

# AKKI'S POEM



I speak for you my beloved son  
You are our star, thus far, the only one  
Been through so much in just three years  
Thinking of which drives us, always, to tears.

You show us strength in every way  
Keep fighting hard, day by day  
Following is your journey of life so far  
Written by me for you to be clear  
The fights, struggles, heartbreaks, joy and tears  
Which we've been through, seems for many years.





Our wedding day dawned bright, joyous and so happy  
Years passed with doctor's visits, minus a baby, which was crappy  
The wait was finally over and on 25th May 2015, HOORAY!  
Got the happy news a bundle of joy was on the way  
On 13th January 2016 our perfect little boy greeted us with a loud cry  
Never could we have imagined then, that we had a potential warrior in our hands  
If only you could speak and understand, your fights to be with mom and dad  
Therefore I take upon myself, to tell your story for you and others who touch your life





Celebrating my birthday, I just turned two  
So amazing: with balloons, cake and much fun too  
Mom and dad's love surround me, I was blessed  
A sudden tiredness hit me hard  
Felt that I had no strength to even stand  
I felt sick, and the slight fever sky rocketed  
A rash appeared on my legs and I got severe pain in my chest  
Thought it was the excitement of the day  
Mom said 'Shahaadath' for me and I slept, exhausted.





Woke up sweating, in the middle of the night, no one aware of the reason why

Rushed me to hospital, still unclear what was wrong

Gave me medicines and they did not work

Lost lot of weight, as I could not eat

Did a CT which showed nothing wrong

Mom and dad were out of their minds

To see their little star struggle so.



