

JACK'S STORY





A little while ago,
Well, a few years ago now,
I was born a bit early,
For no reason, rhyme or how

I tried to breast feed,
I really did try,
But bottle or breast,
I would scream, shout and cry



I would vomit all the time,
And could never feel strong,
Mum tried so hard to guess,
What she was doing wrong



I stayed at a place,
That seemed stark, cold and white,
I rarely went home,
And then only for one night



I kept getting worse,
The only respite,
Was food through a tube,
That, I seemed to like



Mum and dad watched in awe,
As I kept on growing,
The only dark days,
Were the fears of not knowing





I have been through a lot,
But have kept getting stronger,
I have grown into a boy,
Who is now here for longer



My family do thank,
Paeds, PACS, Special Care,
Without tube, skill and support,
I would likely still be there