



Blog of the Month

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Merciless Melanoma

I can feel the breeze
Glacial winds gently graze my tender skin
It's icy breath drawing ever closer with every passing second
Gently caressing, making its presence firmly known
I can feel it's frozen fingers resting on my skin
There is a mutiny
A break in the unity of my being
A blemish, colourful and unique
Only the sharpest thorns on this sacred rose
Bleeding so gently on my skin
Rebellious soul. Deep connections to my most intimate of places,
Cast from the same cloth as my mind
Spread your slander across my allies. A metastatic toxicity causes great distress
Anguish unbearable
I have yet to harvest the fruits of my labour, why have you forsaken me, your vessel.
I am still flirting with the best years of my youth
Yet I have been robbed my time, the grave is closer than the cradle
The luxury of seniority amongst my progeny is not afforded to the likes of me
I've made my peace with the inevitable, it will greet us soon with a chilling embrace
Just put me out of this pain
She, the mediator of death, grace me with medicines to relieve my suffering
Forgive me my love, the brevity of our time together is deeply cherished
Tell me why my lips draw sips of air which fail to satiate my parched lungs?
The rattling cough, violent and crimson
I grow weary, I have reached my dusk
As I await for the light fade, promise me you'll seek me in the unknown
Do not grieve my love, I shall await you in our new home. I'll see you in another dawn