

My Body

Before the diagnosis
I knew something was wrong.
My stomach was in knots,
my head beating like a drum
and my muscles became sour from the lightest touch.

Before I went to the ER
for the third time I thought everything was fine.
But it wasn't, and I should have paid attention.
But I didn't.

That's how I ended up in a helicopter on March 29.
Admitted that night
And surrounded by my parents and doctors.

The day of the diagnosis my heart broke
as I realized my body had failed me.
It was unable to fight off the cancer
swirling around in my blood.

And so,
Chemo had to do the rejection for me.
Chemo had to do what my body could not:
Save me.

