

## One of the Millions Missing

Sometimes Long Covid and ME  
seem like they never end,  
and maybe sometimes  
they don't.  
Now bed-bound,  
I honestly don't know  
how, if  
mine will.

I don't even really know how it all began.  
Which concussion lit the fuse for these ruins of me?  
Which moment was it exactly that I breathed in  
this presence that robbed my future?  
How did my life become this malaise  
I must evade but enter merely by walking  
across a room or petting my dog  
a moment too long?

Our quality of life,  
among the lowest  
of all diseases,  
yet many don't believe us,  
maskless doctors traumatize  
but don't treat us,  
friends, family risk our lives  
for their convenience.

Most people once in my life,  
a world away  
yet still right here,  
casually mainstreaming right-wing denial,  
while those of us most sick,  
discarded reminders of an endless pandemic,  
easier to forget than remember as real,  
left to bear alone all they would not face.

I am one of the  
millions missing  
and am still fighting,  
not this illness, however  
unwelcome, now a part of me,  
but the arrogance of ableism  
that lets a virus breathe freer than us,  
that keeps us from being found.