

On days that I feel down on my luck, one thing that gives me strength in my battle against CF is recognizing that there are individuals in this world who fight struggles even more difficult than mine. That perspective helps me see that my CF is not as much of an obstacle as it sometimes feels and that it is a blessing to have CF as opposed to diseases like Lou Gehrig's Disease or cancer. By holding my CF in that light, I have renewed strength to fight it. This is a poem that I wrote for my neighbor Suzanne. She battles Parkinson's and inspires me each day.

A poem for my beloved neighbor, my hero who fights Parkinson's

She moves
through the world
with Grace
transcends us and the physical
understanding, she is Soul,
the Kindred,
opened, willing to be
a Friend. She is
cursive in our world
of typewriters.
The quaking thought
in our world
of hurry up.

A teacup cradled
in our hands
made with purpose and love,
the Keeper of warm comfort,
the Keeper of water in a drought,
never breaking-
Kintsugi fissures
enhance her beauty,
her strength
in battles
with fists
with valor
and so, fights
for me,
the Champion,
for me,
the Best,
for the world.