

The Electrical Storm — My Sister with Epilepsy

Who will offer to take you out?
A scenic walk, afternoon tea, some retail therapy ...
You eagerly hope, alone in your room,
But seizures seem scary, so the invites are few.

“How will I cope?” they say,
“I’m not a first aider; I won’t have a clue what to do.”
Yet the reality is that we, just muddle through,
Never knowing what may come, out of the blue.

Over and over, I worry about events that could occur.
Anticipating the shifting whirlwind, waiting to stir.
Though, how can I live in this constant state of alert?
Bury those feelings deep inside for now.
Until they rise again with a sudden jolt,
Like a lightning strike, a thunderbolt.

Bang, crash, thrashing about, for everyone to see.
A loss of, personal dignity.
Down on the floor again, taking whatever is in the way:
Broken chairs, shattered glass, twisted metal.
A lot to mend, but what toll on the person themself.
Who can endure this relentless trauma, that never seems to end.

A cocktail of different meds,
With all sorts of side effects.
Living in hope, they’ll find a cure one day,
But, there’s no wonder drug, that makes it go away.

At last, some calm, as the sun goes down,
Tucked up in bed, safe and sound.
Still, I can’t help but listen, to every breath you take,
And swiftly awaken, filled with a sense of dread.
Another chaotic storm to brave,
Leaving rainbow-like bruises, and a blow to the head.

Years and years, your resilience living through this,
How much more will you bear.
I just hope tomorrow turns out to be a good day.
Let’s enjoy this precious life, that all of us can share.

D.V.