

"I Wept At Your Grave"

A short poem trilogy

By Andriana N. Duncanson


"Doctor's Diagnosis"

1/3



*I looked at you as I held your hand. You were anxious, as was I
The doctor droned until I heard in his tone
"Graves' Disease" might be what you're looking for
Bulging eyes, racing heart, sweating and increased appetite
All symptoms caused by a hyperthyroid
It's just too much, the doctor said
These hormones might kill you
It might leave you dead.
I remember how I felt your throat
And the way it swelled.
And when I touched your wrist
I felt your veins and the way it pulsed
As I clasped your hands, I sat and prayed
I must have faith, as I wept over Graves'.*





“Brittle Bones”

2/3

These bones are stable

Young and firm

I feel so strong

Like I could tower up to God

I grow steadily, as I get taller

But like Babylon, I was not meant to tower.

Slowly, I feel it

My calcium is low

As I'm broken down slow

From an excess of parathyroid hormones

My system is flooded

To reap material out these bones

But slowly and surely

I'll build back whole

But another day passes, and it begins again

Osteoclasts strip me

Till I'm brittle and full of holes





"Spotty Mirror"

3/3

*I look in the mirror
And staring back was puffy eyes and my growing neck
I feel drowsy as I grasp my throat
And fail to recall
The last time I took my meds
I grit my teeth
And wonder if I took them today
My eyes begin to gloss
As I stare into the mirror
It's spotty, and fogged
Just like my overstimulated head
As my racing heart
Fills me with dread
When this is all over, I'll hope to God
I'll clean this mirror, and rest in bed
And when I wake, I'll think clearly again.*

