sunshine on my melanoma

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*“do you have a few minutes?”*

a question

no one wants to hear

from their doctor

the weekend

of New Year's Eve.

*one visit away from*

*a trajectory changing.*

I’m not the sun.

I may not even be the center

of my own solar system

anymore.

melanoma is the emerging star.

*365* days

and nothing changes.

the sun rises.

it blazes overhead. *(unless you live in seattle)*

then it sets.

without fail, no interruption.

every day. every year.

since the beginning of time.

*there is no new thing under the sun.*

except for these wrinkles.

all these earthly days warming

under the rhythm of the sun

has caused my ego to shrink

and my cancer to blossom.

dutifully, the sun rises.

as love and heartache,

mourning and laughter,

pain and bliss

all faithfully circle round the planet

swirling into our lives.

with universal indifference, the sun sets

unaffected by the disturbances below.

to detachedly rise again.

nothing shrivels a person better than age.

that’s what all the crepey skin is about.

but must I shirk?

has my soul desiccated

as my epidermis baked under the warm rays of the sun?

even though my skin

may not bounce back like a toddler on a trampoline,

I’m not sure my spirit is any less springy.

in fact, I’m sure that my soul is more elastic

than the pinched spotted skin on my arm.

a lifetime of sunshine

and sunsets

weathering storms

and drought.

now, I don’t give a shit

as much as I used to.

there’s far less to protect,

far less to fear.

because the final sunset may be

right around that sunrise.

risk looks different from the vantage of old age.

maybe it’s not jumping out of helicopters to snowboard virgin peaks,

opening that language school for dogs

or sitting on the beach without sunscreen.

maybe its raising hell

because we can.

what have we to lose

when our dermis is hanging to the floor.

I’m finally getting comfortable in my own skin

cause that’s all I have.

even as it flakes off

or grows things that hurt me

and has more dots than a *Seurat*.

I know the sun will rise tomorrow

as it has every morning since time began

and soon I will not see it.

and it will not miss me.