

Nobody should have a favourite seat in the A&E. A favourite spot on their arm for drawing blood. I once asked my doctor how long I would be following up with his clinic. He said *lifelong*, and I wondered if he meant his life or mine. In only 65 percent of my fantasies am I absurdly attractive; in all 100 percent of my fantasies I am completely recovered. Sometimes I get so tired I feel the beginnings of a poem slide off the sides of my brain and fall out of my mouth in a disappointing non sequitur. On particularly clumsy days, I can hear my prednisolone whisper from the floor—*What if you just stopped? What if you just stopped taking all your medications?* When people describe something as something else on steroids, I laugh; I am me on steroids. Near a hospital at night, I crave a ham sandwich. I pretend I don't know why, but I do.