**An Invisible Life**

You can’t see me, no one can. Therefore I don’t exist. I am not real. Listen to the Good People:

 *“Its all in your head” “Get a grip” “Pull yourself together” “There’s nothing the matter with you that a good boarding school, army, slap, wont sort out. “*

Try them all if you like, I’ll be strengthened, unseen creeping into your thoughts just as your head sinks to the pillow, churning you away from that neglected, craved, sleep.

I’ll keep you in bed till mid-afternoon, *“you lazy, jobless slob”* Your covers stink. Miss Perfect, you so cleverly adaptive with the whitewash. Draw that veil over me, you piss artist. Squash me down, *“nothing to see here, go home”* Deny me, I am invisible anyway. *“Behave”* Mask back on. *“Be ok”* Concealer.

Charging at you like a high-speed train, Wham Bam knocked your living daylights out when I hit you. Thought you were *“going to die”* too much heart, not enough breath. You shameful waste of space bellowing like a fat cow, in A&E wasting Good Doctor’s time with your ridiculous panics. “*PTSD*?” Give me a break, Down, Trodden, Reject. Orders of the day.

Façade intact. Veneer varnished.

*“It is a stomach problem”* Of course, endoscopy, 5 months. Next!

“*Headaches so lousy, paracetamol doesn’t touch ‘em”.* Terrific. CT scan, 4 months, Next!

*“Fatigue is so deadening”* Good Girl. More blood tests. Next!

“*Shit doesn’t look right”* Perfect. Give us a sample. Next!

“*The balance is all out”* Super. Falls clinic, 6 months. Next!

“*Unstable*” Horse bolted? Sorry, ah… Zimmer frame. Next!

*“Psychotherapy?”*  Forget it! No funding. Timewaster. Next!