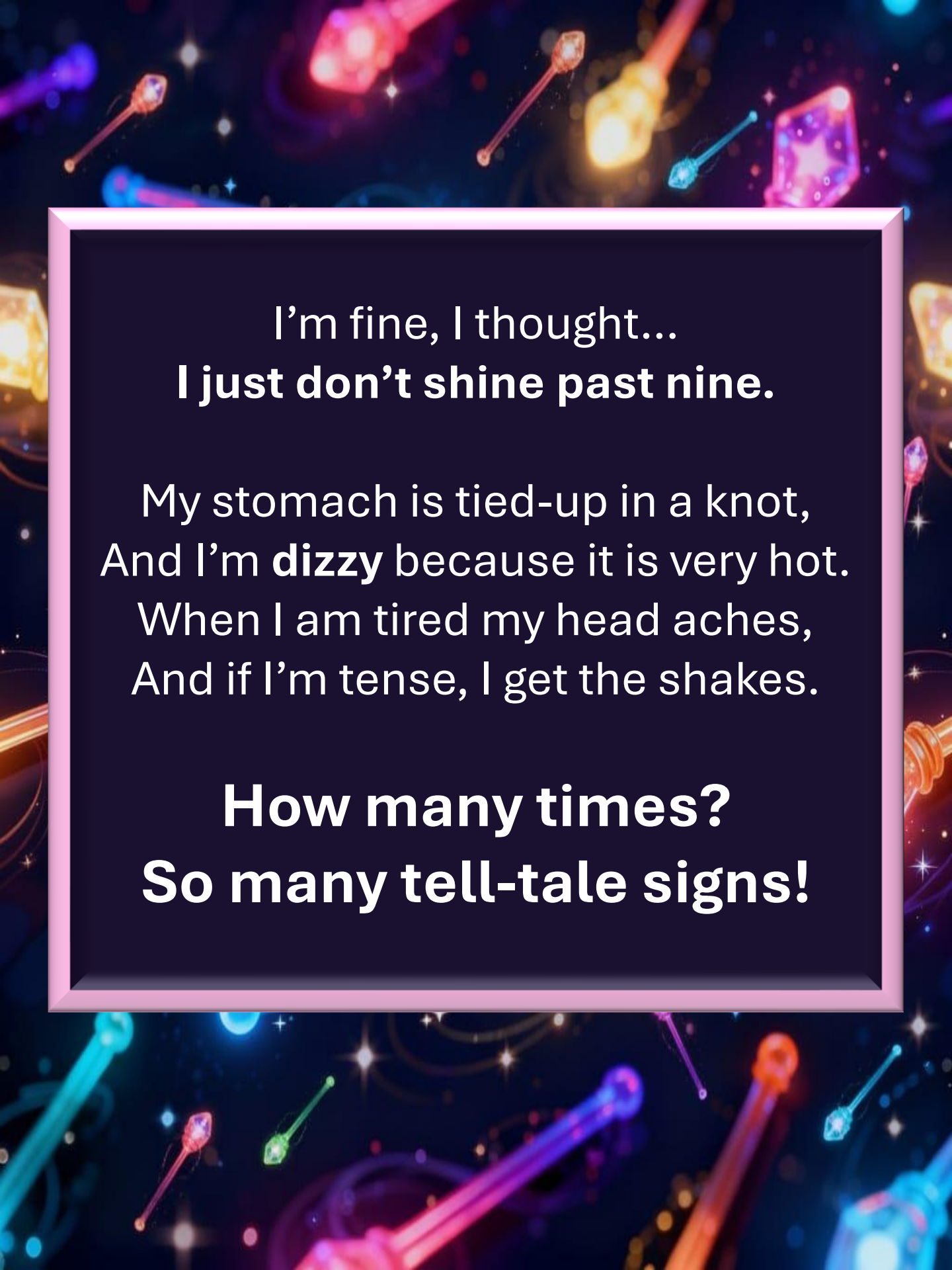


A magical scene featuring a wand with a dark, ornate handle and a glowing tip. The wand is positioned diagonally, casting a bright, swirling vortex of purple and blue energy. The background is a dark, forest-like setting with golden light rays filtering through the trees. The text "HOCUS POCUS FOCUS!" is written in a large, ornate, glowing font across the upper half of the image.

