

My Monster

A day of doubted happenings does not come near,
It will always taunt me of who I was.
The meaningless monster from within mellow around;
There is nothing that can stop the destruction.
When epilepsy strikes, it takes away more than the cover.
Physical health is one aspect, hidden below this is much pain.
Money, time, fear, danger, opportunities, privileges;
The anchor that continues to drop and pull.
All lost from this horrid condition.
It seems impossible to defeat,
Though it's not.

This fight is for finishing.
Though it takes away many, it invites other.
Strength, dedication, intelligence, care, determination.
In the beginning I was me, epilepsy thought it could win,
But I know the results.
The fight is long and rough, but I will prevail.
I am the showstopper, not epilepsy.
Be ready because I am coming.