

Diagnosis: Those We Love

Claudia Pagnozzi-Schwam

Diagnosis: Parental Love

“Where did **w**e go wrong?”
the look upon their face
as the doctor shut the door

“Different treatment options”
became the mantra
of the team I don’t root for

Mom and dad - don’t blame yourself
or get lost up in your head
I **will be** your little girl
even in this hospital bed

I will make sure I laugh and smile
in hopes you feel **okay**
Laughter is the best medicine
I’m a comedian these days

Diagnosis: Friendship Love

The way you looked at me
spoke every single word
“Nothing has to change”
the biggest lie **I** have ever heard

“My friend’s dad dealt with... X, Y, Z
so you’ll surely make it too”
But that’s a broken **promise** -- he didn’t look like me,
you can’t know that to be true

Maybe the loving **words** you said
you wanted to believe
But quotes and inspiration
won’t really **set you free**

We cannot change what we are given
although you want to bad
so I’ll say “**thank you** for being here,
the best friend I’ve ever had”

Diagnosis: Sibling Love

Room 37B

you broke down and you cried

Sister, hold my hand

thank God you're still alive

But I have seen your struggles

and again you're seeing mine

So I know how much this hurts you

if you could have changed it, you would have tried

Beyond the hurt, I saw relief

you finally see the truth

Broken hearts and broken homes

had nothing to do with you

Blaming yourself, never again

now **I'm truly grateful, you see**

That all it took was a diagnosis,

doctors' orders brought you peace

Diagnosis: Romantic Love

Poking fun at each other
was how we really knew
That every joke and taunting smile
was just an **“I love you”**

You no longer joke that way
you speak only love to me
But I still say “you’re an idiot, I hate you”
you know exactly what I mean

Although our talk is colorful,
our love is black and white
Read and get a sense of devotion
in the letters that we write

If you’re finally reading this,
yes, I am talking to you
I’ll say it one more time, alright?
“You’re an idiot, I hate you.”

Diagnosis: Self-Love

Seeing me as I am is hard --
strong, driven, loving
Angry that I am symptoms --
fragile, breathless, broken

But with time freedom came
years of grief, hurt, and pain
Felt like they were designed for me and
finally explained

For the love of diagnosis, I hope I don't go tomorrow
and I love to live today
I am more than what they told me,
more than the diagnoses say

I am not a list of symptoms
A hazard to walk around
I am here and I am reborn
A sense of light I've found

If I do fall ill again,
please do send my love
to myself and all the others
especially those above