'From Functioning to Functional'

The journey to here from standing tall;
From Functioning to functional.
From clothes shopping in The Mall,
To hospital PJ’s and frequent falls.
Efforts to stand were all in vain.
I couldn’t walk with chronic pain.
Loss of sensation and weakness came,
In my left side due to my brain.
Scans and test showed nothing to see,
But an explanation was found for me;
A diagnosis of FND,
In the field of neuropsychiatry.
I didn’t understand what this meant;
Both a psychological and physical ailment?
No matter how long they spent,
I remained confused, frustrated and pent.
Doctors, Physios and OT’s,
Worked hard to give me some clarity.
With the computer analogy,
It made more sense-finally!
It seems prognosis is vague to see;
A matter of individuality.
What works for some may not work for me,
But I should continue with physiotherapy.
With rehab my symptoms should improve,
But it won’t be quick and unlikely smooth.
It’s a daily fight-some I may lose,
To push on and balance both body and mood.
I have a choice: to dwell bleakly,
Or to recover stubbornly.
Hospital life is not for me,
So, I’m striving for more positivity.
Still a way to go until I’m back on my feet,
And despite lacking strength and speed,
I’ll embrace each challenge-wait and see!
With or without FND.