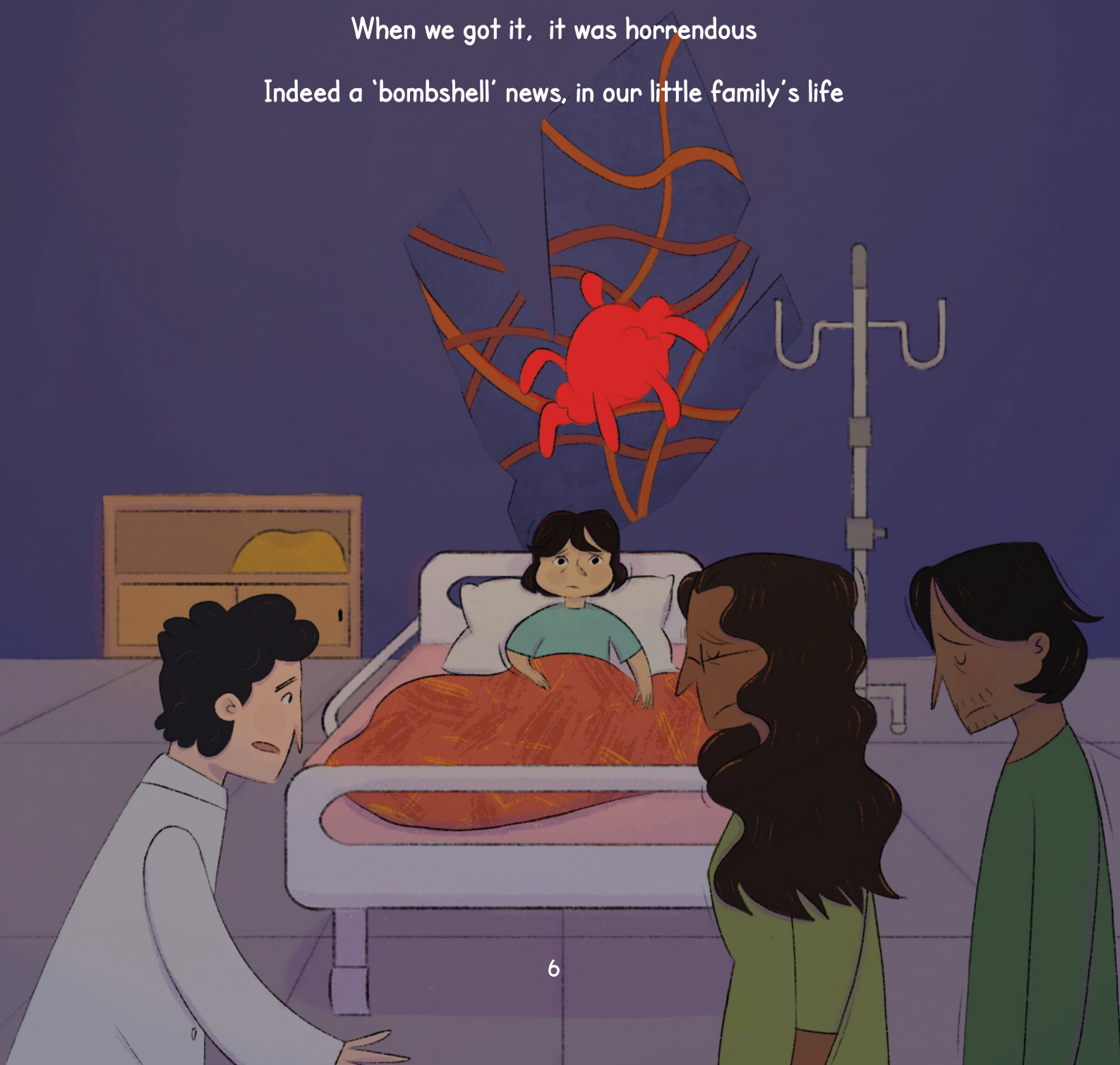


They took me overseas for more tests and pokes  
Flying abroad was a long road  
Which started on 22nd February 2018  
CT repeated and,! hidden in my tummy,  
**SURPRISE! DESPAIR! THEY FOUND A MASS!**  
I feel so tired and am crying loud  
Mom and dad's faces were shattered, and I felt sad  
They put a gown and took me into the Operating Theatre or OT



