

POET'S CORNER

The Bleed ... Through the eyes of a child

Patricia Bell

Most health care professionals will regard treating a bleed with factor as a routine matter. But bleeds - and getting them treated - can still be a major stress for patients. Trish Bell takes a walk in Sam's shoes

I hope you're sitting comfortable,
I'll read my story out in full
Let me tell you who I am,
I'm 3 years old and I am Sam.
I like books and Lego and football,
I go two days to nursery school
I live at home with my sister and brother,
My gran, my gramps, my dad, my mother.

But this is what you need to know,
My blood won't clot, it's far too slow
Yesterday while in the park
(We came home late it was nearly dark)
I kicked the ball and scored a goal
And then I fell down in a hole
I jumped up quick and ran to dad
I really didn't feel too bad.

I went to bed soon after tea
And thought I had a funny knee
Today I woke early – that's the rule
To get all ready for nursery school
But oh dear something's happened to me
I've got an ouch in my knee
I try to put my foot on the floor
It's really hurting more and more.

My mum comes in when she hears me cry
She sees my knee and she knows why
It's OK Sam, I know what you need
Some treatment, you have had a bleed
So off to hospital, we go by car
We don't have to go all that far
But even though it is quite near
I'd rather be any place but here.

We go to see Jo my special nurse
But I can't think of anything worse,
Be good says mum "my little treasure"
While Jo uses a tape measure
In order to try and discover
If this knee is bigger than the other
It is also feeling rather warm
She says while writing on a form.



Another person enters – it's Lizzie O
She's all right really, she's my physio
Mum says "it's Sam's knee – he can't walk"
I don't say a word I just can't talk
We wait while Jo devises a plan
Mum says she's proud of her little man
Then I remember something - I mustn't forget
I ask to go to the toilet

Mum says that I will have to wait
Until I've had my Factor eight
So in my arm I have a shot
Of medicine that makes my blood clot
So then some news I like the best
Upon our sofa I must rest
We begin to get ready now we can go
We have to come back tomorrow.

So that is the story of my bleed
And the treatment my leg did need
At last, from hospital I am freed
Oh dear, in my pants I have just wee'd!

Patricia Bell
Clinical Nurse Specialist
Southampton Haemophilia Centre
University Hospital Southampton NHS
Foundation Trust
Tremona Road
Southampton SO16 6YD
Email: Patricia.Bell@uhs.nhs.uk

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