

# A man can die from a broken heart

It is not often that I get to sit down and type up some words for posterity. But now I feel I must as, you see, I am dying. Slowly. So I thought I might as well leave some words behind. For her.

I have been meaning to but I have felt a bit reluctant to write for posterity. I mean it just might jinx me. Look at all those famous people who have written for posterity. The one thing they all have in common is that they are all dead. Sheer coincidence, I ask you? Not so, I think. Or in the least posterity is not something I have been upto now willing to bet my life on. But now it is all irrelevant. I am dying.

Come to think of it, there is another reason why I have not written for posterity before now. Mostly, you see, I am quite busy. Admittedly, my practice only takes up some of my time. However, there are these other things that assail me and that seem to leave me at the end of the day with no time or energy to be writing down stuff for the ages.

I have, what you call, a rather weak constitution. My mother probably did not feed me my multivitamins (a must for a growing boy) or insist that I take my milk. I remember her as hale and hearty – she still is - and that too without doing any of the things a person should to maintain his or her health. She was equally apathetic towards my health too. So it was little wonder that I am where I am now. Yes, I was what people call a healthy boy, but I never was really healthy. Khair, these days I am even less so.

My recent deterioration I attribute to a broken heart. It is all her fault. She of course would deny it – she insists that what broke us up was that I ‘was, am and always shall be’ obsessed with my health and minor health niggles. In fact, she is quite sure that it was my alleged obsession that tore us apart. I, however, seem to recall that it was my concern for my health that got us together.

I can still remember, as clearly as yesterday, when I first saw her. She was the nurse on duty at the local hospital. I came in complaining of bad bowel movements. She seemed interested. I recall her smiling a smiley smile at me when I told her that I had not had relief for sometime. Out of that trite beginning, true love blossomed. Or at least I thought it had. That was until she left me.

In retrospect, I guess I should have seen the signs. Dear reader, she used to snap at me. And for the oddest of reasons. Most women would be flattered that their other halves show interest in their work and discuss the same with them. She however always seemed non-plussed whenever I sought to query her on a concern of mine. Sometimes she would

just change the topic. And at other times she would say that she would have to look it up. Was it, at that juncture, when I was overwhelmed, too much to ask then that she look it up then and there. Please? Soon? It was after-all for her own benefit too. I mean she may even come across a patient requiring the same treatment tomorrow. And where would she be then? Probably leafing through her still pristine looking Gray's Anatomy and other manuals. I venture to say that I have read through them more than she has.

Anyways, we were talking about posterity and I was writing down words for it. I think I should. As I told you, I am dying. I think. One never knows what befalls one from one day to another. And I seem to be carrying this persistent niggle these days in my thigh. It could well be cancer.

I have discussed this too. With my mum. She told me, as she does with all aches and life-threatening diseases, to take an aspirin and tough it out. The local doctor told me that it was just a bruise. I now think he is a quack.

It bothers me that she is not around.

Workmates, I can't discuss it with. They are quite strange and uncaring actually. Most of my workmates seem to make fun of me, but once they develop a pain or a niggle guess who they seek out. And I do help them too. And they go away always so thankful. And then the next days they are but once more one of the bunch that makes fun of me. A man can only take so much. One of these days I might just give them hydoploxochlorofin instead of tertrahrdorchlorofin. That ought to serve them right.

You know what I think: it is definitely cancer. I think there is this growth developing at the back of my neck too...

I wish she was around.

Her loss. I guess. She will have to live with the knowledge that she let me wither away to this black disease. I think I shall bequeath the significant books on cancer that I have collected to her. She might even read them. She might even dedicate her life to cancer research and therapy. Might even become famous like Imran Khan.