

Before Cancer, I Used to Dance; I Still Do

“I’ll dance ‘til I’m dead,” writes brain cancer blogger Adam Hayden. “Some of y’all may dance on my grave, but I’ll be dancing beneath it.”

June 11, 2024 By [Adam Hayden](#)

I used to dance.

I still do.

I dance over the dishes; with the dishes; in front of the dishes. I dance with the scrub brush, and I dance with the Dawn Power Wash (™). I dance by the dog; I dance by the raggedy shoes kicked off in a rush. I dance to the music that I love. I dance to new music I don’t like as much. I dance to the concerts in my memories, and I dance with my friends, sweaty, drinks in hand, dim lights interrupted by bright strobes; bumps from strangers and cover fees. All in my memory, all at the sink. Dinner prep and dishes are my daily dance times.

I dance to the youngest home from soccer practice, and I dance to the second dinner I made because Noah only eats chicken nuggets. I dance to Whitney asking me what’s on. “This isn’t even music. Is he singing? Is that singing?” I dance to decibels that compete with Fortnite, or Minecraft, or FIFA23, “Is a game on?!” “No, Dad, it’s just FIFA.”

I danced in the hospital, with one whole leg that didn’t work and an arm that wasn’t much better, earbuds in, turned too loud, long after visitor hours, waiting for the 4:00 am vitals check. Trying to get that leg to move and that left foot to tap, trying to get my left fingers to fret the imaginary guitar.

I play my music loud, and I embarrass the house. I’m sure the neighbors see me.

I dance with the kids, and I dance without them. I dance in front of them. Because I may not get to sit them down and show them albums when they get old enough to appreciate it, but they’ll find my Apple Music playlists, and they’ll remember them from the kitchen. One day an old friend will come around long after I’m gone and tell my boys, “Your dad and I used to go to shows,” and they’ll see me at the sink, in their mind’s eye, dancing.

I’ll dance at my funeral, well, probably not, but you will (celebration of life, amiright?) Either way, I’ll dance ‘til I’m dead. Some of y’all may dance on my grave, but I’ll be dancing beneath it.

I used to dance.

I still do. Do you?

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<http://beta.docker.cancerhealth.com/blog/cancer-used-dance-still>