

quality of life

(hypoglycemia)

jarred awake your eyes sting
light protrudes through
cracked blinds cold sweat clings
to the hairs of your chest drips
down each convulsing shake
shake isn't accurate your legs
want to break sever themselves
from your body *extremities are*
the first to go feeling back again
struggle swing your legs force
dead weight from bed cling to
counters reach open the fridge
15 fast-acting carbs, wait 15 minutes
endocrinologist echoes faithless
you chug desperate
whatever/juice/soda/there/find
reusable needles *click* puncture
skin your calloused fingertips
memories bleed connect the dots to diag-
nosis your legs still shake break
simulate the fluttering heart
back to bed lay (grasping glucagon)
jarred awake your eyes sting