

There's a vice round my head squeezing it tight, The pain doesn't go it's here day and night, The noise in my ears, how much more must I take, It whooshes & whistles, I can't sleep, lay awake, The room it is spinning, the ground moves below, I so want to sleep, but the pain just won't go, Imagine a migraine the worst it can possibly be, Then imagine the migraine and times it by three, My vision is failing, my balance has gone, Most days I wonder, how do I go on? I look at my children & grandchildren too, They are the reason I go on, it's what I should do, I wake in the night full of sweat & of fear, The nightmares & pain bring more than a tear, I reach for the bucket, it's my twin by my side, I curl up in pain & then wish I had died, 11 years of this pain & still there's no cure, My friends are my walls, chair, sofa & door, But those walls are all moving, wobbling on their own, My eyes cannot focus & I feel so alone, Hospital stays & surgeries are a part of my life, My neurosurgeon say's he sees me more than his wife, Pain killers don't work, I try to live with the pain, Each morning I wake & it's the same all again, Clinging to walls or whatever is there, Trying not to lose balance or fall down a stair, I fight every day, I can't give up hope, It is either that or reach for a rope The battle continues for many of us, Finding a cure is important & really a must.

By Michelle Martin