

Bring a bag and a friend

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AML (Leukaemia) is a dangerous thing
It makes you tired it makes you thin
It hides behind a bruise or two
With pin prick flecks all over you

It's stealthy raid upon your blood
Can't been seen or overheard
It shocks you into disbelief
As it steals your strength an inner thief

If you dare to cut a finger
Bloods runs fast it doesn't linger
Clotting is confined to cream
You need to stem this fatal stream

The root of this is bone marrow gone bad
Your blood cell production has gone mad
No reds or white or vital platelets
But immature blasts deadly replacements

They flood your veins and arteries
No space left to fight disease
So body and mind deteriorate
Transfusions help to slow the rate

So bring a bag and a friend

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To a friendly ward for time to spend
Alone in bed yet in a crowd
Don't be shy share your fears aloud

A blood test leads to diagnosis
With further investigation before prognosis
This is almost certainly an unwelcome thing
A toll bell beckons with plaintive ring

The doctor's word will raise a tear
But face it bravely without fear
Treatment exists but no cure guaranteed
But a fighting chance to be relieved

In cycles of chemotherapy
You are returned to infancy
No resistance to bugs or ills
You struggle hard you must have will

And if your genes are not right
Or your body cannot face the fight
Then it will take you day or night
So garner love, hope and fight the fight

And if you want to live enough
To finish life's important stuff
Then remission is your only aim
The great prize is life to claim

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So take this gift so rarely given
Share it with your closest kith and kin
Thank all for the love and care provided
Doctors, nurses, friends and family all benighted.

As time passes each day in turn
You rarely reflect on that wrong turn
But don't forget what might have been
And rejoice in life it's not a dream