

## Kate's Story

### My journey : Destination unknown

After many, many, many, months of disappointment,  
There comes a time when one needs to make a doctor's appointment,  
Greeted with sympathy and an onward referral,  
There can no longer be a deferral.  
The hormone levels were too low,  
There was something wrong, I could have told you so.  
A call to a hospital for the scan number one,  
Let me tell you it was no fun.

A diagnosis was received for PCOS,  
Much googling was done to alleviate my distress.  
Next one visited the consultant,  
One did not emerge exultant.  
The initial recommended medication was a Clomid pill,  
However there was no luck still.  
So we advanced to the Gonal F injections  
To which my body has so far decided REJECTION!  
Day 29 done of cycle four,  
My body is screaming no more!  
The tiredness, the moodiness, the hot flushes and the lack of concentration,  
Don't really help the situation.  
Scan number thirty-three, thirty four,  
Sure what is another few more?

Meanwhile one lives in a constant fear of pregnancy announcing,  
Each time it can be compared to the mind and body taking a trouncing.  
It's not that you are not happy for their news,  
It's that there is an overwhelming sadness that it's not you.  
It's like a massive kick in the tummy,  
Yet again someone else is going to be a mummy.  
I would prefer that they just sent me a text,  
So that I can prepare myself for seeing them next.  
Life can be compared to waves of sadness,  
I didn't deserve this, I haven't committed any badness.  
It's like being in the boxing ring and being continuously punched to the ground,  
Will the strength to get up this time be found?

People will say you need to relax,  
This merely results in stressing me to the max!  
This is a medical condition,  
Let me assure you I am not deliberately putting myself in this position.  
This 'be positive' mantra really winds me up,  
So I really, really wish they would stop.  
According to others it will all work out,  
How the hell do you know is what I want to shout!  
Meanwhile others are having children they really don't deserve,  
For some of them I honestly could swerve.  
Our journey for medical treatment has actually involved our GP verifying that we would pose to children no danger,  
Meanwhile others are getting pregnant to a stranger!

Whilst I realise that a new baby is sweet,  
Try having your heart ripped to shreds and having to do a 'meet and greet'.  
Try having people watching the expression of your face,  
While you are thinking give me some space!!!  
Try going to a Christening, sitting there listening,  
And having to avoid eye contact with the parents so they won't notice your eyes are glistening.  
Try getting up and going to your work with your heart broke in two,  
When someone comes in and says "I'm pregnant too"!  
Then you have to put on a smile before you excuse yourself to go to the loo,  
Where you have a sob, they haven't a clue.

The feelings of failure cannot be measured,  
What you would do to have a baby who would be so treasured.  
When a baby comes into the house and everyone will coo,  
Sometimes it feels like others have forgotten what you are going through,  
They don't mean to be insensitive but off-the-cuff comments can hurt too.  
Will it ever be you?  
You get so skilled at putting on that smile and pretending everything is ok,  
No-one appears to notice when you begin to sway.  
Sometimes it's only the pet  
Who notices that your eyes are yet again wet.

I know I have at times chosen to self isolate,  
Which has in turn led to me feeling less than great.  
My mind can be a very lonely place,

That's what happens when I get too much space!  
There's the constant fear of people looking at your waist for a little bump,  
Meanwhile you are desperately attempting to swallow that lump.  
A couple of times I have worn a loose top  
And individuals have actually asked if I was pregnant and caught me on the hop.  
One has had to respond not,  
Painful moments like not are never forgot.

Then you go out in public and some days it's seriously like pregmania,  
Honest to goodness, it would drive you to insania.  
There's a sadness for a child that realistically may never come,  
It's an inexplicable feeling for some.  
For those who have never had this experience they simply will never understand,  
The heartache of potentially never holding that little hand.

For we are married almost six years,  
During this time there have been buckets of tears.  
Whilst there remains a little hope,  
You have to find ways to cope.  
Be it an exercise class,  
Although due to side effects these days I have to pass.  
Be it a walk,  
Be it to talk.  
There is a need to distract the mind,  
And to yourself be kind.  
The next step appears to be IVF,  
This would never have been my pref.

Daily, there are scans and pictures on Facebook on my newsfeed,  
These are images I or my husband simply don't need.  
Our marriage is strong and I am glad to have my best friend,  
Honestly through these mood swings are bound to be driving him round the bend.  
The whole situation is hard for him too,  
The chances are he could be a father by now if he wasn't married to you.  
However the marriage vows included sickness and health  
And the truth is our marriage to me is a great deal of wealth.  
We will be okay  
And hopefully someday will be our day!