

Falling Upwards
Gretchen T.

White walls, a door, a window.
This is my world now.
I used to run, faster than even the wind, but this beast struck me down.
All I do is lie here, restless, on this white bed.
Alone with my thoughts.

A bird on a branch, singing.
Does it feel my pain, always lurking,
waiting to devour me at a single move?
Away it flies.
Did it see this sorry creature on a bed,
and turn away,
Revolted?

My team came to see me,
and not one of them
could look me in the eye.
One by one,
everything that made Me
left.
My running with the wind,
my black hair that billowed in the breeze,
my friends.
Now even a bird turns away from me,
Disgusted.

I remember the day that I found out,
that ugly word echoing through the corridors of my mind.
The doctors said, "you'll get better."
but I haven't.
I've gotten worse.

At night, I wake up underwater,
gasping for air,
slowly drowning.
When will I emerge from this sickness poisoning my bones?
When will I run again,
feel the sun on my face,
and look up, laughing?

In so few days I'm so much worse.

Every breath, a battle.
Every time I move, pure agony.
I'm trapped in a cage of pain, with no way out.

Now all I see is clouds of red mist,
separating me from the world.
Pain like nothing I've felt before,
like fire coursing through my veins.

Everything is blurred away.
I'm falling underwater,
rising towards bells, sunlight, and
Laughter.