

POETRY/FICTION

Climbing

It is a ladder.
And I'm climbing.
One step after the other. I'm climbing.

And sometimes I take a rest,
A deep breath into my hurting lungs.
I sit and I look into the horizon and cry.

["Lazy or depressed" — they say.]
— But I just want some air. I just want to take a glance of an eye, even if it is misty.

I keep climbing.
One step and another one.
I climb this narrow ladder
and sometimes I lose balance.
I almost fall into the deep.

["Suicidal and weak" — they say.]
— yes, it is true . . . sometimes I'd like to go.

And when I stop again and look down for some hours,
they don't understand I'm just asking for some bits of who I was.

["Denial" — they say.]
— I'm just looking for myself — I weakly respond.

And during this ladder of malady
My body hurts and I feel no more strength, my love.
I punch me
I hurt me
I hurt you
and all the world around us.

["Anger! . . ." — they say.]
— Yes, but let me feel it! . . .

But I keep climbing, my love.
And some days you help me
and others you're also too weak to do it.

Some call it life . . .
It's only a long ladder you keep climbing.
Even if it hurts,

Even when you smile,
Even when we kiss,
Even when we miss each other.

***["You have to be strong and fight" . . . — they say.]
—It's not a walk, it's a long ladder of malady.***

***And one day I'll close my eyes, my love.
And I'll fall into something better . . . not death, but growth.
Do not worry, my love.
Down below I'll be fine . . .
Embraced in some kind of velvety and warm light.***

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