

**Section 2:**  
**Treatment**

## Mam

Mam and I  
Fight like cat and dog  
But we love each other.  
We just can't live together  
Under the same roof.  
I can talk to  
My friends,  
My sister,  
My family,  
About most things  
But nobody understands  
My illness quite like mam,  
Who lives it.  
I've had it all my life.  
Just when I think  
I've seen it all,  
My stool will discolour,  
I'll get a different pain,  
I'll feel dizzy.  
Symptoms recur and repeat,  
Sometimes,  
New ones emerge.  
When that happens,  
I feel so low  
Hiding under the covers.  
Mam is there,  
Holding my hand  
As tears wet my pillow.

## Kindred spirits

|                    |                                  |
|--------------------|----------------------------------|
| A lifeline         | A heart                          |
| Keeping me         | Beating                          |
| Moving forward     | In time                          |
| In the world       | Around me                        |
| Her heart          | Anchors me                       |
| Here               | Momentarily                      |
| In stronghold hugs | In make-everything-better kisses |
| She thinks         | Like me                          |
| Like me            | She loves                        |

**Section 3:**  
**Aftermath**

## Screams

A patient screams,  
Pulling tubes  
From her body,  
Flooding the floor with  
Blood and urine.

I swipe across my phone,  
Desperate for a distraction  
From alarming nights and  
Exhausting days.

Twisting and turning,  
Tubes wrap around my body  
Like vines,  
Choking me.

The only thing  
That keeps me sane is  
The ping of a message  
From my first crush.

A volcano of happiness  
Erupts inside me,  
Eclipsing the screams,  
Dissolving anxiety.

## **Glow**

We talk about nothing.

We talk about everything.

When I sleep at night,

No one can steal my glow.

## Romantic daydreams

A gondola down  
The Venetian canals,  
Sipping champagne,  
Hands clasped tightly:  
Together.

Soft floral scents  
Of tulip fields,  
Luring us into comfort  
In Amsterdam:  
Blissful.

Afternoon tea with  
Colourful cakes,  
Flavourful tea,  
In the heart of London:  
Idyllic.

These thoughts consume me  
Amidst disinfectant burning my nose,  
Cardboard food choking me,  
Patient cries and beeping monitors  
Keeping everyone  
Alive.

## Love and sex

The difference between

Love and sex is

A promise

Cemented in trust.

I've experienced

Hands-in-hair happiness,

Sweaty sensuality

Dripping down scorching skin and

The magical madness

Of everything you are

Intertwining someone else's

Everything.

I've never trusted anyone

Enough to open the door and

Let my sea of secrets spill out.

Love binds my throat,

Clogs my pores but

It never escapes into

The arms of an awaiting lover.