BACKCHAT.....

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My life with ME: three poems that describe my world

LIVING ON THE EDGE

Not knowing what will come
 A doctor asking too much
 That sets you back a week or so.
 A doctor that wants you to go away
 People who don't know ME
 Who agree with what the doctor says.
 Living on the edge
 It's not a nice place to be,
 Even when you have ME
 Unkind words set you back
 When trying hard to be free of ME
 I hope this won't happen to me.
 How silly people can be.
 Some push you towards the edge.
 Some doctors and people are kind.
 Kind words go a long way.
 Being bullied into things,
 You feel you want to disappear.
 Life's lonely on the edge.
 Special people help you through.
 Kind words help too.
 Go slowly is the best
 Climbing a mole hill you can do.
 Big mountains are best left alone,
 Till you have the energy to take it on,
 In time you will get there,
 It won't be this year,
 It could be the next.
 With the right doctor
 Helping you through
 Who leaves you in control?
 Please listen to us

We are the ones who know this illness
 the best.

JADE PROBLEMS (2006)

So many problems.
 What can you do?
 When you tell people
 This is you.
 This is what you can do
 How you do it,
 This is the limit,
 To your day.
 No energy to spare
 To give away.
 Energy taken in so many ways,
 Noise will take it away
 Moving another
 Lifting a cup
 How do you explain?
 This is you
 Some days are better
 Than others.
 Overdo your day,
 It ruins the others.
 This is me.
 My life with ME.

MEMORIES (2004, AGED 14)

Feel the wind in my hair once again.
 Would like to see the sky
 Blue and cloudy when you look up
 high.
 Even feel the rain on my face once
 again.

Feel the warmth of the sun.
 Look at hills and mountains
 Some that reach the sky.
 See birds and bees fly around.
 Walk on the beach.
 Feel the sand in my feet
 Go into the water knee deep.
 This would be wonderful.
 Most of all see the light
 When it enters my room
 Let it hit my crystal
 Sparkle colours around my room.
 These are things you miss
 And even more you forget
 As it's been so long
 It's hard to remember.
 What these things are like
 This is the sad side to ME
 It affects your memory
 I have forgotten most of these things
 What I use to know and see
 Sad this has happened to me.
 I hope these memories
 Will come back to me.
 How happy I will be,
 Be able to go outside and see
 These memories for real.

Jade Smith

Correspondence to: Dr H Marcovitch,
 Syndication Editor, BMJ Publications;
 h.markovitch@btinternet.com