

Quagmire

by Ava

Wade through the sludge,
green, yellow, sloughing, stretching,
clinging. Shake and shake but
it won't come off.
Cough it up, spit it out,
yet there's more. Constricts your chest.
Clogs your lungs.
You'll drown in it, sooner or later.

Author's note: though this poem represents a darker side of cystic fibrosis, seeing the reality of it will inspire myself and others to keep fighting until there is a cure.