

Medicine: When the Tables Turn

It controlled my 20s.

I gave them to it.

It stifled my 30s.

Milestone firsts recognized in the ED.

Parental support over the phone.

Non-blood caregivers as no village around.

Then the fight.

It punched.

Show resilience versus the disease.

The drive versus health.

The dichotomy of giving versus taking.

Finally asking for help but denied by those who also help.

The loss of identity too young.

So much more to give but no option.

Desperate search for meaning, a new passion.

The need to speak the language.

No voice.

The burn to diagnose.

No chance.

The longing to treat.

No script.

We have to do better for our own.

Feeling impossible to let go.

It still continues.