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An Oncologist's Daydream

One day I will abandon the differential diagnosis of misery, the intricate clockwork of frantic codes spiralling into oblivion. One day I will turn my back

to the damned immaculate conception of neoplasia, the tragic metamorphosis of cancer. One day I will cast off the absolute and relative contraindications

to existence, the kinetic guru of the EKG mesmerized with hypnotic chants of life and death. One day I will renounce the horrid integration of a father, a six-pack,

and a steel tool. One day I shall leave to skate an Adirondack lake with my son: dodging the cracks and thin ice which groan with the misery of my indecision.