

You Used To Be

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You used to be so sick that you couldn't eat.
You used to sleep most of the day,
Only getting up to empty your stomach again.
You used to have beautiful hair, too.
Then you had none.
Then a wig.
You used to have a tube connecting your stomach to a waste bag,
When you couldn't throw up anymore.
You used to be in pain,
Yet you still are.
Changed by the disease that stole your light.
Born again,
And given a chance.
You used to be someone else,
I wish you took that chance to thrive.
Yet can I complain about who you used to be?
All that matters is that you are,
And miss who you used to be.