

This Rap is Chronic (*I Funked Up My Condition*)

This poem is for all the Spoonies in my tribe,
The people who have to suffer, daily, trying to survive,
This song is for all the dreamers on my team,
We all know why The Caged Bird Sings.

I woke up one day, couldn't get out of bed.
Like my body was a car and the battery was dead,
It was like my whole system was just flat out of gas,
My HPA Axis wasn't up to the task,
I was stepping on the pedal, couldn't get myself in gear.
I was sick as a dog, I was losing my hair,
I was losing my mind, couldn't put my thoughts together,
My brain slowed down like L.A. traffic in hot weather,
The only my mind could focus on was FEAR,
Like a depression insurrection, Yah, you bet I was scared,
Like living in a horror movie that turned out to be real.
I tried everything on God's earth that might help me heal,
Doctors tested my blood, and my sweat and my tears,
They tried hard to find an answer, the solution was elusive,
When the tests always came back as "inconclusive".

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One doctor, 2 doctor, 3 doctor, 4,
I've been to see 27 doctors or more,
I spent my all money, all my spoons, and all my time,
To finally discover that I had Lyme,
And then my doctors gave me antibiotics,
They made me so sick that I wanted narcotics.
Thanks to a thing they call Herxheimer reactions,
When the cure feels worse than the original problem.

There were times when I said I can't stand it,
I'm gonna leave the planet, and I planned it.
But God had a hand in it, commanded.
"Dying isn't your prerogative, girl.
It's important that you live, girl."
And even though I don't claim to understand it, I'm damn glad to still be here standing.

And I'm one of the lucky ones in my chronic illness tribe,
I had a Mother who scrimped and saved, to help me survive,
And when my friends left, cause they thought misfortune was catching,
I had a partner who stuck by my side through everything,
Imagine others alone and undiagnosed,
penniless, on the street, unemployed and comatose,
Doctors don't learn 'bout M.E., we're in the Medical Ghetto,
But, I'm we're not gonna let you forget us- NO!
If we had more money for research, we could find a cure,
And no one would have to suffer these diseases anymore!
We're still here, we're still
CHRONIC, we're gonna keep shouting out LOUDER, We're the Millions Missing, I love my tribe,
I couldn't be prouder!

Now, eleven years gone, and I'm still here stuck,
Between a sad case and a hard rock
It keeps going on, yah, it don't stop.
Symptoms goin' wrong, and it don't stop.