HOCUS
POCUS
FOCUS!

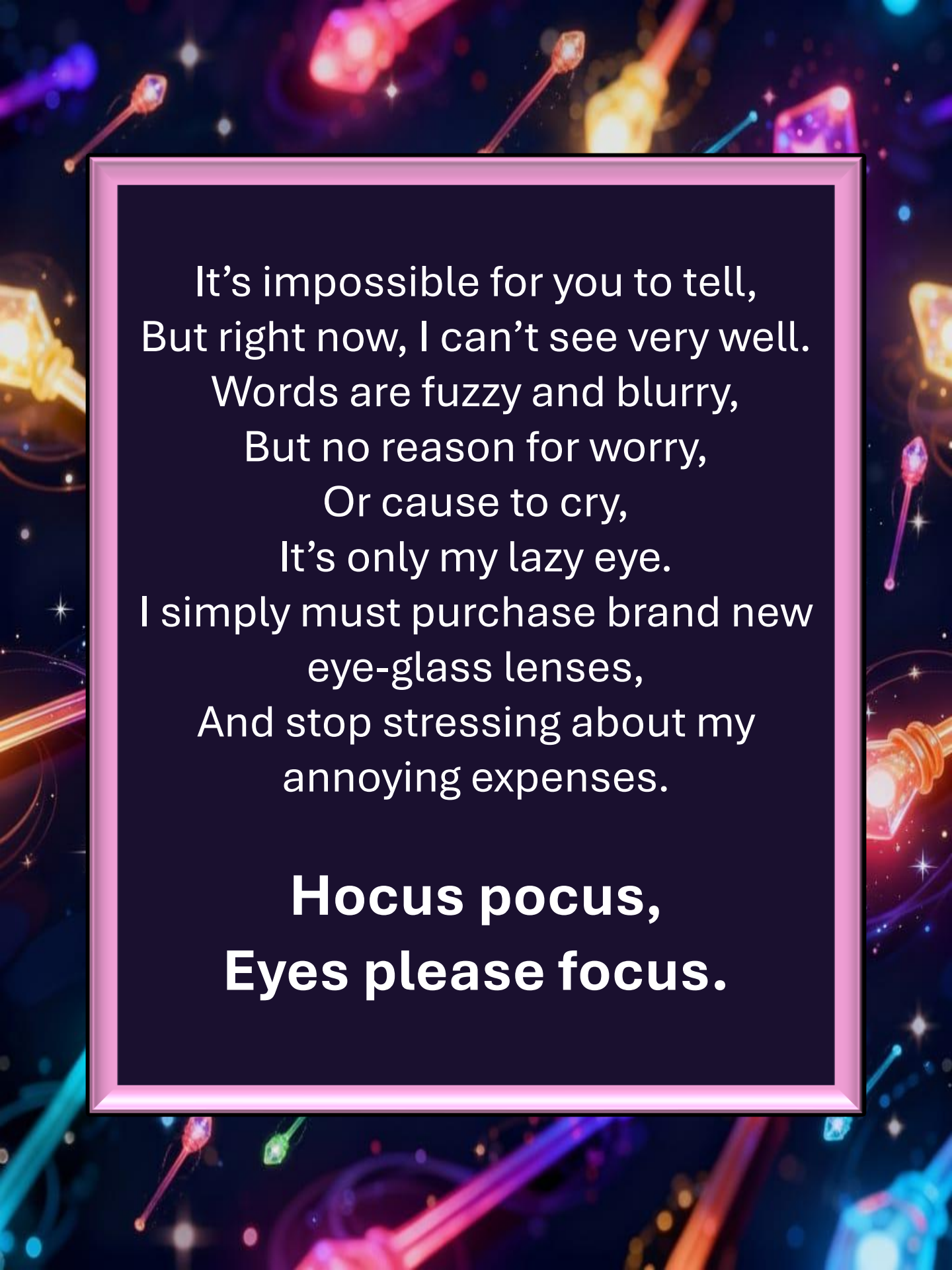
© Wendy Helena Yudkovitch
~ Nov. 2023



I'm fine, I thought...
I just don't shine past nine.

