**Stream of Consciousness**

I write to find my voice,

To discover my stream of consciousness.

How does my conscious stream?

Like the pond outside my window?

The water is dark today.

A cloud glowers over it. Wind rushes through it.

Its surge enthralls me.

Where does it stream?

Chemo acid roils within my body.

It pounds in disparate places.

A ping in a foot, a pang in an ear,

A weakening in a knee, an ache in my pelvis.

Healing hurts. At least this kind does.

Christmas pain is nothing new.

I set impossible expectations.

Nothing goes as planned.

I am disappointed.

I do not stream.

Ping. Pang. Pain. Stream.

The pond races—sky blue with steel gray crests.

Does it care where it is going?

No. It just streams to be streaming.

Urgency. Movement. Energy.

Streaming energy.

Heraclitus had it right.

Everything streams or lies stagnant.

And so, I stream.

Through chemotherapy infusions, through this cancer experience.

I flow into an unknown future,

Resolute to keep an open pond of consciousness,

Resisting the temptation to flail against the flow of nature,

Finding my “voice” while my toes continue to numb.

Can I consciously stream through cancer?

I must. I will.

No fight. No flail.

I careen into the dark unknown,

Allowing loss to dissolve within my wake.

Ignoring fear, denying pain,

Helpless, but not hopeless,

I stream.