

ME poem

by Wende Crow

Where has my lexis gone
To translate my body to black shapes on a white page
Where has it gone

Is it you, dear reader? Did you get the flu and never get better? Have you been in bed for 32 hours? Welcome, hold my hug for you in your tired mind, let us find peace in our pain together. It will only take a minute.

To Myalgic Encephalomyelitis

Please take your nasty boot off my neck.
I know you won't. But could you at least try?
Think positive thoughts?
Get some sunshine, do some yoga eat more kale?
How about CBT? Have you considered your locked away trauma? Do you how to unbind it?
Or just Fluoxetine your way out.
That's another option. But maybe you need
Yogurt, M.E., or you're dehydrated or just
Need to move your aching exhausted body.
You're tired because you've succumbed to being tired. It's really very simple. We know this
because
Of the absence of peer-reviewed studies on testing
On treatment
And the profusion of doubt sprung forth from
Yet another specialist's mouth sending you to
Therapy and therapy and therapy
Go to a dim room and talk about your biggest, your baddest, your shiniest sparkling sorrows
Over and over and over
Go to yoga and fart it out
Mmhydrate more and piss it out
Fill your microbiome with more fiber more
Lazy cowards and morons who say
Your numbers look great! Epitome of health!
Sprawled on the floor, wrists shoved into aching
Eyeballs
Pressure to battle pressure
Happy thoughts to battle
Your gone future and
Your new future.

M.E., you need to consider making more
Of a spectacle of yourself
Get wasted and sat the wrong things to the sound
Of a record screeching to a vault
Isolated now from the player
Alone in the bed, the bedroom,
The den (because the living room. Is too bright and gives you a headache)...

Please answer me;

Who can I blame for this? What distant relative did this to me, what virus did it to her? Did she seek infection? If so, where? If so, what vehicle? Needles? Skin touching skin? Breathing air?

And who occupies my crippled body with me? Mellie, is that you? No, couldn't be, you never retired, you raised your daughter all alone.

Helen? Were you completely exhausted in your wide open dysphoria? I could see ME doing this to you being another trigger, shoving your self deep down with the force of a bullet.

A pore of light narrows far above me as my body drapes around the molten core and finally
I rest

How many wild beasts allow you to watch them sleep? How many beasts hide in a private sick bed?

There aren't many of us to be found in the wilderness, the sleeping, the slain, the convalescing.
You won't come and find us.

— "I am not the owner of this vessel I thought I owned, implies the man trying to sell it to me"