

## Some of my friends

Some of my friends  
are becoming concerned.

About lumps where there  
were none before.  
Some thing which  
does not look right.  
Their comforts undermined by  
pains sharp or dull.  
The need to draw breath  
into deeper places.

Some are feeling vulnerable.

Their eyes are clouding,  
words appearing to dissolve,  
sounds soft and muffled.  
Some of my friends  
need procedures and  
further testing.  
They will have to  
travel to someplace  
far and unfamiliar  
and wait.

They will try to recall  
when sleep came easy.

Now they might have  
to be kept overnight,  
have blood let by  
girls named Betty.  
Lie beneath beams  
which will turn their  
skin to rice paper.  
All of their functions  
will be distilled  
to graphs and digits.

Some of my friends  
seem to be wearing out.  
Their pink becoming grey.  
Their tightness loosened.  
Some will be told today.

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