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A JUVENILE'S DIARY

As a ten year old boy, gathered in my mum's arms
I was taken to every doctor, so that my malady gets a tag.

Oh it's muscular dystrophy, But why are his eyes puffy
Let's check his creatinine, But it was always in normalcy

Day by day, and week by week
The months passed and the years rolled slowly

Sitting in the window I watched my friends
playing cricket; hockey and kabaddi

One day we were invited to my dad's colleague's
An old friend he said and, His wife is a rheumatologist

We went as a procession, Our hopes barely suppressed
As the lady of the house came out and greeted

She came to me and took my hands gently
By then they had become nothing but oh so sticky

She noted the subtle rash over my upper eyelids
And the calcinotic patch resting on my scapulae

Then things started rolling, CPK, EMG and a muscle biopsy
But they were all equivocal, As my disease was chronicity

But the lady took a stand, Put me on the steroids
And I slowly improved, A little by little; each time

And then came methotrexate, Another magic drug
It changed my universe, My world got much better

Today I am fine, My muscles healthier
My contractures minimal, And my spirits in high josh

I am an army doctor's son, treated by an army doctor's wife
I don't see her anymore, but I know she smiles, when I play hockey.

(A True Story) -Juvenile Dermatomyositis.



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