



Hip Horay - 10/1/13

Pain lays heavy on my soul
A swollen curtain ready to unfold
Held back by drugs and strength of mind
Unleashed by movement a macular grind

A pointed jab or crushing ache
Together they press and ensure I wake
Through the crush and suffocate of opiate
While heart beats in fractious rate

As if Black velvet pillows of nothing
Sleep, the Welcome depth of a little death
Immobile frozen limbs asunder
Still as death in drugged slumber

Hip op my latest crime my vain request
Not content with health regained
I demanded mobility and life
The payment is great and challenges me

In depth of psyche and personality
Brave and strong my vision of self
Demoralised by pain and leaden thoughts
Tired beyond endurance that I have

I struggle to stay on the right path
A haunting fear returns unwittingly
Body scoured for bruises unsourced
Cramps multiply as flies in a faecal heaven

Hidden cells and blast count remembered
This trauma cannot be a trigger for that fate
My spirit still greater than any fight