It's Nice

When hospital visits are over
And life has to adjust,
The simple things become harder
But the harder things become a must.

Getting through treatment is the one thing
That can make you feel so ill,
So, when that part is over
You tend to do what you will.

It's nice to get up in the morning
And walk without pain in the feet,
The tablets however will make you
Just walk til you find the next seat!

It's nice to walk in the fresh air
I'm not talking miles yet, just far
Enough not to get out of breath, or
Automatically get in the car.

It's nice to look in the mirror
And see hair back on my head,
It may be growing at snail's pace
It's curly-fuzz it has to be said.

It's nice not to feel so bloated
I'd nicknamed myself 'moon head'!
And I had a face a lovely shade
Of what I called 'steroid red'.

It's nice to just about wear some
Mascara on my short little lashes,
At least now my lids don't look like
A load of dots and long dashes.

It's nice to paint my nails again
They've grown back now, that was yuk!
They no longer look brown and manky
I'd lost most of them, just my luck.

So 'I wish I could do', the brain thinks
Now becomes 'I can do that!'
You want to feel 100% again
And do everything at the drop of a hat.

So, patience is key while the body
Gets to a point when you can
Put on a pair of roller-skates
Not sit and watch as a fan.

Or get on a fair ride when normally
You'd let the kids go on alone,
Ok maybe not the fast ones…
I'm not daft (go on! I hear you moan).

It's nice to sit in the sunshine
Factor 50 is still used today,
It no longer feels like a chore though
To plaster in it, in that way.

It's nice to see light after darkness
It's nice to start feeling like me,
I've accepted I'm different inside though
For having and fighting The Big C.

Claire D Evans