

The Dark Passenger

(for my beautiful daughter Gabby who struggles with her Epilepsy)

The dark passenger, her conjoined invisible twin
outwardly kicks her shins, slaps her cheek,
bites her tongue and lip,
chewing the soft padded flesh,
mangled until damaged, it aborts blood.
She sports boxer's eyelids,
fashions scars from cuts and grazes;
from the school play ground and busy railway stations.
This unwanted tag-along is a cruel and uncaring companion
takes hold when she wants, because she can.
She remains hidden during clinical scans,
numerous specialists prodding fingers,
unseated by the drugs that causes her visible half to suffer.
deaf ears on tears that blot pillows,
stone heart of blood that pebble dash tissues,
clothing and a Mothers breast.
A calculus passenger, stealing the hands from the clock,
maliciously hiding minutes that are buried forever;
like treasure in sinking sand.
All staring eyes blink to the spasmed dance,
all ears beat to the chase of her rapid breathing,
like a puppet on a string she becomes the affliction
staged before the worlds eyes.
But this is NOT her. Not who she is or what she chooses.
Behind this unwanted leach of darkness
lives a beautiful, vibrant young woman, live as a wild poppy,
desperate to shake off this angry shadow
and breathe alone, independent.