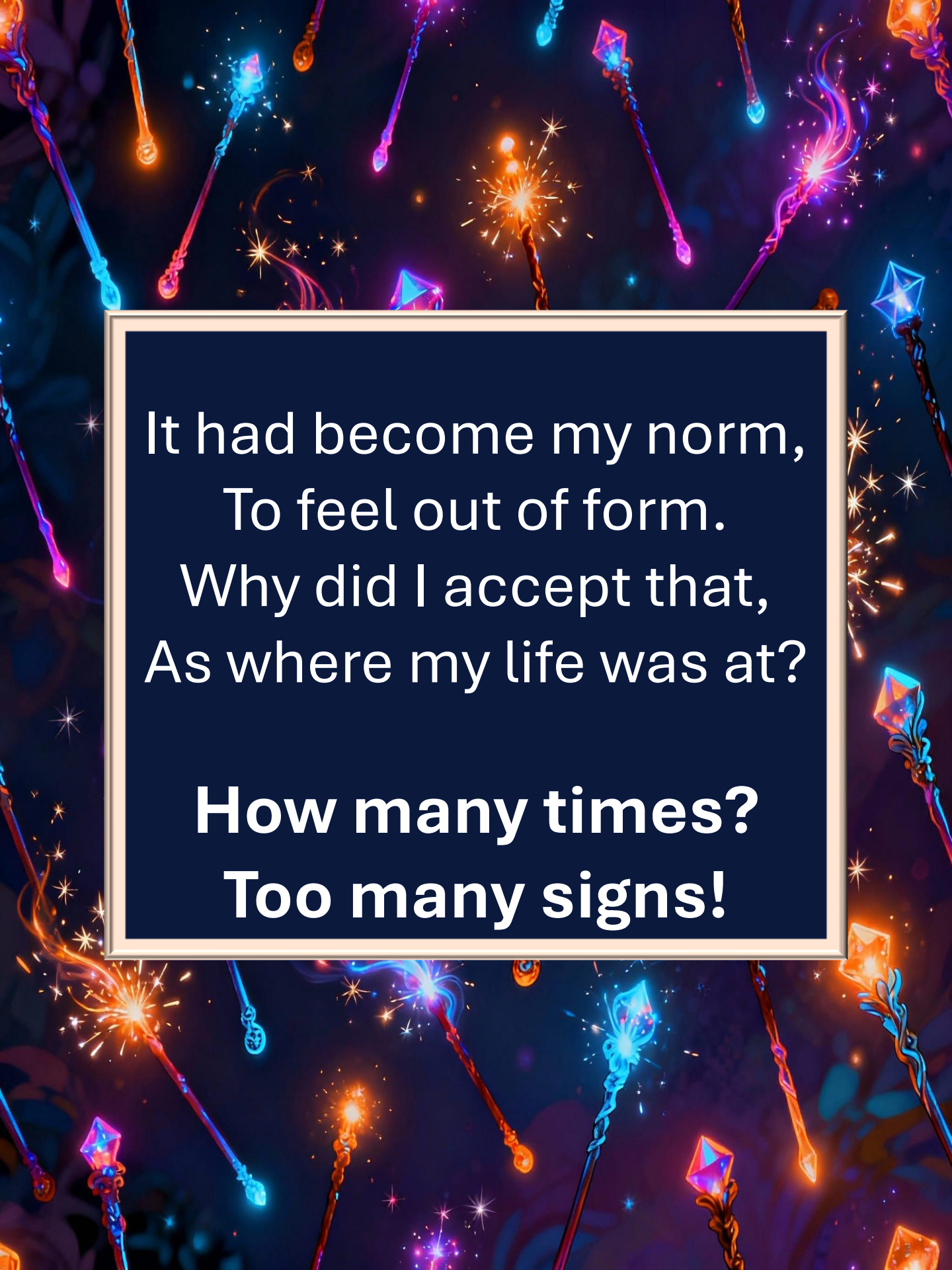
My stomach is tied-up in a knot,
And I'm **dizzy** because it is very hot.
When I am tired my head aches,
And if I'm tense, I get the shakes.

How many times?
So many tell-tale signs!



