

Entry #28567

Navigating the Storm: A Journey of Resilience

In the depths of time, nine years ago,
A fateful accident struck a heavy blow.
It left me with a burden hard to bear,
Permanent vestibular damage, a cross to wear.

Dizziness spiraled, like a tempest inside,
With vertigo's grip, I struggled to abide.
Each step became a dance on a shifting floor,
A world that swayed, where balance felt like war.

Nausea would rise, like a wave crashing down,
In a sea of uncertainty, I wore a frown.
Soft sounds turned to thunder, lights flickered and faded,
Yet amidst the chaos, my spirit never jaded.

But through the pain, I rose each day,
With determination that would not sway.
I faced the challenges that came my way,
Refusing to let my spirit decay.

Though the world may spin and tilt askew,
I find the strength to push on through.
With resilience and courage, I do not give in,
I rise above, determined to win.

The road may be tough and filled with strife,
But I persist, embracing life.
Let my story be an inspiration,
To those facing challenges, seeking liberation.

For I've shown that even in the darkest night,
There is always hope, a glimmer of light.
Nine years have passed since that fateful day,
Yet I continue to rise and find my way.

With each sunrise, a new chance to strive,
To live my life fully, and truly thrive.
Though symptoms may linger, I stand tall and proud,
A testament to strength, my spirit unbowed.

Through every setback, I've learned to adapt,
Finding joy in the small things, my heart fully tapped.
For life is a journey, a winding, rugged path,
And with each step forward, I embrace its aftermath.

Entry #28509

Hurdles

Where do I go, when I'm feeling alone?

When I feel like I'm drowning, I can't stay afloat.

I just need a boat, I just need some hope.

There's a lump in my throat, you can hear in my notes.

My soul has been bleeding, but I don't want my family to see it.

I don't want them grieving, while I lay dizzy on the cement.

Managing my pain is the goal, I am on the path to achieve it.

I'm learning to accept my Vestibular Disorder, I just wish others could believe it.

Entry #28508

I call myself a burden

The ringing never sleeps,
a high wire hum inside my head,
a radio between stations
that no one else can hear.
The floor tilts without warning
floor becomes ceiling,
horizon loses its position,
and I reach for walls
that seem to breathe and sway.
The nausea rises like a tide
I cannot hold back,
and I lie in the dark
bargaining with my own body,
please, just be still.
Some days the grief comes quieter
than the vertigo —
the work I cannot do,
the bills that stack like a stone wall I cannot climb,
the version of myself
I used to know by heart.
I see it in their eyes sometimes,
the ones I love —
the worry they try to hide,
the adjustments made around me,
the weight I never asked
to place upon their hands.
I call myself a burden
in the hollow hours,
when the ringing is loudest
and the floor won't stay.

Entry #28500

Vincent

Visual cues
Iris blues
Vague shapes
Head aches

Vincent had what I have

Blinding light
Sunflowers bright
Tears and pain
Cafés in rain

Vincent had what I have

Disruptive aura
Sunflowers, flora
Fear and fright
Starry night

Vincent had what I have

Terrible beauty
Painting soothing
His story
Is history

Vincent had what I have, but

New diagnosis
Improved prognosis
Heightened care
Lessens despair

We have what Vincent did not

Entry #28496

Whole in My Head

A part of me is missing
I know not where it went
But I feel an emptiness
After exertion leaves me spent

The grocery store, a sunlit stroll
Use to give such great pleasure
Now, I negotiate and evade
Each moment is carefully measured

Bittersweet plans, hesitation
Will pain render destroyed?
Every day I try again
Hope for wholeness fills the void.

Entry #28485

The Unsteady Loop

The Unsteady Loop

The concussion was a mountain I learned how to climb,
Regaining my language, one word at a time.
I fought for my footing, how to read, how to write,
To process the world and move towards light.

But then came the thunder, strikes two and strikes three,
New shadows of impact that took hold of me.
The weight of the migraine, a crushing head pain,
Slowly began shifting inside of my brain.

Hope disappeared in a shadow of gray,
When the stillness of healing just drifted away.
The attacks became movement, a tilt, and a sway,
The room couldn't settle by the end of the day.

It planted a seed that I didn't invite—
A fear with deep roots when the spin hits its height.
It grows uncontrollably, ruthless and fast,
Choking the progress I thought meant to last.

The BPPV triggers, the PPPD stays,
Leaving me lost in a vestibular haze.
I am caught in this loop, in the stuck, in the spin,
Searching for stillness – I'm told it's within?

It is a lonely dark cycle, a life on delay,
While my body refuses to join in the day.
The floor doesn't settle, the haze doesn't thin—
Now I'm left waiting for the solid to win.

