

NORMAL

By Rosalind Bizley

Hello GP.

Yes, it's me again, (the 'heartsink patient').

Thank you for seeing me -

Sorry to take up your time - Sorry to bother you - Sorry I exist.

The medication isn't working, and the blood test results are normal.

But look at me, can you see my pain?

There are some things that can't be measured.

For how can you take a blood sample from a soul?

Can you pierce the depths of my heart with a needle and draw out the pain?

If you could, the results would not be normal:

You would see the trauma of a lifetime

That cannot be expressed in words...

You would understand that my body is just a shroud

Encasing a silent scream that threatens to tear me apart;

My body is showing you its unspoken secrets:-

Like the shoreline after a ferocious storm,

Years of rubbish are cast upon the sand,

Wave upon wave leave their salty wounds.

I trail to specialists and hospitals and back to you again,

But I'm starting to lose hope;

Long-suppressed feelings are surfacing now -

They stalk my days and my nights;

Terror has invaded every cell of my body and I am exhausted by it;

I can't go on like this;

I need to stop, to rest,

To try to put into words what your blood tests will never show.

Help me, please, GP, I am dying in front of you -

But my blood test results are normal.