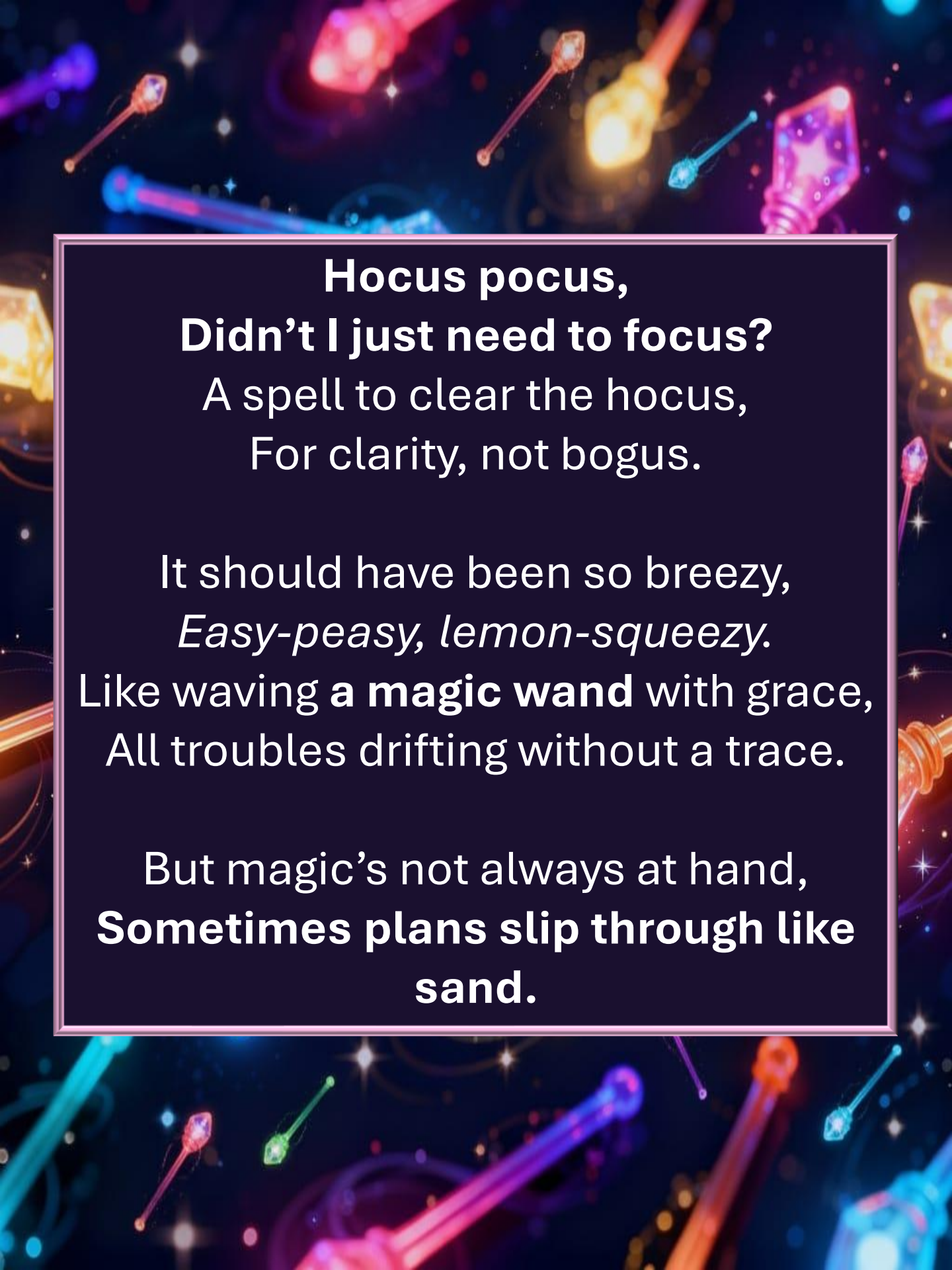
It's impossible for you to tell,
But right now, I can't see very well.
Words are fuzzy and blurry,
But no reason for worry,
Or cause to cry,
It's only my lazy eye.
I simply must purchase brand new
eye-glass lenses,
And stop stressing about my
annoying expenses.

**Hocus pocus,
Eyes please focus.**



It had become my norm,
To feel out of form.
Why did I accept that,
As where my life was at?

