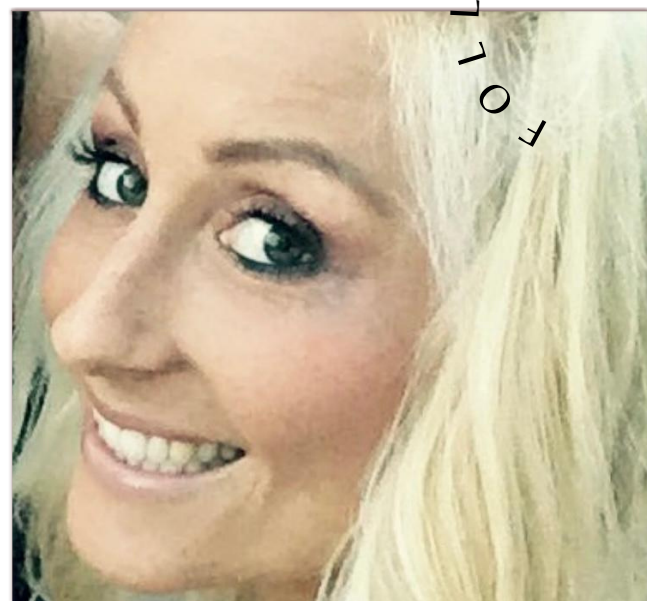


Bowels to Cancer

The pandemic has hit and we're all in lockdown,
The rainbows are painted all across town.
We lay in our gardens and bask in the sun,
Whilst balancing home schooling, with paddling pool fun.
We sit at our laptops, and struggle with zoom,
Trying to get the best signal, hopping room to room.
The headaches have started, but I keep them at bay;
With tablets and sleep, but they won't go away.
I ring the GP, who says, 'come off the pill,'
But I know it's not them which are making me ill.
I'm admitted to hospital, my blood levels are low,
A rectal examination (I just went with the flow!)
After brain scans, a lumbar puncture and 2 blood transfusions;
My worsening condition was causing confusion.
An endoscopy and colonoscopy are soon booked in,
I convince myself that they won't find anything.
It's probably haemorrhoids causing blood in my poo;
And my weight loss and tiredness, no that's nothing too.
Yes, I do get quite bloated, and get pains in my side,
But I'm sure that's quite normal, I take it all in my stride.
But then when the procedures were finally through,
I saw the look on her face, and I knew that she knew.
Its Cancer or Crohn's, the only 2 things it could be,
Now the symptoms seem obvious, it was quite clear to see.
Waiting for the results was an agonising time,
Trying to keep busy, but never leaving my mind.
The day finally arrives and it's so hard to hear,
Knowing that my cancer journey starts right here.
I arrive at my first chemo, naïve and full of fear,
I look around the ward, wondering what I'm doing here?
The smell, the blue chairs, and the look on their faces,
I'll never forget it, its just one of those places.



 @bowels2cancer

I sit and get ready for the chemo to start,
There's a lump in my throat and a pain in my heart.
I'm angry, I'm sad, and I'm so very scared,
I've not done my research, I'm barely prepared,
For the tiredness, the sickness, the cramping, and pain,
Knowing I've got to go through this again and again.
The blood tests, the meetings, scan after scan,
Hoping the treatment is going to plan.
It's a rollercoaster ride, you just want to end,
Knowing that these drugs, your whole life depends.
A few months off chemo, and Christmas is here,
It's nice to feel normal and have family near.
Next up is my operation, I'm anxious inside,
But to family and friends, this emotion I hide.
The operation is cancelled, hospitals are overrun,
I'm struggling mentally, I just want it done.
A week later, and I'm being wheeled down,
It's scary all these faces wearing masks and a gown.
A week later, and I'm recovering well,
Praying they got it all, but it's too soon to tell.
Fast forward 7 weeks, and despite their best will,
The CT of the liver shows there's Cancer there still.
Back to the chemo, 4 rounds to go,
I've got to stay positive, despite the last blow.
Now it's back to the scans, full of anxiety and dread,
To see if it's shrunk, or the Cancer has spread.
It's good news, it's smaller, a sigh of relief,
A glimmer of hope and a touch of belief.
I hope that in time, they find there's no more,
But with Cancer, unfortunately, you can never be sure.
If there's any advice I can offer to you,
It's to look out for the signs, and to check your poo!
To the NHS I'm grateful, for all the work that they do,
Remember, early diagnosis and treatment, might just save you too...