



**Trauma from a
Patient's Perspective**

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Medical professionals have given me many things over the years:

Diagnoses

Treatments

Surgeries

Medications

Procedures.

Each one designed to remove, heal, restore.

And

While doing so,
they gave me something more:

Trauma.

Not because of anything they did wrong.
Quite the contrary, in fact.
It is their job to slice, dice, radiate, and medicate.
And that they did quite well.

In the end, I gained healthy marrow.
Marrow for which I am grateful.
But the gratitude does not negate the trauma.

One cannot be expected to
Be brought to death's door in the transplant process,
Be pumped full of toxins until they can no longer be contained,
Be poked and prodded again and again,
Spend dozens of nights in a room full of beeping,
and to come out unscathed,
Without **trauma.**

Trauma made more difficult by the lack of preparation and acknowledgement.
Chemo, radiation, transplant, steroids,
these are words
spoken freely,
accompanied by lists of potential side effects,
for which there are antidotes ready to be given as needed.

But **trauma?**
They don't tell you about that.

It shows up as they send you home.
As the physical scars begin to fade,
As the medical support begins to wane.
That is when
The impact of all that has just happened becomes realized
In both body and mind,
Just when it was all supposed to be over
A new phase of hard begins.