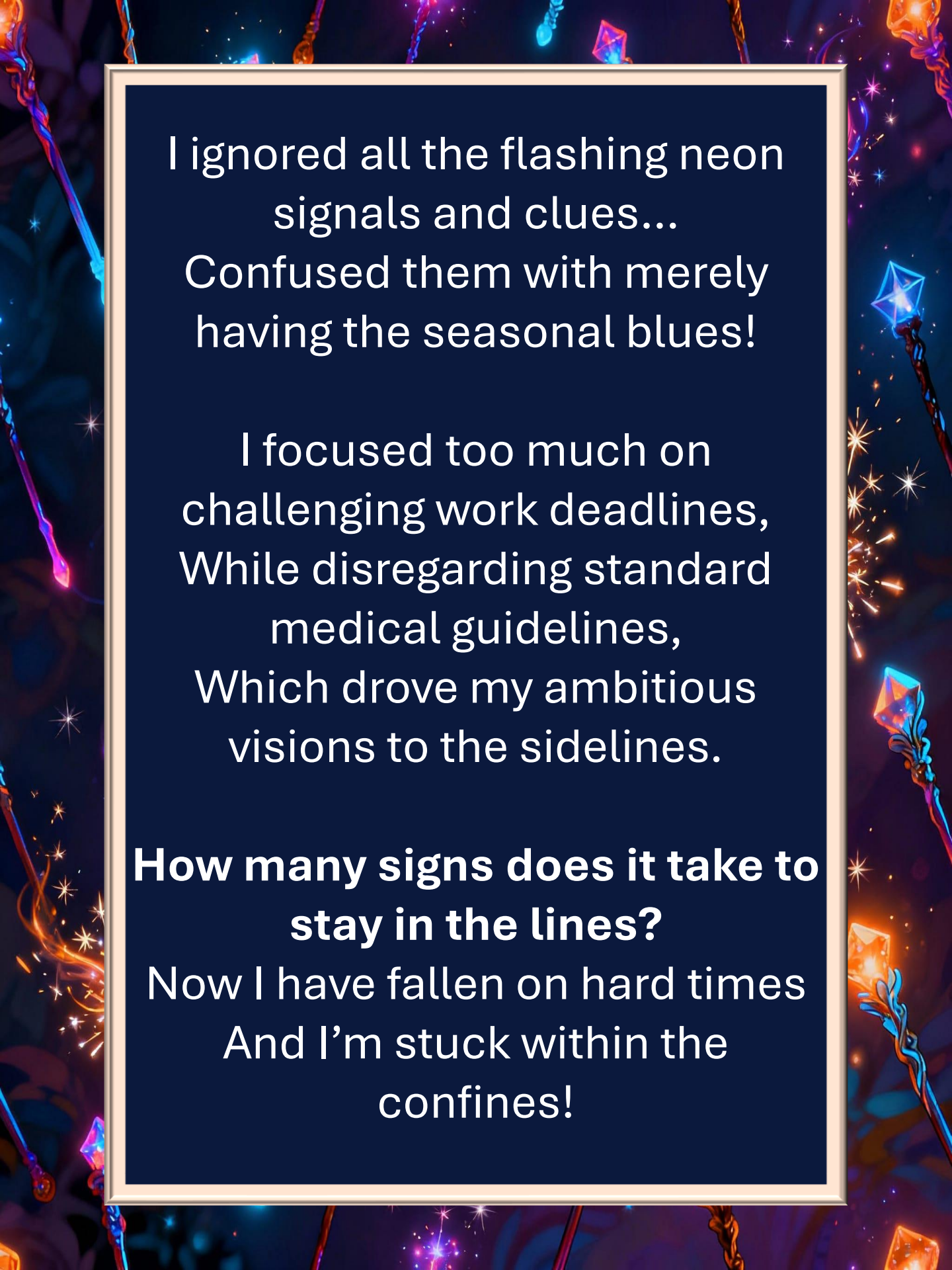
**How many times?
Too many signs!**



Hocus pocus,
Didn't I just need to focus?
A spell to clear the hocus,
For clarity, not bogus.

It should have been so breezy,
Easy-peasy, lemon-squeezy.
Like waving a **magic wand** with grace,
All troubles drifting without a trace.

But magic's not always at hand,
Sometimes plans slip through like
sand.

