

Steps in Inclusion Body Myositis

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I used to reach for the sky.
But now wonder why
 I can't raise my arm to reach
 for food,
 or fodder for my rants,

Has their word been codified
 to have me ostracized?
Who are they to decide
 I should be cast aside
 sit in a wheelchair,
 or be denied
 my place
 or pride?

Every muscle screaming at me.
To what end?
What have I done to offend
 those cells on which I depend
 each time I ascend
 a stair or reach despair
 in futile prayer?

They refuse to cooperate
 without debate
 as if I were an ingrate
 who doesn't appreciate
 the pain that continues without abate.

With each step I consume
 a portion of the bloom,
 that portion of life
 that fades
 as down its path
 I resist until
 that last step,
 that small step,
 drops into my tomb