A Change In Me

"A Patient's Memo"

I can detect a change in me,
It did not happen all at once.
Yet I can feel it,
In every bone,
In the muscles,
The ones I cannot move.

Suddenly,
I hear the birds sing,
Like I haven't heard it before.
I was never deaf.
And I can see the leaves dancing,
Though I was never blind.

The change is not drastic,
I am still the same me.
Yet something there,
In my broken heart,
Has altered.

The doctors did not find a cure,
For the devil lurking at my side.
They haven't found any magical drug,
Shedding light on my prognosis.

Yet something has changed indeed.
That is certainly undeniable.
I sense its presence,
But cannot tell,
Which stroke on the picture,
Was brushed a different shade.

Then I hear a little voice,
Softly whispering
The secret to my new reality,
The bright one.
Like a click in my brain,
I knew.

It is you,
My nurse.

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