

Who will help me with my endo?

By Deborah Bush QSM

*“Not I” said the patient
who was at her wits end.
She’d given up hope
Thought she would never mend.*

*“Not I” said the mother
who was sick of her pain.
She’d tried everything possible
remembering she was the same.*

*“You have to put up with it
we did in our day.
Its that time of the month
they used to say.”*

*“Not I” said the doctor, who’d done all the tests, the scans and the xrays, bloods and the rest.
The pill didn’t work, but the symptoms remained No, this was certainly beyond his domain.*

*“Not I” said the employer
With her time off work;*

*“Not I” said the boyfriend
she was being a jerk.*

*“Not I” said the hospital
With long waiting lists;*

*“Not I” said the gynae
“It’ll just be a cyst.”*

*“Not I” said the husband
Who really had tried.
Sadly, now
even his sex life had died.*

*“Not I” said the sperm,
who had tried to connect.
Over and over
with no affect.*

*“Not I” said the researchers
Buried in data.
“Wait 10 years
we should have the answer.”*

*“Not I” said the sponsors,
it’s all a bit icky.
We choose our causes
we have to be picky,*

*But a few could see it, they knew very well, this disease was cruel and painful as hell.
It mucked up lives and caused such distress it really was a significant mess.*

*So what do you do when you know what you know?
you get stuck in and give it a go.
It’s ours said the patient, the mum and the teachers, the doctor, the gynaes, sponsors and researchers.*

*They found that if each did what they could together they’d crack it.
Endometriosis – understood!*