

I remember that phone call...
Hearing the words 'cancer',
And 'again',
Dance with each other in the same sentence,
But this time would be different,
Because They didn't detect it early.
My mind became a hurricane.
A category 5 storm,
Pummeling through every positive thought I had,
I just didn't want him to die...
He said he would fight...
Fight until there's nothing left,
But scar tissue and stitches,
Not bones and skin,
He became a walking skeleton,
After being diagnosed before Halloween.
But this,
Was no costume,
No joke
or laughing matter.
If only we just pray...
Pray this cancer away
He will make it!
No!
He needs to fight it!
This tough guy,
Spilled rage like lava on Hawaiian islands.
He became a volcano that erupted each time we tried to help him.
"I can do it!"
"I am strong enough!"
"I'm going back to work!"
"I can fight!"
I remember him saying "this feels like the beginning of the end".
He was the shade of a Simpson's character,
From the blockages to his liver.
Still determined to kick this Cancer's ass,
He fought!
And that's what he did!
Squared up with this terminal illness,
like he was Iron Mike Tyson in his prime!
He made his surgery look like a 12 round knockout!
His recovery seemed great,
But weight loss evaporated his mass.
He was vanishing in front of us.

His body told the truth that he tried to hide.
He kept saying he looks like he's been through Auschwitz.
His mindset started to turn into a concentration camp,
And I'm pissed that this disease wrecked World War 2 over him,
As if 6 million souls were screaming inside of him!
Yet, still he fought with white knuckled fists,
until he was hospitalized from being malnourished.
We knew it was bad.
When you see your dad,
Go from a fully charged Ryu,
To running out of steam from too many 'haduiken's' to his body,
With no more credits to start his life over,
You feel helpless.
You wish he could tag you in like this WWF,
So you could body slam this sickness,
For even thinking
it could take down The Rock of your family...
But this...
isn't a wrestling match...
It's not a video game...
It's a real life nightmare.
A battle that chose your father as it's opponent.
A war that won't stop until there are casualties.
Cancer doesn't care who it kills,
Whether it's the patient,
Or the family,
So, it took him.
Wrung out all the life he had left.
Not prepared for last goodbyes from last breaths.
I watched my Superman,
Die at the hands of this kryptonite,
And I don't know who seek Vengeance from first.
Because this,
Isn't a comic book,
Of a made up universe,
Where the slain comes back from a coma,
to defeat the boss.
This was a fight
that was unfair!
But he said he would fight.
And that's what he did.
And he's still a champion in my eyes.