

IT IS NOT MY FAULT

Eirini (Kat) Tzioumis, 2013

I stumbled and fell 'til I couldn't walk at all.
My arms got weaker, my right hand a claw.
Going out is all anxiety and doubt,
Never knowing when bladder or bowels will give out.
Did I mention the trouble with my eyes,
Even the familiar I don't recognise.
Exhausted and tired I can't stay awake,
Night time insomnia, trauma I can't shake.
I wake each morning with a curse, groans and tears
For the dreadful realisation that I'm still here
Though I have good friends that visit and care
Still it's 24/7 pain and fear.

It's not my fault my body's a mess.
It's not my fault I live with MS.

No surprises I don't want this semblance of life
Just regret I was never a mother or wife.
Never finished uni or had a career,
Never danced at parties or got to drink beer.
No boyfriends or lovers, no chance for hangovers,
No driving a car, or life in countries afar.
All those things one takes for granted
All those things that I have wanted
I have had none and so I cry
"I hate my life" – do you understand why?

But I'm hanging on, I'm still here
with my life so lonely and full of despair
You get one life and though mine is shit
I'm too scared to put an end to it.
It's not so much that I want to die
I want to live, I want to fly.
If wishes could cure
Then I'd have one for sure
But holding to hope just prolongs the agony
And the pointless question "Why did it have to be me?"
For the pain and frustration you have shared with me
Thanks again and forgive my refrain
It's not my fault my body's a mess
It's not my fault I have MS

So when the time comes please let me go
Not that there's much left as you well know.
I love you and thank you for the time that we shared,
Remember the good times and the pain I'll be spared.
And if thinking of me makes your life seem the better,
Then I'm happy to do that from the hereafter.