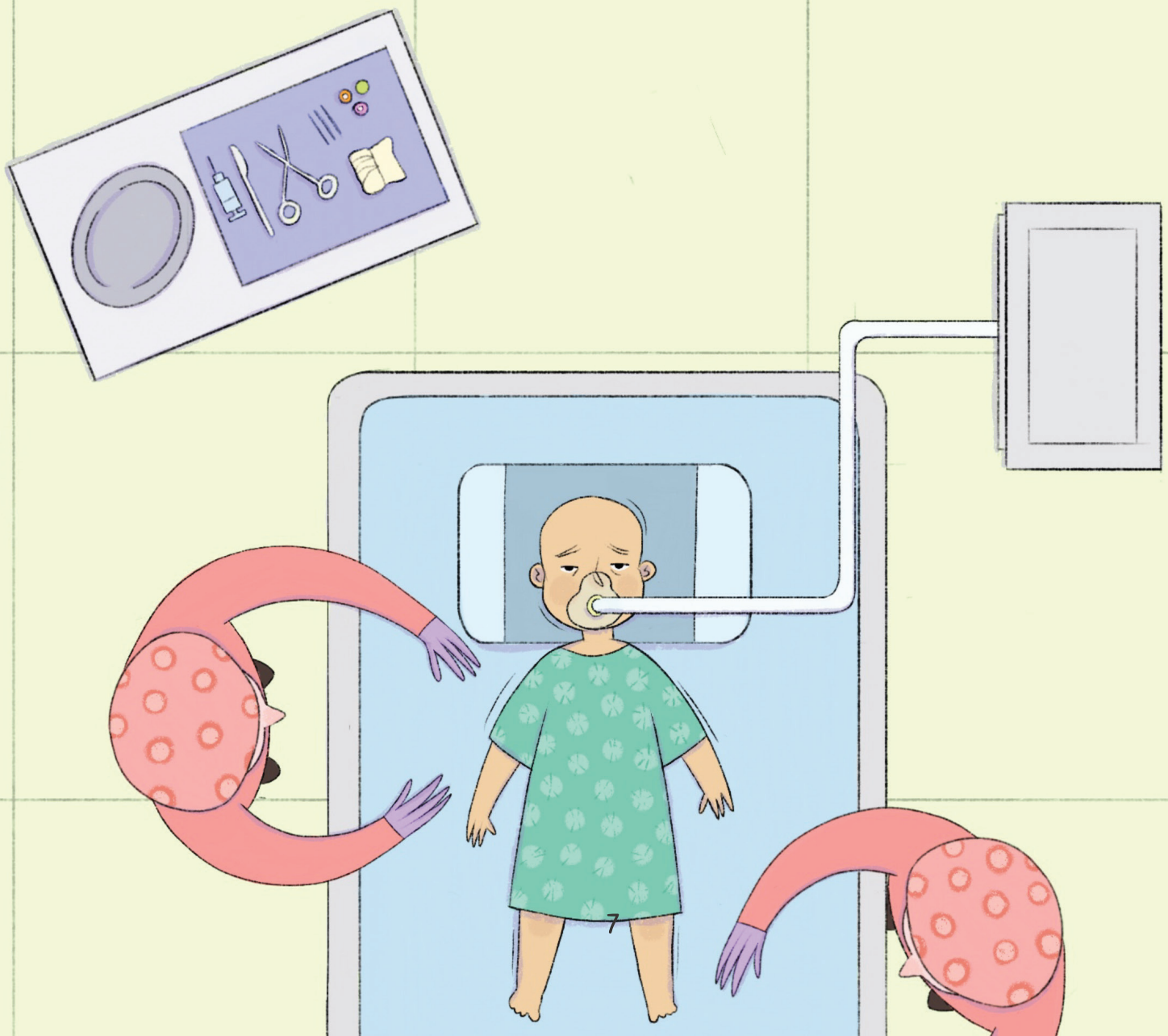


So much drama acted out in that Theatre!  
They cut me up but could not remove the complete monster  
It was big and grown around my veins  
I woke up from sleep, early morning  
In so much pain that I could not move  
Waiting for the result was tense and nail-biting  
When we got it, it was horrendous  
Indeed a 'bombshell' news, in our little family's life





It was short and yes, quite brutal  
They found this enemy called CANCER  
The fight just started ... BRING IT ON !  
I got a medal and it is called a port  
The battle is ready and the soldiers dispatched  
On a war called chemotherapy  
Five battles done, and lots of pain  
They cut the mass and took out half.





