

Just another day in the neighborhood

By Linda Hyman

Just another day in the neighborhood,
Got off work early – that was good.
The sun was shining so big and bright,
Even with Lupus it is a beautiful sight.
The temperature is warm, the breeze is
Ever so slight and here I sit inside joints
Aching and tight. I am not complaining
Because things could be worse, I am venting
Because I hurt. My hands are all tingling, my fingers
Are numb, I am sitting typing even I know that is dumb.
This Lupus thing is my cross to bear; some days it is so
Heavy I can hardly carry it half a day. I just keep on
Smiling and saying that I am great so I don't make
People uncomfortable or try to explain my fate.

All the pills I have to shove in my face everyday –
Some in the morning to start the day, others in
Evening to finish the day. One will make you sick
If you don't take it with food, the other will cause
Headache anyway. There is one that will make your face
Look round like the moon. I have vitamins, supplements,
And Lord knows pain killers of all strengths and kinds,
A total of about nine pills I digest on a daily basis.
Talking about digestion: if your food goes down and tries
To come back up I have a pill for that to combat acid reflux.
This will heal the knot in your throat; it makes that knot go
Away so I don't choke. These gems are all part of my collection
Which comes with a price – Oh My.

The newest of all has come to me because of one of my gems
That makes my bones more brittle and thin. A break or a
Fracture is one thing I can't afford; the chances too great
So to help build and repair my skeleton, injections I take.
Every night I take out my needle and stick myself with a hormone
To try and build bone just in case I fall I might get up.
I may crumble and not break, like shaken not stirred, mixed not tossed.
Anyway, I got a million of them.
This gem is Priceless ☺ ☺
It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood. I'M GOOD.