

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.