

Poetry

Cite this article: Bayley Z (2023). Alone. *Palliative and Supportive Care* **21**, 564. <https://doi.org/10.1017/S1478951522001584>

Received: 22 October 2022
Accepted: 23 October 2022

Author for correspondence: Zana Bayley,
School of Pharmacy, Newcastle University,
King George VI Building, Newcastle Upon
Tyne NE1 7RU, UK.
Email: zana.bayley@newcastle.ac.uk

The world shuns me, and pities me, and doesn't know what to do with me
My soul wants to come in from the cold, but people cross streets to avoid me
Others deny my reality and pain, my despair and tears, my dreams and fears
It's all brushed away with an awkward silence or half-smile.

I have care, it's there in the doctors and nurses but they don't know me
I don't know where to go for help they don't tell me
My family they care but they don't know how I feel
To burden them with this would cause them pain too real
So I'm suffocating in the silence and sadness that prevails everything.

I'm not like the others, they're not like me
I don't wallow in my cancer or wear a badge of bravery
They wouldn't accept me, I'm rebellious and rude
I wear animal prints and show my tattoos
I don't conform to the norm of dying
So I wait and stand tall but inside I'm crying.

I can't connect with my family or medics
I can't connect with the living public or dying patients
So I stay in a state of stasis waiting for the inevitable decline –
Alone.

Conflicts of interest. There are no conflicts of interest.