

quality of life

(the healthy and the sick)

my legs unsteady there's no way
out for a man like me imperfect
living through assisted tech find another way
to name me there's no me
without the _____ imperfect
to my core i wanted to be better to get better
i was promised a chance at life
a fair chance you told me

my crutch my crux my cross to bear
lay me down inject insulin through my veins
skip to my temples re-program me
through adverse action there's the kicker
re-align re-format me
invisible disability
that's a funny way to tell me i'm neither
seen nor heard

maybe if i wore my insulin pump on my forehead
you'd have to address it me
in a way that doesn't make you have to
address your own mortality i'll tell you
about mine if you tell me about yours

maybe if i ripped my pod off and ran
ran through the streets i'd feel

visible

at least as long as i'm still standing

they say you have two hours to live without

a pod on before ketoacidosis settles in
brings your failing body to its knees
praying the last amount of insulin left works
let's see if i can spread my wings
find my voice see myself in the pool
of novolog at my feet shards of glass
whispering *help is not on the way*