

Nectarine Shimmer

Amy N. Sasik

Spring 2023

1. Nectarine Shimmer
2. My Box
3. Nectarine Five Enemies
4. Nectarine Exhaustion, version 2
5. Nectarine Tears, part 2

Nectarine Shimmer

Through the fog I bloom.

Knife

It cuts through the fog. It cuts through me. It did cut.

Why?

That disease. Lupus.

Knife

Lupus is a scalpel. It gets inside you; twists and turns, stabs jabs, wounds, scars. You never know when the next surgery will be. Guess what- it's time for a flare. Lupus doesn't care that you want to work, walk, be coherent. Lupus doesn't care that you want to live. Lupus doesn't care.

LUPUS is a KNIFE.

It hurt. It hurts. It hurt(s) so many people. But hey I AM NOT DEAD.

I am the fog. The fog is in me.

Lupus and lupus drugs

Damaged, damaged, damaged my brain, my body.

I started sundowning in 1990, isn't that fun?

My brain is fried. I'm sorry math people but I can't do calculus anymore.

I don't need calculus to bloom. And man o man am I blooming!

Blooming blooming blooming.

I am not Lupus. Lupus is a nasty weed that chokes and kills. It will not stop me.

I need to bloom.

I need to see through the fog.

I need to live.

I put on lipstick. I go out and weed through the fog.

Because BLESSED JESUS.

I am nectarine shimmer
Pure color.

My Box

I treated myself today.
I bought myself a box. It is smooth, small, and oval.

I am going to be selfish and take care of me.
I am putting my worries in there. It is in my pocket with the lid on.
I may take it with me. But not open it.
It's tucked away.

It helped me have a better day. No tears today. There is room for tears but not today.
It is safe in my pocket.

I have a little box. It is mine. I keep precious things in it.
Sometimes I have to put it on top of the shelf.

In my box I have a special space for my sadness. My box needs to be bigger. My sadness is bigger.

Am I hearing a bird singing? Am I hearing hope?
Maybe it's frogs chirping, maybe it's a sign of spring.

I open my box and let in some air.
I dust it off. I tell people about my box that helps.
I put my sadness back in.
Some days I take my sadness and rip it up and blow it in the air. It helps.

I hear the train tonight.
I enjoy the peaceful quiet.

My box is safely tucked away.
It's mine private. The sad is deep.
I am thankful for my Yogi's wise words today.

Surrender is too deep.
My sadness is too deep.

I need movement.
I need water.
I need fresh air in my box.
I open it and put in some air, pull my hands around, all my hands around I feel better.

I think I'll paint my box.

Nectarine Enemies

Nectarine Cravings

I crave calm, I crave peace in my soul.
I crave outside, not just looking out. I crave wanting to move and run.

I crave beauty and color. I crave eyesight, my eyes so they can see clearly.

I crave sound. Sound that moves me, sound that gets into my soul.
Sound that rattles, shakes and moves, pulses throbs, and then finally soothes.

I crave coffee, but then there is tea; the smooth, warm, comforting feeling in the morning.
Knowing that today will be OK.

But today I made it out of bed and upright. But today I made it to the kitchen. But today I can
pour myself a cup of coffee.

I crave life. What are we without that?

Nectarine Aversions

I don't want to get out of bed, I don't want to move. I don't want to have to do anything. I don't
want to face reality. I don't want to think about how hard it is. I don't want to talk about the hard
stuff.

I just don't want to.

I moved. I am adverse, I am so averse, I am so adverse. I'm still in bed. I don't want to face the
day. I don't want to face life.

Nectarine Restlessness

Oh, I have to move. I twitch. I'm anxious, I'm nervous.

My brain can't stop. It keeps turning and spinning at night.

I have to do something. I can't stop twitching twitching.

Oh, why can't my brain turn off? It goes round and round in the circle and nothing happens. Nothing is fixed.

Oh, I have to move. There's something that needs to be scratched. It itches. What is that thing?

Oh the pain, all the pain.

I'm restless; restless to know what to do, restless to know what I should be doing, restless to know the answer, restless to see you through the crystal ball. Why can't you have that on your forehead? Why can't I know what you're thinking?

I am racing to know, restless to know. I want to know right now. I want to know the plans. I am not patient. Why should I have patience? I need to know now. Why can't you tell me, why isn't there a complete answer? Why isn't there an easy answer? I need to know.

Nectarine Sloth

Sloth the slow inertia. It's hard to move my mouth. There's too much energy involved. It's easier just to look, look out the window.

Thinking is hard. Moving is hard, being is hard, loving is hard.

It's easy just to lie there. I am not a sloth that hangs upside down, I just lie there. It's too easy. Why should I move my legs? They can't move anyway. Why should I do my exercises? My legs don't move anyway. Why should I write a book? My brain is fried.

Why should I try? The sloth keeps saying don't; don't try, just lie there.

Be inert. The inertia calls. It's peaceful with the inertia, it's peaceful with sloth. There's no brain activity, it's peaceful and quiet, just sloth.

Nectarine Doubt

I doubt my leg. I doubt they will move.

I doubt my head will not seizure.

I doubt my eyes. I doubt I will ever see again.

I doubt my lips, my tongue, that my voice will be kind.

I doubt my arm will hug and love. I doubt my hands.

Nectarine Exhaustion

I'm so tired, I'm so tired of this body. I'm so tired of this pain. I'm so tired of problems.

I'm so tired of not being healthy.

Do you know how exhausting it is? Do you know how exhausting it is just to move?

To walk. To breathe. To think, to be.

I'm tired. I'm tired of my body. I'm tired of it. I'm sick and tired of it. I've had it.

There's always something, there's always some problem. There's always something new.

It's never OK. It's always bad. It's never good.

I'm so tired.

Never healthy.

I can't remember the last time I felt good.

You don't know how lucky you are.

Always watched carefully, monitored, poked and prodded. Can't I just be left alone?

I don't want to die. I just want to be healthy. Is that so much to ask?

Is it so much to want energy to be normal?

But no, I'm special.

And it's damn not princess parking; it's disabled, it's handicapped.

I have lupus.

Nothing's right, nothing works.

To be healthy oh, to be healthy. Is that so much to ask -one day of feeling OK?
That's all.

Lupus laughs.

“Hope is the thing with feathers” per Emily Dickinson.

Where are my feathered wings that are going to take me? Where are the wings that will help me be healthy? Where are they? Where are my wings?

I don't want to be grounded.

I don't want to be stiff and cold and lying flat.

I want to be up flying bright in the sky. Help me find my wings.

I look outside. Will I join the hawk soaring majestically? Or will I be the little sparrow?

I don't care, I just want to be.

Nectarine Tears **part two**

The tears stopped, why?

I have dried up. Is the pain gone? Is the hurt gone?

No, I'm just tired and dry. Cold.

The pain is there. It's numb. It's achy. Achy. It will not go away.

Part of life.

But what joy for Being life is.

We can see, we can hear, we can touch, we can breathe, we can move.
We can love, we can share, we can care.

What did my tears water? A garden?

My tears' water garden is growing dormant.

Am I dormant?

What will it be like in the spring? I can't wait. I'm anxious and excited.

There's something to look forward to.

There's hope. There's hope in the morning.
There is always hope.

It will be OK.

©Amy N. Sasik Spring 20223