

The Donor

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By : **Richmaggs**

I sometimes wonder why I enjoy donating platelets. Is it for purely selfish reasons?

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Wired to the machine and pampered to death

So that the sorry foetal leukaemic may inhale a precious breath.

His tiny veins draw poisonous maps as his desperate lungs expand,

As I lie and watch the components drain from the needle in my arm.

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They monitor me, they feed me and then tell of my heroics,

As I fearfully watch them preside over their wide gauge hypodermics.

Am I a selfish man, a coward? I ask for local anaesthetic,

Is this my mission for reparation or am I enhancing my aesthetic?

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Leafing through the literature Iâm informed of my rewards

For ninety minutes of my precious life that perhaps just might save yours,

But Iâm doing this for me I fear as I wrestle with my banter,

My platelets yours, another bag nearer to my prized crystal decanter.

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Despite the needles, anti coagulant, the tingling and the food,

I fill a bag with yellow life to provide his body with the fuel

To satisfy his blood cells and ensure his wounds will clot,

In my ignorant self importance Iâm blind to gift that canât be bought.

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I like doing this as it slackens my strangling conscience,

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But who am I appeasing? Do I really have the licence
To use their frightful husk like forms filled with fear and fortitude,
To stimulate my righteous stance and flesh out my moral code.

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This analysis is pointless, what matters most is that weâre here,

A selfless act of mercy yet it wonât remove his fear
Of staying ill and dying, Iâm not looking for atonement,
Is so very simple really, Iâm just glad that Iâm a donor.

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