



### ME/CFS Poem

Poem by Nina

I have seen the views of the mountains and the skies in my mind's eye.

I've kissed the flowers and touched the grass.

I have stood on packed buses and trains and ordered food and wine all of  
which didn't cause me to crash.

My mind's eye holds a life that could have been. But it holds it dear and it  
is real to me.

I have traveled the world from my bed. All I am ever missing is the smells.