

Freedom . . .

. . . is as much the leopard
which has a baby wildebeest
by the throat as it is
all of the other wildebeests who
have made good their escape.

How often do we marvel at the way
predator and herd—each
taking only what is required or else
giving back in the same spirit—
have found a balance
so that both might survive?

Now, however, consider the tiniest
of cancer cells inhabiting a body
such as mine. Grant to this being
a freedom as modest as that
claimed by our leopard and I
will one day find myself inhabiting
the same world as our baby wildebeest.
The tumor, however cannot
comprehend that my final gasp
sounds it's death knell too.

And you who believe yourselves
to be freer than the leopard because
like cancer cells there is no limit
to what you are able to destroy,
who spread like an uncomprehending
malignancy infecting our planet, what end
can you imagine for this tumor
sometimes referred to as “humanity”?

Steve Bloom
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