Bone Marrow Transplant (BMT) unavailable where we were

As I feel good we travel again

The question raised why the need for transplant

Cancelled that and took CisRA

My chemo soldiers succeeded

A win was declared on 25th September 2018

I was cancer free for about a month





On 28th November 2018, was under attack by the same old enemy

With renewed hopes and prayer, we restarted the bitter war

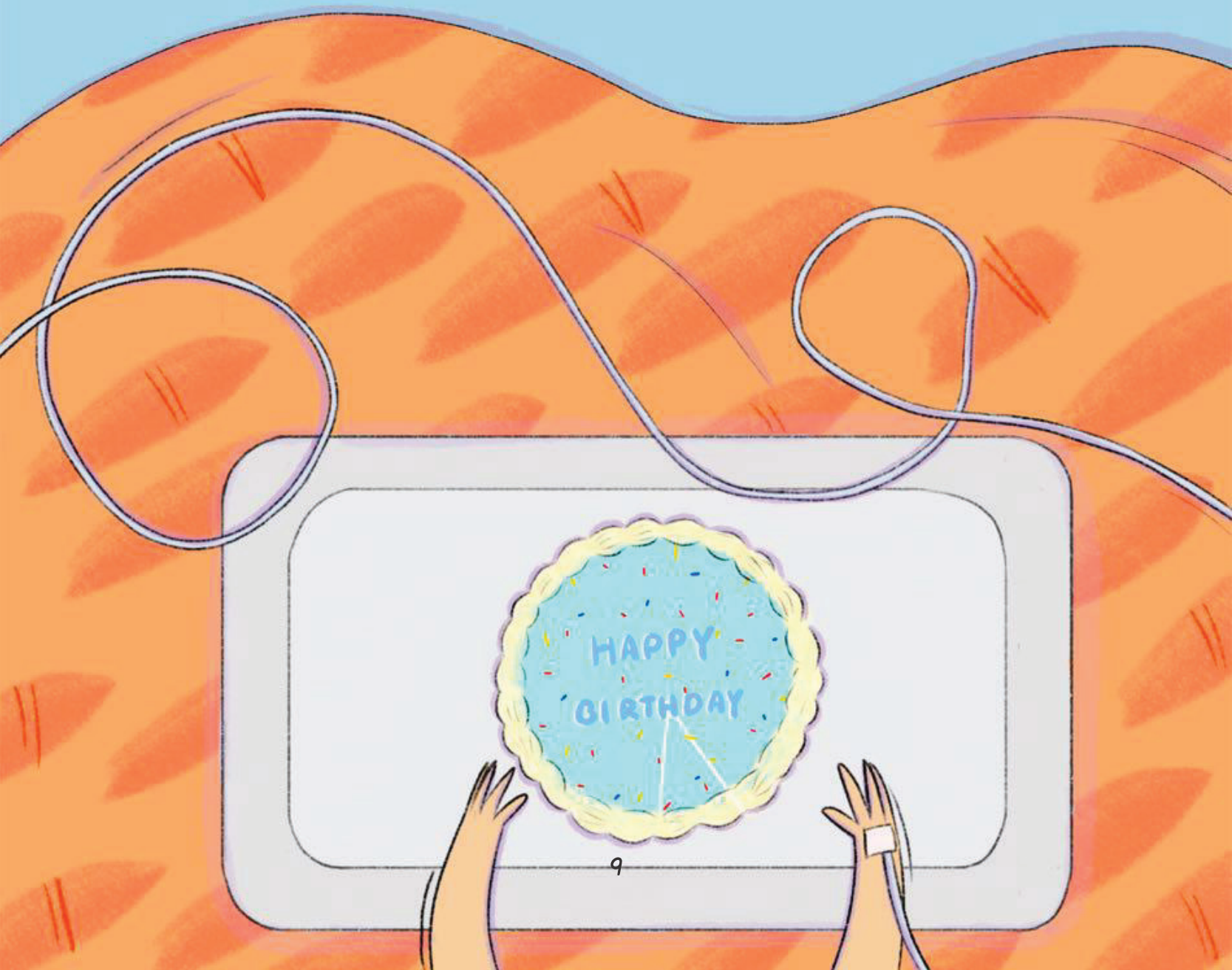
'Bitter' is good if it does help win the fight

