

Poisoning the Fountain of Youth

As I laid in my bed one morning, not feeling well enough to get up, I found myself scribbling out this poem about my experience, about my anguish with the far reaching consequences of denial and cover up supported by a viewpoint whose lens is often as narrow as its tolerance and who has no relationship with the suffering it has caused.

An innocent child
walked into the room.
It was white and so clean
it did not speak of doom.

And I climbed in the chair,
they adjusted the light,
they pinned on the bib
and said, "It's all right."

"Just lean your head back
and open real wide,
this way we can see
where the cavities hide."

In my innocent trust,
I did just what they said
and they used a huge needle
to make nerve endings dead.

Each time they drilled holes
in the tooth that was bad
and filled it with silver
and a mercury lead.

So the first silver jewels
of poison were planted
and my fountain of youth
was right then being ended.

It's a slow dripping poison,
it takes a few years,
and it wasn't 'til sixteen
that it caused any tears.

It began with a pain
and a burning inside.
"My stomach is hurting!"
I'd say, as I cried.

So my ulcer was tended
with a diet and pills,
but it was only the beginning
of my body's ills.

The worst feeling of all
came at eighteen years old.
I first felt it wash through me.
It was terror's hold.

Like boiling hot oil with
spikes of ice running through it,
causing nauseous constriction
in my throat and heart too.

And it brought with it a fear
that's hard to describe.
It entombed my whole being.
I was buried alive.

And it held me for decades,
those shekels of fear.
They would flood through my body,
when they'd come was unclear.

And I haunted the doctors
for a cause, was my quest,
for then, perhaps maybe,
my body could rest.

Although tests came back normal,
a few were at odds,
but "No answers forthcoming."
They'd say with a nod.

"Perhaps you should consider
it's not a disease
but all in your thinking,
just relax, be at ease."

And then I would think,
Oh dear God, (not to stay),
but give them this experience,
just one time, just one day.

Then they'd know it's not me
that has any control.
It's something that happens-
it comes and it goes.

But I learned to get through them
so no one would see,
for the shame and discounting
were wearing on me.

All I wanted to have
was my health and a life,
to follow life's journey
without physical strife.

Then a coincidence happened
and a new point of view
suggested there might be a reason,
perhaps something new.

And the tests came back shouting
my problem was clear.
Heavy mercury poisoning
was causing my fear.

It had dripped its way through
my fountain of youth
and corroded my body,
and it began in my tooth.

And I cried with the answer.
I cried with relief.
I cried for my shame
and I cried with deep grief.
All these years I kept searching
and all the long while.
I was carrying poison
inside of my smile.

And the medical authorities,
the ones who well knew,
even ones in denial
had poisoned me too.

For mercury poisoning
was really not new.
There is money that hides that
from me and from you.

It was a cheap way
to sell to the masses
and they'd felt that the risk
was worth all the chances.

It cost me two babies
that died in my womb
They were poisoned inside me,
wrapped in small "silver" tombs.

And that risk that they took,
that lost me my health,
was it needed for food
or just to add to their wealth?

It has cost me much money,
removing the silver.
It took almost a year
until it was over.

But I had a few days,
when my teeth were all cleared,
that I felt really healthy
and I laughed and I cheered.

Then came medication
for mercury hidden
to find it, to bind it
and to help me to rid it.

The doses were off though
and it wasn't too long
before I was buried.
I felt like I'd drowned.

As days passed into months,
I began to return
to a place where I felt
life had taken a turn.

Now the focus returned
to the damage years caused -
to the holes in digestion
and my nerves that were raw.

For so many decades
most food has reacted
and hit in my body
like another attacker.

And my thinking would tighten,
my focus would shift
to how could I push on
when fear, my mind gripped.

And I lie here today
quite exhausted and tired
and I ask dear, sweet God
pull me out of this mire.

For it is God, the One
who helps me hold on
when there's part of my body
that doesn't want to go on.

But I have to believe
and I do in my soul,
that there's something to gain
when you're down in a hole.

You can only look up,
your vision is clear,
and that's when you see God
and you live through the fear.

On this day, like so many
I've journeyed before,
I pray that tomorrow
I'll feel so much more.

More health and vitality,
more joy and more ease,
that my spirit may soar
and my body feel free.

So dear heavenly Father
and my Mother too,
please bless me with health.
Let me start life anew.

Sbe '00