

CANADA

I'M DYING WITH AIDS

Patrice O'Donnell

I'm sitting up unable to sleep
It's four a.m. and I feel myself about to weep.
There's love songs playing, none of which is dedicated to me
Potential lovers run the other way, for I am going to die of AIDS
And that's as far as limited minds can see.

Not that I'm insensitive to their fear due to lack of education,
But I wonder if anyone is sensitive that I'm in a sense on Death Row
also known as "Health Care Isolation".

If the shoe were on the other foot, I'd react quite different.
I'd try to make you laugh and feel cared for,
Until it was time for you to leave.
I wouldn't want to look back later with questions in my heart.
Like...Couldn't I have provided more warmth to your life?

It's too late now.
Now you've gone...I know you'd soon depart.
Oh well, I'm talking about myself from both sides of the coin.
It's okay my friend, hey you could of been a friend of mine,
But you chose to go the other way once you found out,
What am I dying of?

I'm not allowed to leave this place, alone in H.C.U.
God! I miss human contact, conversing with Ruby, Brenda, Terry,
Debbie too.
I wish that there were something that I could be, pre-arranged more
people.
To rid me of this loneliness,
But alone I must remain.

In the day time on occasion I'll see someone from the system.
They're not timed...no they can stay.
but when it's another prisoner, 15 minutes and they're sent away.
When I was just a little girl,
I used to ask the angels to come and take me away, from the perverts
and the beatings.
And make me be alone.

Now history repeats itself, I do the same thing today.
I'm fighting a losing battle in many aspects of the word.
Another Alone night awaits me,
No one to share my feelings with,
For alone I won't be heard.
I'll sit in the chair and drink coffee, smoke lots of cigarettes,
Have some pabulum and fruit, and deal with Alone once more.
Alone mixed with tears and thoughts of needing you.