And as I wait here, I reach through the gray,
Trusting this loop finds its ending one day.

Entry #28479

Stolen Independence

Once free to work and play,
Now that freedom has gone away.
Once free to walk alone,
Now dependent on others to roam.
Once the excited party planner,
Now the one who must be watched so carefully.
Once happy, healthy and thankful,
Now challenged, enduring and grateful.

Entry #28477

The Realm

I haunt this world, a shadow of what once, for I am no longer attached.

In another life within this one I reside, another place brimming with unfamiliarity.

Spinning, I lose my peace.

Floating, I lose my anchor.

Swaying, I lose my reality.

I tread through thick brambles of fear and nurture hope from extinction, striving to make my way back home.

Entry #28396

Not My Enemy

My body is not my enemy
Even with the daily struggle
Navigating the dizzy

My body is not my enemy
Even when it hurts to say
I am stuck at home while I bob and sway

My body is not my enemy
My brain is fighting and battling
Keeping me safe from sensations, a barrage
Trying its best to deflect, triage

My body is not my enemy
With pain, flushing, nausea, and sweats
The systems are working to rebalance, course correct

My body is not my enemy
It is fighting, surrendering
Working, giving up
Resting, running, balancing, stuck

My body is not my enemy
It is the only friend who knows
The struggles, the strain, the work, the pain
We are in this together
Me, my body, my brain.

Entry #28367

Slay, Don't Sway

Is it okay to grieve
The ground that behaves like quicksand beneath my feet?
Each step sinking beneath me,
As I negotiate with gravity

Is it okay to cry
As my gait sways side to side,
Like a boat on uneasy water,
Oscillating between gentle bobs and violent tides?

I swear I can feel the Earth tilt on its axis.
I can feel the butterfly flap its wings
It all swirls inside my head and pours out my eyes,
Like a balloon that will float away if I let go of the string

I'm afraid of the dark now,
Not like I was when I was a child.
I don't fear a monster around the corner or lurking in shadows;
I fear my body will give way to a dizzy spell never reconciled

The line I walk is tenuous
My arms being pulled at each side
A trapeze act during an earthquake
One wrong step and I won't survive

But I must, survive that is
For though I've fallen from the cliff, my life persists
Though the ground never arrives, face up I fly
A new normal within which I exist

I may not know what is behind my back
I may not know when the ground will come
But I know what is in front of me,
And that will have to be enough.

Entry #28322

I am no one

Do I exist. Yes. My world is unsteady to see. My brain is in denial. My body tries to react whilst I stagger this way and that. My trusty Rollator comes to my aid as I resume normal gait. I have too much on my plate.

I am no one.

The words I read the music notes I play and objects I see all dance bounce and shake with glee.

Perhaps I just need a cup of tea.

I am no one.

I want to surrender who will win I do not know.

I am no one.

Entry #28235

(Un)Shaken

Shaky in body

Steadied by Love

I (un)accept the journey

Walked through hell

Arrived in Heaven

Shaky, but unshaken

Entry #28171

My Anchor

My world is shrinking in a swimming fog,
as I tread with caution through a quaking bog.
Crumbling foundations, shattered dreams,
Loss of all that I believed.

Life passes by in a swirling haze,
an endless struggle through a shifting maze.
Reeling, spinning, lightheaded and confused:
intensifying with every move.

Disoriented, lost, disconnected and numb,
pain and heaviness weigh me down.
Isolated, alone, friends have scattered,
purpose robbed, identity battered.

Though I'm often scared and feel afraid,
You are my anchor, you keep me safe.
In this unstable existence, you are my rock,
You give me strength, you are my support.

Entry #28135

Day by Day

Sitting, standing or walking just doesn't feel right. I try to get through each day with all of my might. Time is just passing by as we speak, I'm trying not to feel constant defeat. Each day is a challenge just to get by, I am trying but sometimes I just feel like I am high. Tilted, swaying, dizziness and rocking is the way I've been feeling, I really just wish there was some type of healing. I pray for one day all this to just go away, until then vestibular challenges are here to stay and I will persevere day by day.

Entry #27922

One at a Time

I can't keep going,
I can only keep going.
One bad day,
One great day.
Just enough to remember, spark hope,
Just enough to push forward.

I can't sit still,
I can only sit still.
One minute,
One hour.
Just enough to catch your breath,
Just enough to reset and recharge.

I can't lie down,
I can only lie down.
One quick nap,
One sleepless night.
Just enough to stop the sway,
Just enough to heal and pray.

I can't do chores,
I can only do chores.
One dish washed,
One home kept.
Just enough to get by,
Just enough to keep up appearances.

