

An Apology to my Husband

I'm so sorry, my darling,
I have problems galore.
I'm always *just* exhausted,
And *everything* is sore.
Sometimes I wish I were a teapot
(Though I'm neither short nor stout)
So I could tip my handle
And pour pain out through my spout.
And though fatigue is constant,
My sleep I cannot find
Unless I use the velvet hammer
That renders me half blind.
And when the sleep does come,
My snores bounce off the walls,
Until you, my dear, seek refuge
In the bedroom down the hall.
And when the morning comes
(But not before nine or ten),
The whole frustrating process
Just starts up once again.
I try to find some respite,
I try with all my might

To find a cure or remedy
That will ease my ceaseless plight.
But, my love, it may not come,
For my body is a home
To that pernicious malady-
Ehlers-Danlos Syndrome.

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