to a broken heart.

But, the moment I breathed you in  
And felt the rush —  
That euphoric high  
Of the nicotine that was your “love,”  
I was straight up addicted.  
Every hour, on the hour  
Anchored to you, I was weighed down,  
By the need of your affection, attention,  
“love.”

But, as you know, my mind works like a scientist,  
A doctor,  
Who has a Ph.D in the field of pain.  
I was always right, and your so called “love”?  
Was bombarded by your cold, calloused heart,  
And I and my own lonely heart,  
Was left with disease,  
The cancerous tumor you left inflicted upon me.

But you have not won.  
Not this time, nor ever.

She has the transfusion that has replaced my polluted blood,  
She is the drug that soothes my aching body,  
She is the chemo that destroyed the remains of your toxic, cancerous,  
“love.”

She, is me.

She, is me, with compassion and love pumping through her veins.

Love without quotations (I didn't know love didn't require quotations.)

I know that now.

Because I finally know me.

I finally know me, which is love.

Needless to say, darling, I've quit smoking.