Five more doses of strong chemo again

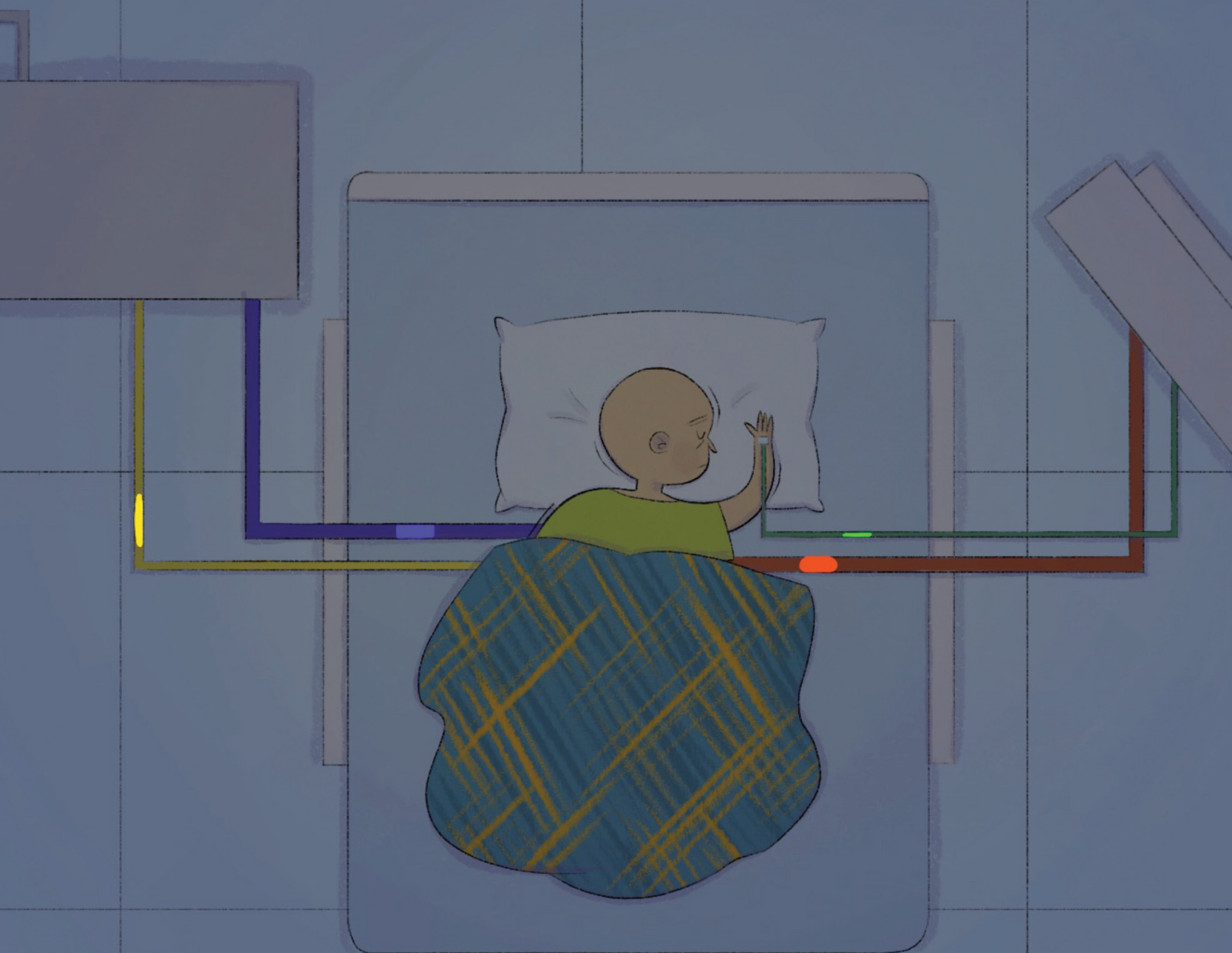
During this attack I turned three

I cut the cake which I could not eat

But cut the mass no one can.

