

I want to scream and scream but it seems I
can barely even expand my lungs enough to
breathe.

I want to shout and tell for help but all that
comes out is a small sigh as my breath rushes to
escape.

I feel resigned to my fate despite how much I
struggle to live every day.

Each day is a fight, even if the war I
attempt to end may not be apparent to anyone but
me.