

Malignant
By: Audrey Abbott

Family struggle, despair, heartache

God, could you have made a mistake?

I call her my CC, because she's much more than just my grandmother

I couldn't have imagined being raised by any other

This is why it was hard to see her during this time of suffering

Age 10 and I began to question everything

So young and full of light

But lights dim and darkness shines bright

Could not let the darkness win

Had to be there for my CC, being afraid is no sin

I was scared for her life, but knew I had to be strong

My mom and grandma needed me for this journey was so long

Life is like a game and we're in the ninth inning, two outs

But I know my grandma will beat the odds, I have no doubt

Tears shed and late nights

No death comes without a fight

Cancer is strong, but my grandma was stronger

She has survived and has cancer no longer