A10-3

I Am

I am infected. I am hot. I am nervous. I am terrified, petrified, and in this statement justified. I am surrounded. I am outnumbered. I am on a bed. I am stuck under bodies. I am blinded by enormous lights. I am overcome with emotions that I cannot perform today.

I see Fenway Park. I see that the Red Sox are winning. I do not see my parents, but I know they are here. I do not see my brother. I see the people on top of me, but I cannot see my arms. I see my restraints like I’m some kind of rabid dog. I see, for a moment, the needle, the injector, my pain, my suffering, but also my hope. I see the orange liquid that brings me my fear.

I hear my parents telling me to calm down, reassuring me everything is going to be okay. I hear people muttering made up words to one another in what seems like a foreign language. I hear the constant beeping of the machine behind me, preparing for my grand entrance. I hear someone telling me it's about to happen. I hear my own screams and cries.

I feel like I cannot breathe. I feel like I am alone. I feel like no will listen to me. I feel all the weight and pressure on top of me. I feel the drive and determination of my parents. I feel the wiping of my arm. I feel the band tighten and tighten until I seem to lose circulation. I feel the tapping of veins. I feel the person hold my arm down. I feel the pike, the sword, the spear of Hippocrates drive into my arm. I feel the serum throughout my body as it spreads it cold fingers to my toes, my chest, my head. I feel this spear being heaved out of my body as it pulls itself out, tearing through my veins and skin. I feel the weight go away. I feel the restraints lifted and my parents embracing me, loving me.

And then, once again, I am. Except this time, I am a survivor.