

Stephanie Merhand

My everyday !

A succession of atopic dermatitis





School

“Back to school today”

I really don't want to go back.

This time I've changed classes,
so as not to give everything up.

My health stopped me studying correctly last year.

Too tired to remember what I'd taken so long to learn.

There'll be no familiar face to reassure me.

I'll look so stupid like at the beginning of every school
year, because, I won't be at ease.

Eczema is written on my face.

I'm scared of frightening people.

My psychiatrist thinks it's a good sign

to show off my illness so quickly

to my new classmates. But, I really don't want to.

I'll need time to be so daring.



Itching

When the attack starts I become uncontrollable.
My dear friend moves forward to help me,
before everything gets unbearable.
I go mad with anger.
I itch all over.
It's difficult to sit down to find peace and calm.
I control nothing.
It's getting stronger every second,
a limitless violence; try to calm the evil wave.
I'm not myself.
Someone else has taken over!
How can he love me?
The umpteenth attack and I fall into his arms.
Reason and pain catch up. I'm left feeling awkward
for not having been able to stop on my own.

