

Rearranging The Dust

Apologies, I Have None

At the centre of it all its just atoms and reactions, electrical impulses and attractions that pull ourselves together and keep everything ticking over.

And all that we know is what we picked up along the way through every triumph and every heartbreak, through every moment of clarity, for every time we let fear stand between who we are and who we wish that we could be.

You made me promise that I would let you know if I found myself struggling to cope.

How can I lay that on you when you're struggling yourself?

It's times like this that nothing seems to change.

You are her eyes and legs now so she can keep her strength.

I used to hold on to belief that things would work out in the end.

All that we asked for was to stand on our two feet and stop relying on this family.

As myelin unfolds and days get much more difficult, hold on.

There's no shame in hoping for a miracle, because this recovery would take more than just chemicals and time.

Despite your shaking hands you worked so hard for us, and I'll remember.