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# For Silvia

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## Poetry

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I'm sorry if I come off as a little condescending or aggressive or difficult.
I'm sorry that I question every lab you draw, every drug you try, and every imaging you order.
I'm sorry that I fight back on medications because the side effects are too much for too little in too short of a time.
I'm sorry that I argue with you in my pajamas while you wear all the protective gear you have.
I'm sorry that our family meetings are longer than you anticipated and harder than you wanted.
I'm sorry that I ask follow-ups to follow-up questions.
I'm sorry, but also—I'm not.
I'm not sorry that I love my daughter so much.
I'm not sorry because this is how we preserve hope.
I'm not sorry that I became her voice in a place so big and foreign.
She is only so small.
Just look at her.
And sure, while I might not know everything or anything about medicine.
God willing, I am trying.
I do not have a medical degree or your training, but
I am her mother. I feel her pain viscerally.
Her drug names do not roll off my tongue, but
I have memorized all the words to her favorite bedtime story.
I do not know all the possible complications, but
I know how to hold her tight so she falls asleep easier.
All this is to say—thank you for trying your best.
Please understand that I am too even when I question, argue, and disagree.
We are all trying our best for Silvia.

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