

Fortesa Latifi

chronic illness

I am always begging my body not to be so broken
but my body just laughs because it knows who started
this war. on days like this, I am ashamed to look in the
mirror so I lie in bed and pretend to be someone else.
the pretending is another thing to be ashamed of but
that is a story for later. everything I've ever
wanted is miles away from my outstretched hands.
I'm beginning to question the point of desire
and things are getting bad again. but sometimes
there are more practical things to consider
like co-pays and insurance companies. I stay in bed.
if only things would hurt in a clearer way.

Latifi, F. (2016, February 10). Chronic illness. <https://thefemlitmagazine.wordpress.com/2016/02/10/2-poems-fortesa-latifi/>