

Poem by Crystalyn Trevillion

Sanity

So picture this,  
Bald head  
No hair  
In bed  
Nearly... dead.  
But I'm still... here,  
And still full of so much fear.  
Put my hands together  
Close my eyes and look down.  
Are my prayers being answered?  
Am I better now?

You see,  
What they never tell you is that,  
It was cancer that killed the cat  
Not curiosity  
Leukemia to be exact.  
It just appears out of nowhere,  
And then it spreads,  
And spreads,  
And spreads,  
Until covers every inch of your body!

All I could hear  
Is tick, tock,  
Time,  
All I had is time  
1 o'clock  
Who did this to me?  
2 o'clock  
What did this to me?  
3 o'clock  
Where did this happen to me?  
4 o'clock  
When did this happen to me?  
5 o'clock  
Why did this happen to me?  
6 o'clock  
I've lost all sanity

My tears fall  
With every drop of chemo

As it sucks away my identity.  
At one point even mirrors on the wall were scary  
I was in search of my own reflection  
But it had been lost  
Lost to the baldness  
The acne  
The weight change  
The... Lack of social interaction  
I had lost me  
Inside and out  
But you see,  
I would never stop looking  
If I was to live,  
To breathe, it would be my life  
The one that was taken away from me.

I was hooked up to a machine  
Tubes coming out my body.  
Beep beep beep,  
Doctors on call  
Nurses on call  
Father on call  
Mother... in tears,  
Because this is her worse fears  
Her child may die before her.  
But you see,  
This is has already been done.  
Because in 2005  
There was a car crash  
And that was the first one.  
It was here son,  
And now... here daughter.

The hospital became our second home.  
And you know what  
Being on isolation sucks.  
You just wanna go outside  
Look people in their eyes  
Shake hands  
Give hugs  
Just reach out and... touch,  
The outside of the door  
And just walk across the floor,  
And when I got the chance to leave,  
I put one foot in front of the other,  
And stepped out to breath.

In and out  
In and out  
Felt the air  
Circulating my brain  
Nerves tingling rushing to my fingertips  
I said to myself  
This must be what feels like to live!  
It feels good  
And as I continued to walk onto the battle field  
That has become my life,  
I thought there and then,  
Maybe, just maybe  
Then,  
I could be sane again.