



## IRA E-BULLETIN : ISSUE 1 | JANUARY 2020

### INVISIBLE ILLNESS

I played a game, I was a silly teen He loves me, he loves me not I play it again but I'm not keen He believes me, he believes me not

I get out of bed, every inch of me hurts Is it my joints, is it my nerves Sleep evades me, my mind is not alert Doctor to doctor, I'm seeking answers

It doesn't ring true, when you say I'm fine That it's all a myth, all in my mind Is my pain a pretence, am I a whine All I'm asking is for you to be kind

You tell me fibromyalgia is the name Give me a tablet and show me the door I know you think my complaints are lame Maybe you really can't do more

No, I don't enjoy being ill I'm looking for a solution, not a label I'm not asking the insurance to foot my bill But please believe me, my pain is real

Will I get better, I'm losing hope Long and hard I have fought Tired of walking down this slippery slope He believes me, he believes me not



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