

## TALK TO ME....BUT SLOWLY

I used to love the banter  
Noisy bar room chat  
Then when the beastly ME hit  
It put a stop to that

Noise is now my Kryptonite  
My Achilles' heel is sound  
It's not by choice  
That the tone of a voice  
Can knock me to the ground

Crowds are now a no-no  
The buzz is just too tough  
My head tunes in  
To each voice in the din  
My brain cries out...ENOUGH !

When there's time for a chat  
I sit at the back  
I can't keep up these days  
With each word spoken  
I nod as a token  
Lost in a verbal maze

When I try to join in  
I plan all my words  
Queuing them up with care  
I start my tale  
But then without fail  
The words are just not there

If someone talks fast  
My attention won't last  
I can't keep up with the flow  
It crashes my mind  
So would be ever so kind  
If for me, folks could go slow

My skill of processing  
Is clearly regressing  
The brain's not all that it was  
More limits on life  
Causing me strife  
And good old M.E. is the cause

So I'll try to keep sane  
Knowing talk is a drain

And maybe revert to 'type'  
I can socialise, using fingers and eyes  
Saving my head some gripe

I've found a lot of quieter friends  
On Facebook and on Twitter  
What they say, I can read any day  
Without being thought a quitter

No need for instant answers  
More time to think them through  
If not well that day, I can always say  
I'll get back to you

So thank you to my on-line friends  
Although we've never met  
If I'm slow in giving answers  
It's something that you'll 'get'

I'll fight to be my 'normal'  
Live my life as before M.E.  
With one foot in the old world  
The other, online, noise free....

So old friends, if you call me  
And I really wish you would  
Please just talk to me slowly  
Although any call is good.....