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AUTOIMMUNE DISORDER

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My sweater has a loose thread.

Thread pulled, and many will follow.

As I walk, it tangles my body,

and I can't move.

My body is a sweater

with a loose thread. The doctors

Pick at my treads and try to

sew me up by my seams.

My body gave me a thread

that I want to pick at. Sometimes

I want to pull upon a string

and let myself unravel.

My sweater is pale and cold.

It thins with the wind. The air

worms its way into the knit

and I just want to go inside.

My body has a loose thread

and the sleeves of my sweater

are tattered, but a sweater

I still have.