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poems

I'm getting there – A patient-inspired poem

Katherine Murdoch

At 11, I was standing in the courtroom. Trying to fix you
Emotional breakdowns and abuse were my toys
Trying to fly out of bedroom windows
While my family didn't want the burden of my cloud, in theirs
I became you.

College didn't get on with me
So the hairdressing was gonna be the new start
Everyone wished for me
But hairspray got in my throat, you see
They wanted my smile to beam and my appearance to gleam
But my cloud didn't see the sun
The only shine my body sees is when it's imprinting on my skin, cold
See the imprint is one, which will keep
It scars deep.

And the tiny white mountains on me,
My skin,
Are stared at by climbing eyes
Who could not possibly comprehend their origin
The grey lifeless cloud, which won't just hide away
In another place.

And I know what you think of these lines, so a cocoon of my house is fine
The front door, firmly shut, cut
But the same room in the same house, the walls are mocking me and
My body is imprinted on the sheets like stone, alone
And the little red raindrops are falling to the floor, staining my existence with a plop
But there is no rainbow without rain,
So being able to leave my bed or throwing up everything I consume with the tablets I ingest is the decision to be alive
Not to thrive.

So I'm reaching my hands out for you to see
To see the white mountains on my skin
My mum is angry, she wants you to see and society to believe
The tablets are endless, five times a day, before not after meals
20/30/80 mg of this, that, and stop
They don't work on me
I've tried counselling opening up to who, what, when
So believe me, help me, help me to be the daughter I'm supposed to be.

You breathe,
And tentatively try to solve the soggy puzzle of my mind
That really is quite kind but I'm a bit messed up, up there
The notion of fixing me up in a shiny box, with my name neatly on the front, has gone
Long gone
But I came here to share
I'm getting there.

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