

The Day

Today is the day. Well not literally because it already happened but today is the one year anniversary. Anniversary is associated with pleasant things, at least for me the experiences that I have had with it have been pleasant. Technically they still are because I am not where I was. Am I contradicting myself? I find I do that rather frequently.

I was just released from the hospital! Had been there two weeks for a treatment that took 6 months to find out if it actually worked. I had low grade fevers and should not have been sent home. My isradipine hadn't been sent to Manistee yet, it would take a day. So after my two hour car ride home I realized that persuading the doctor to let me leave probably wasn't the brightest idea I've ever had.

Home was foreign, and it had only been two weeks. Two weeks I spent growing attached to the color coded walls at Helen Devos Children's hospital. It's definitely odd to be in the world of materialistic greed and petty problems and then transfer to one that housed bald children with an IV pole stalking their every movement. I didn't think I would be one of them, of course I thought I would be lucky. So going home reassured me of that. Once I was there I tried to lay in my bed but the silence was too loud. My heartbeat echoed off the walls and the joyous screams of my younger brothers had been misplaced. I kept getting up, I felt so nervous, there was something wrong.

Hell doesn't come in flames and a tsunami of fire, at least mine didn't. It came in benadryl, low hemoglobin and e coli. My mother called my doctor when my head was killing me. He told me to take benadryl and so I listened, because he is a doctor. I couldn't pinpoint where the pain was, I just remember hovering over my toilet seat whispering *I'm going to die*. At some point I stopped saying it and started asking if God would allow me to die, so I didn't have to suffer. I couldn't see, my vision had ran from my eyes and my mother was a mess. My stomach then started hurting, gradually it worsened and we went to the hospital. By this time I couldn't breathe or walk. I laid in a bed for 8 hours screaming and crying. People wreaking of smoke and sickness entered my room as if my immune system was strong enough to handle it, of course they didn't know.

Morphine was pushed through my body at a shocking rate and yet I still laid there, in agonizing pain, while the people around me watched. The nurse sighed, "It's so hard to watch kids be in pain." I thought she wasn't taking the situation seriously, after all my appendix was rupturing and toxins were leaking into my immunocompromised body, of course no one knew that. Eventually they gave me something called Dilaudid. A wonderful drug if you are ever in pain, this birthed my love for painkillers. I'm not an addict, but I did used to lie to the doctors about my pain just so I could feel it weigh me down and put me to sleep. Besides, I am a "sick" kid they weren't going to tell me no. This medicine put me out, and I was fine. They sent me home and I was relieved to lay in my chair and eat my ramen noodles.

When night came I felt good, heavy but well. Nothing sweet stays for long. Night kissed the sky and the phone rang. It was the hospital, notifying me I had e coli in my bloodstream. I had two hours to get antibiotics in my system before I went septic. It took them one hour and forty-five minutes to give me an IV and antibiotics. Somedays I wish everything would have ended that night.

The Rain

But I loved him more than me

I loved the rain

To watch my own self drown

I was filled with a joy that comes from a spring

Love who I am,

Hate me, all the same

There is a dull ache.

blue stains my body

But I don't look like art.

I am a fish

But I love the rain

I feel less now

But always the rain

I am empty

But I am filled with rain

And on the good days

I am still the rain

Most days I will be ok

Only because loved the rain