



Poems by Kevin Webster

A few short poems that I have written over the last few years about how ME affects my everyday life. Writing used to be so easy but now it takes forever to be able to put my thoughts down in words.

Bed bed bed.

I feel I know you oh so well,
as you are now where I mainly dwell.
A quiet companion through these times,
I feel your shape, I know your lines.
I used to think you were just for night time,
a place to snuggle and get some sleep time.
It's becoming clear that's no longer true,
I'm spending so much time on you.
Hour after hour throughout each day,
I crawl back to you in
disarray.
It's not for you bed, it is no flattery.
I just need to rest and charge my battery.

Head thoughts

On better days when my head is clearer.
I sometimes think good health might be nearer.
I begin to wonder if it's all in my head,
Have you just not been trying and lay in your bed.
Then reality kicks in, you've been trying for years.
Don't you forget all the pain and the tears
The times you've tried, the times you fell.
Your bodies' crashes, feeling so unwell.
You can't use your arms, your legs won't play
and this goes on day after day.
The days in pain, the days in bed.
I really dont think it's just in your head.

Minds gone by

I used to think, I used to ponder,
but now, yes now, I really wonder.
What has happened to continuous thought,
it should still happen I know it ought.
Now when I start to think and act,
my body says no you've broken the pact.
Broken the pact?, give me a clue.
Ah it's this new lifestyle that's imposed on you.
You can now choose just one thing at a time,
that way we'll get along just fine.
Don't think you can do as you did,
we limit you now, there is a lid.

Where have all the words gone

Pick one thing I know it's absurd,
 choose a thought or choose a word.
Don't try to use them both at once
 or you'll end up looking like a dunce.
Just because you want so say thunder,
 it may just get twisted and come out as blunder.
A phrase you say as 'blunder and lightning'
 is really not at all that frightening.
But when you want to ask for cheese
 and the word is not there and you just freeze.
I know what it is and the word used to be there,
 I am still trying and they just stare.
You try to explain like in a charade,
 hand movements galore but oh it's so hard.
The harder you try the more you clam
 and in the end you just opt for ham.

The crush

I know what it is, I call it the crush,
 it always comes on if I try to push.
When I talk of pushing I mean to say,
 I've overused my energy I had for the day.
The repercussions of this crime,
 I'm stuck in bed for quite a time.
Then in come the elephants, the trains and buses,
 they pile on me and my body crushes.
I can't lift my limbs, my flesh is aching,
 my bones are lead, my body is breaking.
Nothing can ease it, no drugs, no pills,
 it's what I get for all my ills.
Next time I think I'll just let it be,
 why did I think I could be the old me.

Showering hurts

Why does showering hurt so much?
 I don't think it's the water or even the touch.
Is it the standing or using the stool?
 When I can't move afterwards I feel such a fool.
It's great feeling clean and smelling all nice;
 But the after effects are just really not nice.
I'm aching and hurting, my muscles go taught;
 My head is all fuzzy and I can't form a thought.
The solution to this and to ease all the pain;
 Is to go back to bed and lie there again.
Is it such a crime to want to be clean?
 It's always the same, I just want to scream.

These Boots were made for walking

Over hills and dales i used to wander,
 here and there and over yonder.
Me and my boots were used to walking,
 lots of steps and not much talking.
Away in the attic they now dwell,
 hidden away with a musty old smell.
I sometimes think they cry to me,
 please let us out and set us
 free.
We've done nothing to cause your plight,
 yet you've locked us away without any light.
We've kept your feet protected without any pain,
 Now we're languishing here until you are well again.
I will one day put them on again,
 to walk in sunshine and to walk in rain.
Until that day i'll have to say,
 that in the attic they have to stay.

Fresh Veg

Fresh veg is good for you I know they say,
 you need to get your five a day.
Peeling and chopping can't be that tough,
 they don't need to be neat you can cut them quite rough.
You start with the peeling and it's going quite well,
 maybe this time it won't be like hell.
Two carrots down and two more to go,
 the pain in your arms is starting to show.
Your vision is blurring, your mind starts to drift,
 surely you've strength to finish this shift.
Now all that is left is to chop them and cook,
 for this you don't need a recipe book.
Your strength is now going and you sigh and you frown,
 I just wish I could finish before I need to lie
 down.
You stare at the knife and look at your hands,
 this blade will cut sharp wherever it
 lands
Cooked carrots are nice but sliced fingers are sore,
 it looks yet again I will be eating them raw.

On Better days

On better days I still need my hours in bed,
 thoughts and wishes going through my head.
I seem to see things so much clearer,
 things I've been grasping seem much nearer.
Is this clarity good or is it a curse,
 knowing I can't do things just makes me feel worse.