

In The Shadows of Struggle

In the shadows where the weary tread,
Fatigue raises its unwanted head.
It's not the tiredness of a long day's end,
But a constant weight, that no sleep
can mend.

Once a builder with projects galore,
Now simple tasks become a chore.
A teen's vigor, now memories distant,
Each move met with pain and resistance.

Naps, once foreign, now a daily delight,
Resting anywhere within sight.
Nausea whispers, a relentless blight,
Brain fog steals the mind's clear sight.

With ruler in hand, I pause and forget,
Memory loss a constant threat.
Measurements forgotten, steps retraced,
The plan, the design, perpetually misplaced.

Conversations falter, words escape,
A story half-told, waiting to take shape.
Hot flashes strike, in cold they burn,
Foggy glasses, a constant concern.

Sweat-soaked nights, sleep's fragile thread,
Tossing, turning in a restless bed.
Emotions swing, a pendulum wide,
A storm within, no place to hide.

Through all these trials, a soul laid bare,
Hope emerges in the love we share.
Friends and family, a steadfast crew,
Their strength and comfort, ever true.

In moments dark, when spirits fade,
Their light surrounds, fears allayed.
Through whispered words and gentle touch,
They remind me, I am loved so much.

Though cancer's grip and treatments drain,
In their presence, I find strength again.
With every hug, each hand held tight,
They are my solace in the night.

So, in the shadows where I roam,
I find my way, I am not alone.
For love and care, a saving grace,
In their embrace, I find my place.




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