



Blog of the Month

February 2020

Written by Caragh Brien

Peninsula Medical School, 5th Year

Losing battle

I wrote this poem after meeting a young woman with terminal vulval cancer whilst on placement in the local hospice. I saw the difference in her when her two sons visited, reminding me that for these patients, family is often the best medicine.

That feeling is back, she wishes it would go
Her children are coming in soon
The waves that overcome her body are too much
She mumbles for the nurse

The fog that clouds her mind is thick
Something she is used to by now
She tries to clear it, wishing it away
She is tired, so very tired.

The medicine soothes and calms the feeling,
She drifts off once again
She's awoken to the sound of laughter
A different kind of cure

Sitting down beside her is a mop of curly hair
Squeezing her thin arms, making sure she is still there
They look out to the sea, together
Taking in the view

She takes a shallow breath,
Her body is weak, yet she feels strong
Her mind is clear and peaceful when he is here
A welcome change from yesterday's affair

The pain creeps back but this time it's different
The only medicine she needs is her son
She feels complete and whole
Finally, the losing battle has been won

The Association for Palliative Medicine of Great Britain & Ireland

Registered office: Lancaster Court, 8 Barnes Wallis Road, Fareham, Hampshire. PO15 5TU
Registered Company No. 3164340 Registered Charity No. 1053572