



All About Me

What if my health was all about me,
What a wonderful concept that would be!
No more crying with the pain,
on days when clouds drop rain,
Because I know about me.

What if talking to me wasn't mystifying,
hearing me no longer justifying,
That I am able to manage,
Preventing further damage,
Because I know about me!

What if my experiences mattered,
even when they have left me in tatters.
Empowered to be my best,
encourage others to do the rest,
Because I know about me!

What if I could speak your language,
Not plaster, injections or bandage.
But understand what makes you you,
That's all I have to do,
because I know about me!

What did you think when you were learning,
Or was it all about what you are earning.
Where is the care and compassion,
Which seems to be going out of fashion,
Because I never get asked about me!

There is now a form 'About Me',
So, at one glance you can see.
Details of which you should be fishing,
Instead of leaving me wishing,
that you had asked about me!

What if we all fitted into boxes,
average, standard and locked up.
No differences, uniqueness, and quirks,
But hey who now looks like a jerk,
because I never got asked about me!

What if there was a reason for my tale,
Watching health and social care fail.
Seeing waiting times expanding,
more people getting angry,
and asking what about me!

What if I could solve it all now,
We'd all applaud, and I'd take a bow.
But I would make sure,
Every disease had a cure,
Because really, it's not all about me!



by Debra Dulake