

Violation

Michael E. Stone

I am angry at the cancer,
I am angry at what it did to you,
I am angry at what they had to do to you.

We are still primitives, savages,
With nothing to do against it,
But the surgeon's knife,
Cutting off pieces of us,
To exorcise mad cells.

And the pharmacist's potions,
That poison them and us.

And prayers.