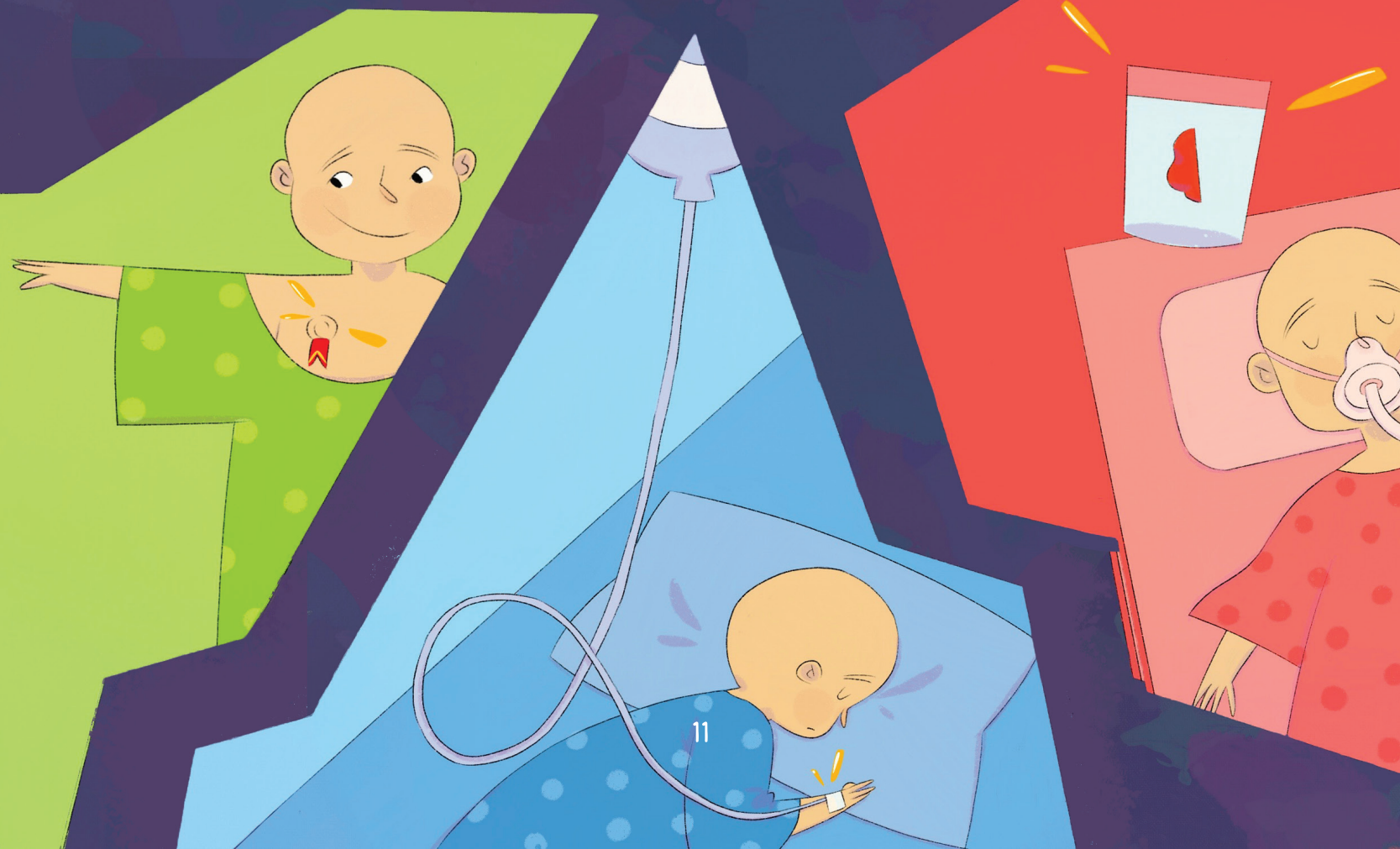


Hope from India and they did good  
Many hours in the OT and they sliced some more  
Got back home and a week in bed  
Took my blood for test in three days time  
It is my time for stem cell freeze  
High doses of chemo made me so sick





Bone Marrow Transplant (BMT) done, and its effects are on  
I got worse as if death's door: hardly breathing all around me praying  
Insha Allah I came back after months so horrible  
To fight this monster, I am determined  
Flying Back home but not to my beloved country, alas  
This time I got beams, it is so nice and hi-tech  
Phase one was twelve and phase 2 eight  
They put a mask and I am asleep  
Blood counts got low so they gave me a break  
Appetite lost and I cannot eat, but I tried my best  
Beams were done and I feel good



