

## Beyond White Walls

Tired as all hell, limbs feeling the usual throbbing knife that comes and goes. The reflection that stares back at me, is ghostly and almost dead. Combing the once beautiful hair that creates a nest on the floor. I don't even care, I don't even cry anymore.

Maybe this will be it for me? It's the umpteenth time that I've knocked on death's door. But no one seems to be home, I guess they think I have one more day to live. I swear this pain takes me the long way to hell until I have nothing left to give.

I see these doctors and hospitals as my home because I see so much of them. But instead of a warm conversation, it's just another round of tests. "How bout a round of shots for all the medical bills I paid?" I ask with a smirk. Guess they still don't get my humor. My humor is all I have when my soul leaves my body as they continue to run the needles and pills in me. "It don't even hurt" I reply, it's just another day for my body as I quietly hold back a tear.

My savior walks in with a smile, but bad news I could tell subconsciously. "We're going to have to do surgery on you again....blah blah blah...this is a life-threatening situation...blah blah blah". As he's talking, my mind begins to stray as I've heard this song and dance before and I randomly think to myself-his head is shiny, I wonder how he makes it that way. "Oh yeah, surgery, again?" I don't even sound surprised when I ask, deep down I feel a goner. Let's just do it, I'm beyond sick of this hell and tired of the fight. Sick of the color red that I see constantly leaving my body, sick of losing another pound without even trying, sick of the hair that won't stop falling, sick of the color white instead of my skin, sick of the food that comes up and out profusely.

Just Sick! Sick! Sick! Make it Stop! Stop! Stop!

So, they take me back to the room of knives, push a nice cocktail through my iv, and tell me to count to ten. They should know better that I will be out by then. It all becomes a blur; I'm gone but then I start to wake up. In a new room with the same white walls. You'd think hospitals would look a little happier, considering all the doom and gloom. Maybe they think no one will notice, but they really shouldn't assume.

Looks like I have to call this place a home. Uncomfortable beds, overpriced disgusting food, unruly neighbors, atrocious gowns that itch my skin, the alarm clock of interruptions, the bills that won't stop giving, and these soulless white walls. The poking, the prodding, the asking, the telling, the force, the anxiety, the loneliness all weighing down on me. How does one get better when it's a constant battle? What karma did I invoke? Maybe it was all that weed I smoked?

It's day sixteen, and I'm still strung up like a Christmas tree. Three iv's in one arm, a catheter I call Fred, and this damn ng tube stuck up in my head (nasogastric tube is a tube that goes in through the nose to the stomach temporarily). Can't go home, can't eat, can't drink, can't sleep, can't move, all I can do is think. My thoughts are all I have at the moment, it's the only thing that keeps me alive, and the doctors too. They keep me alive because they probably don't want to be sued.

I feel my faith waning as my weight continues to drop and my appetite continues to decrease. The desire to crack a joke now is more than I can handle. Wondering if I will ever feel alive again? Prayers are all I got. I begin to know each nurse by name, and each one's flaws. I get a new neighbor in my room every 4 to 5 days. The days blur into nights as each day begins to fade. Will I ever get out of here to see a brighter day?

The day finally came when I started to see the sun, even if only for a few minutes at a time, it's what I held onto. Thankful to that warm lady in blue who wheeled me out to see it. I think of her as an angel, someone that gives you hope to believe in. When you're tied up in this expensive funeral home, sometimes the sun is all you got. I keep dreaming of the day that I can look in the mirror and say I look hot.

It's release day from Hospital Hell; a month feels like an eternity when you feel like you're hanging on for dear life. It wasn't how I planned to start 2024 coming in with a fight. I went in without a bit of faith but came out feeling lighter. Not just literally, but figuratively. I know the road to healing won't be an easy one, but I guess I am a fighter.

When I got home, something told me to check my journal entry from 1/11 and my hair stood on edge. When I meditated that night, I heard a voice, these were the words that were said: "Just hold on, it's not your time, we got you".

Now for the kicker...this was said before I knew that I was sick before the doctors told me I needed surgery, I had no clue or inclination of what these words meant. I'm not religious in any sense but seeing this and realizing the trauma my body endured, I know there is a higher power somewhere in the ether. But most probably won't believe me, because me back then wouldn't either.