



Poem By Anastasia W

What do you do when your life has been stolen?

First it was my ability to stay awake then it was being able to go for a drive
Next was by body piece by piece and then it was my mind

Crippling fatigue to say the least feeling like weights are pulling me down
Waking up feeling poisoned and weak with a body that has been bashed around

I frequently feel my body goes haywire as if every nerve fiber is vibrating
My brain feels like it's damaged, fogged, and has difficulty remembering

Unable to exercise, learn, or create without having consequences
If I push myself I just get worse and fire off all my senses

My passions, dreams, career, and hobbies all have been swept away
I've watched my friends move on, one by one, and even my love no longer wants to stay

I have a gapping hole in my heart and soul
I've lost my identity
A disease has stolen my life away for short is called M.E.

So what do I do now that my life has been stolen?
No cure, no treatments, and a medical system that's broken

As I lay stuck in bed trying to cope all I can do is have hope