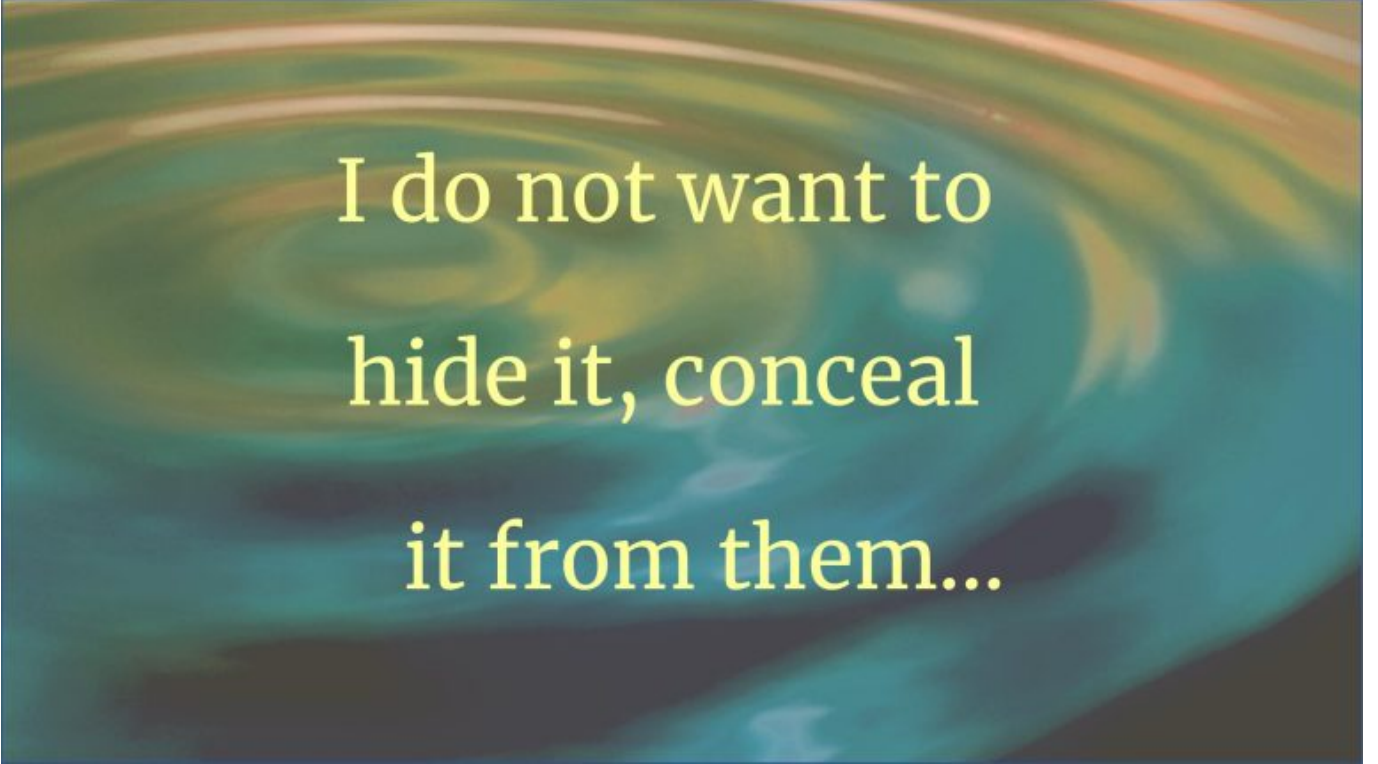


# Doctor Becomes Patient

Category: Poems

written by Galya Lodish | August 16, 2024



I do not want to  
hide it, conceal  
it from them...

The diagnosis is here  
I knew it was coming  
But did not think it would arrive this soon  
"You're very young to have it" the doctor said  
My bones brittle, already  
At age 50  
I feel fragile  
I actually AM fragile, my skeleton lacks density  
It is disconcerting  
But I told my children  
I do not want to hide it, conceal it from them  
Like the older generation did from us  
When they got "bad news"  
But I will try to find a positive, that is my way  
"You're at risk for breaking a bone"  
That's not a positive  
"Weight-bearing exercises are recommended"  
For the osteoporotic body  
How many times have I told that to my patients  
Now it is told to me  
So I work out with my newly minted teenager  
In our basement  
We lift weights together  
My strong 13-year-old  
builds up his growing bones

As I try to slow decline of my decaying ones  
"You can lift heavier weights, Mom"  
My sweet child encourages me  
And so I do  
And enjoy this time with him  
His loud teen music he cranks up for us  
And we sweat together  
And I thank my fragile bones for this opportunity  
To be with my little boy, little man  
In this intimate way  
"You've got this, Mom" he says  
And so I will get this  
And find a positive...I just did