Fatigue is a Common Side Effect

I’m tired.

What is it this time?

Radiation working inside me

zapping tiny cells

 good and bad

as my body works to heal

only to be reinjured by each new beam of energy

 day

after day

after day.

Or is it remains of the poisons I presented myself for,

 over and over,

 to kill the cells that might

- or might not -

 have taken root elsewhere;

even though the surgeon cut so much out,

 threw it away.

I’m tired.

 My mind clouds

 words slip away, eely and impossible to hold

and I struggle to make my ideas coherent.

To sound like my bald head still contains some actual intelligence.

I try to hold on to my place in the world – hard fought – finally someone I was proud to be

teacher (wise)

parent (loved)

homeowner (secure)

student (sophisticated)

volunteer (appreciated)

person (respected).

I lovehate being the patient.

I’m grateful for the system which whisked me into its grasp and tossed me

from mammogram

to biopsy

to OR

to chemo ward

to radiation table,

with pit stops at social work, support groups, and lymphedema care.

 I think of those whose suffering came before me,

who made known the void or the need.

I’m tired of being fed by family, by friends.

Though I taste the love and support and care in every bite.

My freezer overflows with love.

I’m tired.

of appointments

of risks and benefits

of side effects

of being tired.