I can't.
I can.
Just one at a time.

Entry #27765

Flamingo Days

I thought it was anxiety, now that's just wishful thinking,
Instead it's constant rocking, like I've always been drinking.

It starts as something subtle, just a feeling not quite right,
Then builds into a storm that I can't stop or try to fight.

The lights and noise and movement slowly turn against my head,
White spots and zigzag vision blur the path in front instead.

My head pounds and tightens while the dizziness won't ease,
A ringing in my ears and waves of nausea drop me to my knees.

Triggers hide in everything, from busy rooms to weather change,
Pressure shifts and heat can turn a steady day to something strange.

Back and forth to hospital, trying to make them understand,
While triggers hit from everywhere I never even planned.

Hours turn into days, sometimes months of this same fight,
Never fully switching off, no clear end point in sight.

And just when it starts settling, when I think it might be through,
I'm left in heavy brain fog, like I can't think straight or do.

Simple words feel distant and my focus slips away,
Like I'm stuck behind a window watching life drift day by day.

Trying just to function feels like walking on a boat,
Grabbing onto furniture at home just to stay afloat.

Friends, family and doctors sometimes look at me like I'm strange,
Like this is all imagined, like it's something I can change.

But I know what I'm feeling, and it's more than in my head,
It's the fear of walking out alone, the quiet, growing dread.

Crowded places overwhelm me, so I avoid them if I can,
Or I'll end up disoriented, like I don't know where I am.

Plans fall through and pieces of my life feel like they've gone,
Like this thing is slowly stealing all the parts I built upon.

I miss the old me deeply, all the freedom that I knew,
Now I measure every moment by what I can safely do.

But slowly I am learning there's a strength in how I cope,
Even on the hardest days I'm holding onto hope.

Like a flamingo standing tall on legs that shake and sway,
Finding balance in the chaos, learning strength a different way.

They can lose their colour slowly when their bodies are worn down,
Fading from bright pink to pale, like a version dimmed somehow.

But with time and care and healing, they can find that pink again,
And that's what I am working towards, I'll get there in the end.

So even when I'm swaying, when my world feels far from true,
I'm still standing, still adapting, still becoming someone new.

Entry #27647

The Critic

My own worst critic

I think of the cant's, not cans

Feel loss for what was

But wait, I still can!

I can walk, talk, laugh, and love

It didn't steal me!

Entry #27549

Chaos:Typhoon rescue (AP photo)

She's precarious in a narrow canvas sling
suspended from emergency cables
stretching over the raging torrent.

She bucks and sways in the wind
the river swirls, waves cresting
just below her.

She is compacted into her body,
lids squeezed flat over her eyes,
her whole self, drawn inwards.

In this photo I see myself
caught in the vertigo of my disease.
I am these ungrounded feet,
tight shut eyes that cannot bear
to see the roaring chaos,
to feel the sense of moorlessness
a body spinning without control.

Entry #26746

Despite the Dizzy

I mother differently now
Unsteady and uneasy.
Despite the dizzy,
Your love is my anchor, my child.

Together, in new ways, we play,
Even when my body can't seem to find its way.
Despite the dizzy,
You are my compass, my child.

I show up
Though at times I feel floaty.
Despite the dizzy,
Your love is gravity, my child.

I care for you,
Even when my own body feels unreliable.
Despite the dizzy,
Your love is dependable, my child.

When I feel lost at times,
You take my hand.
Despite the dizzy,
You are my guiding light and roadmap, my child.

On this dizzying journey,
I can count on your laughter, your hugs, your steady need for me.
Despite the dizzy,
You ground me, my child.

There is guilt in the spinning,
In mothering differently.
Despite the dizzy,
You are my safe space, my child.

Despite the dizzy,
You are my acceptance, strength and resilience, my child.

I may lack balance at times,
But you have my presence always.

I may be unsteady at times,
But my fierce love for you is unwavering always.

Despite the dizzy.

Entry #26701

Life Unsteady

Wake Up

Monitor

Anticipate

Stop. Assess. Keep going

Nope. Too much. Too fast

Lay down, reset

Try again

Finally a good day!

“But you look fine?”

Silently suffering, internal screaming

Adapting to new ways of life

Grieving what once was

Appreciating what is to come

Life Unsteady

Entry #26694

Who Am I

Who am I? It's like the song, waves tossed in the ocean. I need someone to catch me when I'm falling, to calm the storm in me.

Who am I? I used to feel so calm. Now the waves of dizziness and imbalance toss me around like I'm in water. I have to feel for ground. Where are my feet? I struggle to keep my head above it all. Everyday is a struggle but this is my new reality.

Who am I? I am a vestibular survivor.
