

'A Dragon In My Closet' by Cheryl Tilleman

There's a dragon living in my closet.
There's one in yours too...
Only you may not hear yours - yet.

I have heard my dragon; felt my mortality.
A time comes in some lives when
We can hear the closet doors shaking and raging.
We lay in our beds, terrified.

Some can pull the covers up
And believe that the dragon has gone away.
But some, me, must fearfully fling the doors open
And glare the dragon in the face
And scream and scream and scream.

At last I close the door, exhausted and relieved.

But every so often - a checkup, a friend's recurrence – and...
The dragon roars again.

I know my dragon's name and have made an uneasy peace with it.
Some day, I fear, I will open that door and bring the dragon out
And live with its presence in the open.

The dragon and I would never be friends.
We would just walk together, until he carried me off.

Written by Cheryl Tilleman after joining the Sistership Dragonboat Racing Team.



Postscript:

I have opened the door...
The dragon is out.

Postscript written by Cheryl on the day that she was diagnosed with breast cancer metastasis.