

Unexpected Nourishment

I never imagined this would be my way -
first enteral feeding, now nutrition through a vein,
a path I did not choose,
yet one for which I've learned to be grateful.

Boxes of supplies crowd corners and cupboards,
procedures memorised like quiet rituals,
careful steps followed each day
to keep complications at bay.

Some days I long to forget it all -
to travel without planning every detail,
to work without explanation,
to love without wondering what others will see.

What is **seen** are the scars,
the lines, the tubes, the medical supplies;
the evidence of a life sustained differently.

What is **unseen** are the procedures,
the vigilance, the exhaustion, the fears;
the constant learning, adapting, remembering,
and the courage it takes to keep going.

What is also **unseen** is how much support I need -
the helping hands, the understanding hearts,
the people who make it possible
for me to live beyond my treatment.

Will they notice the scars, the lines, the tubes?
Will they see treatment before they see me?

And then I remember:

I am more than the treatment that sustains me,
more than the marks my survival has left behind.

I am still the person who dreams, hopes, laughs,
who wants adventure, purpose, and connection.

This is not the life I expected,
but it is my life - and I am thankful for it.

And yes, I truly believe
people will have seen me first.

Not the scars.

Not the tubes.

Not all that I carry **unseen**.

Support it all.

Just me. Strong, hopeful, and living.



HAN.
Seen.
Unseen.
Support it all.