The fight is on-going and I am indeed a warrior

My crown in gold, and I am so bold

Do be with us all and pass with a Grade in Gold

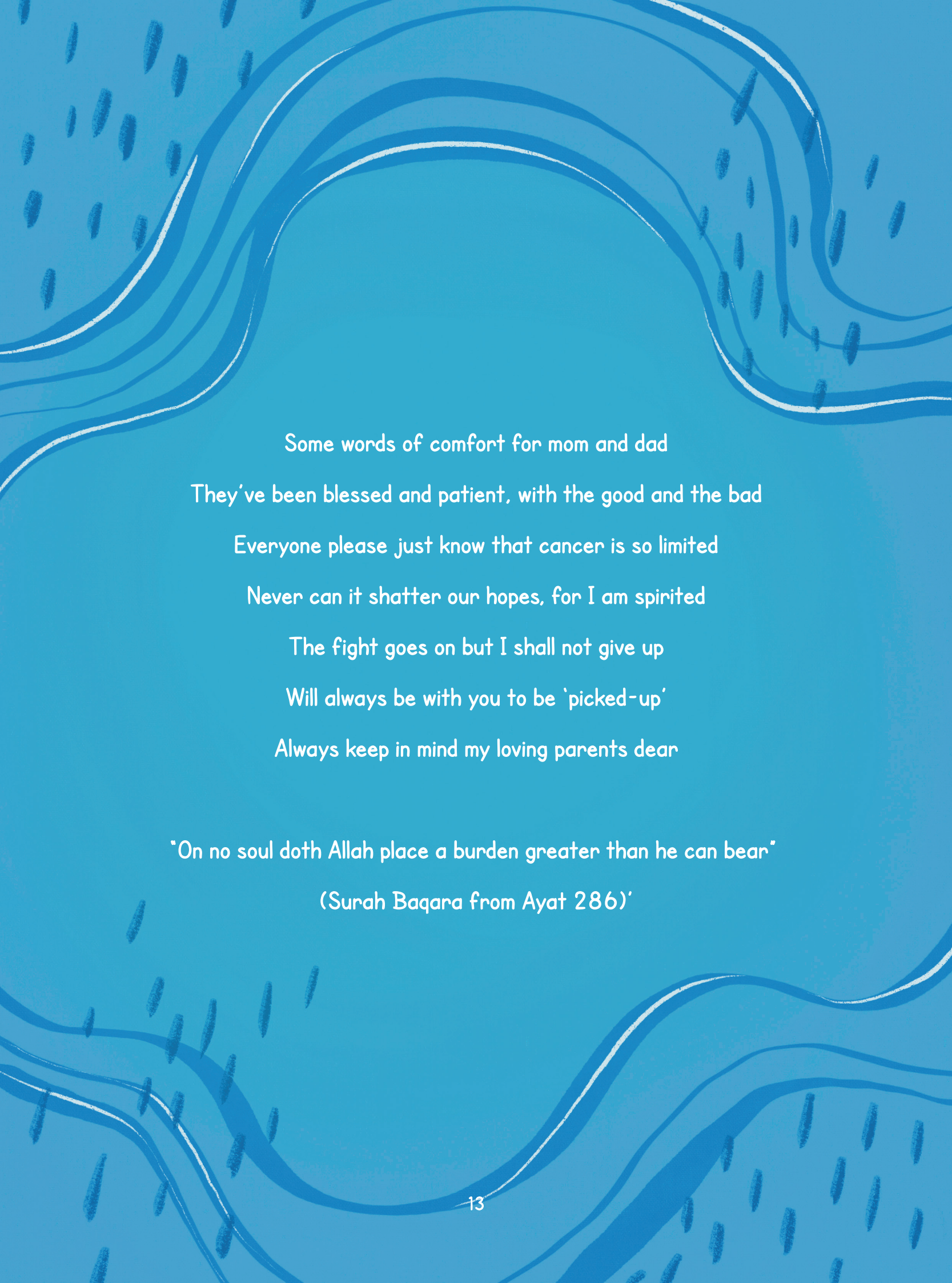
For fight I will, till I am cured

This is my journey, a hullabaloo

Thank you so much for reading through







Some words of comfort for mom and dad  
They've been blessed and patient, with the good and the bad  
Everyone please just know that cancer is so limited  
Never can it shatter our hopes, for I am spirited  
The fight goes on but I shall not give up  
Will always be with you to be 'picked-up'  
Always keep in mind my loving parents dear

'On no soul doth Allah place a burden greater than he can bear'

(Surah Baqara from Ayat 286)'

“I speak for you my son” is a poem written by Hassan Faiz, based on the real life experiences of his son, who has been fighting with cancer. The poem is written in Akki’s perspective to tell his story.

Akki was diagnosed with Stage 4 neuroblastoma at the age of 2. By age 4 he is still on treatment after relapse. He is a strong, brave warrior and we hope to inspire others with his strength.

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# **CHILDHOOD CANCER AWARENESS**

*love, support, hope* ލަވާ، ސަޕޯޓް، ހޯޕް



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