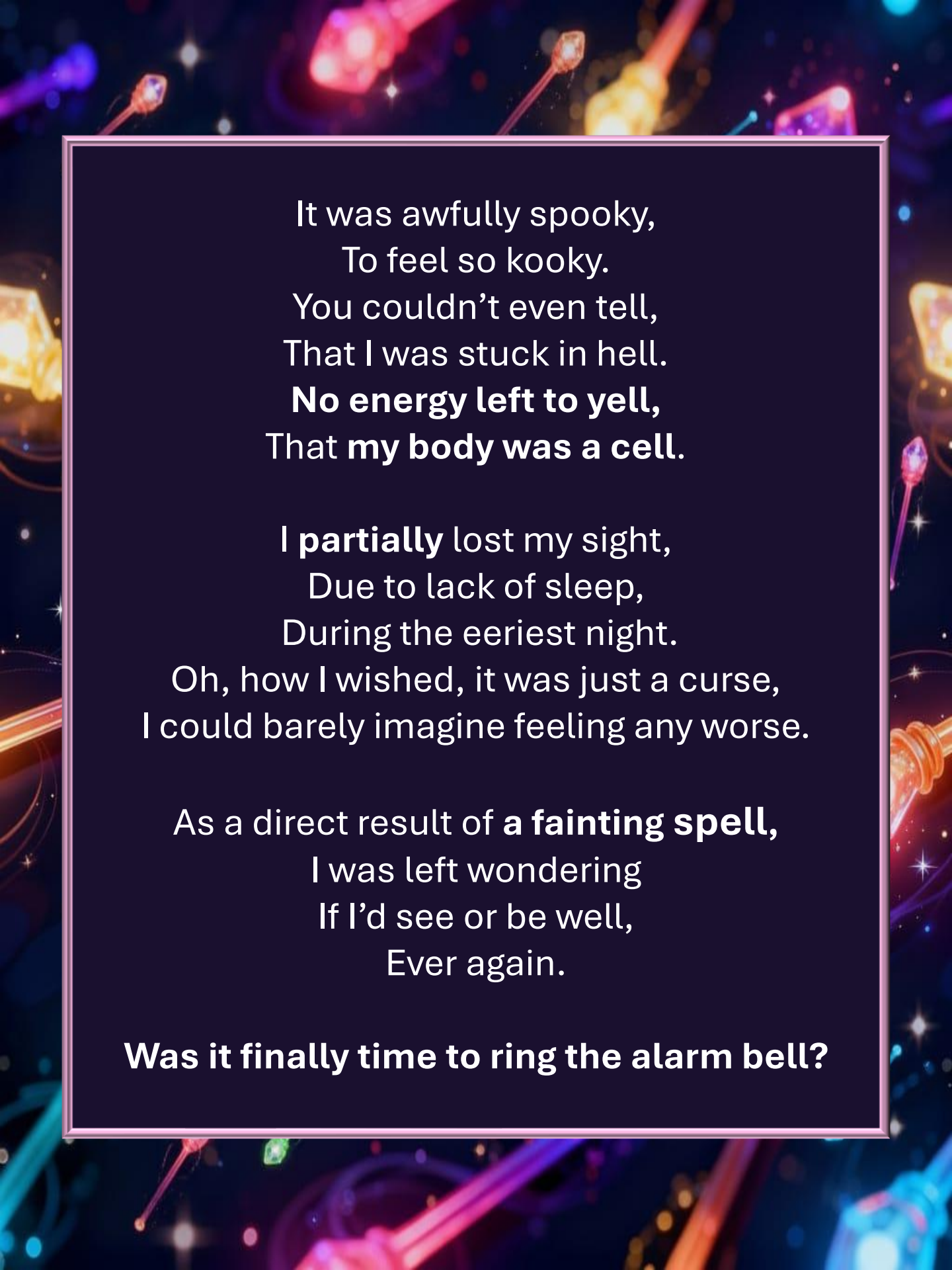


I ignored all the flashing neon
signals and clues...
Confused them with merely
having the seasonal blues!

I focused too much on
challenging work deadlines,
While disregarding standard
medical guidelines,
Which drove my ambitious
visions to the sidelines.

**How many signs does it take to
stay in the lines?**

Now I have fallen on hard times
And I'm stuck within the
confines!

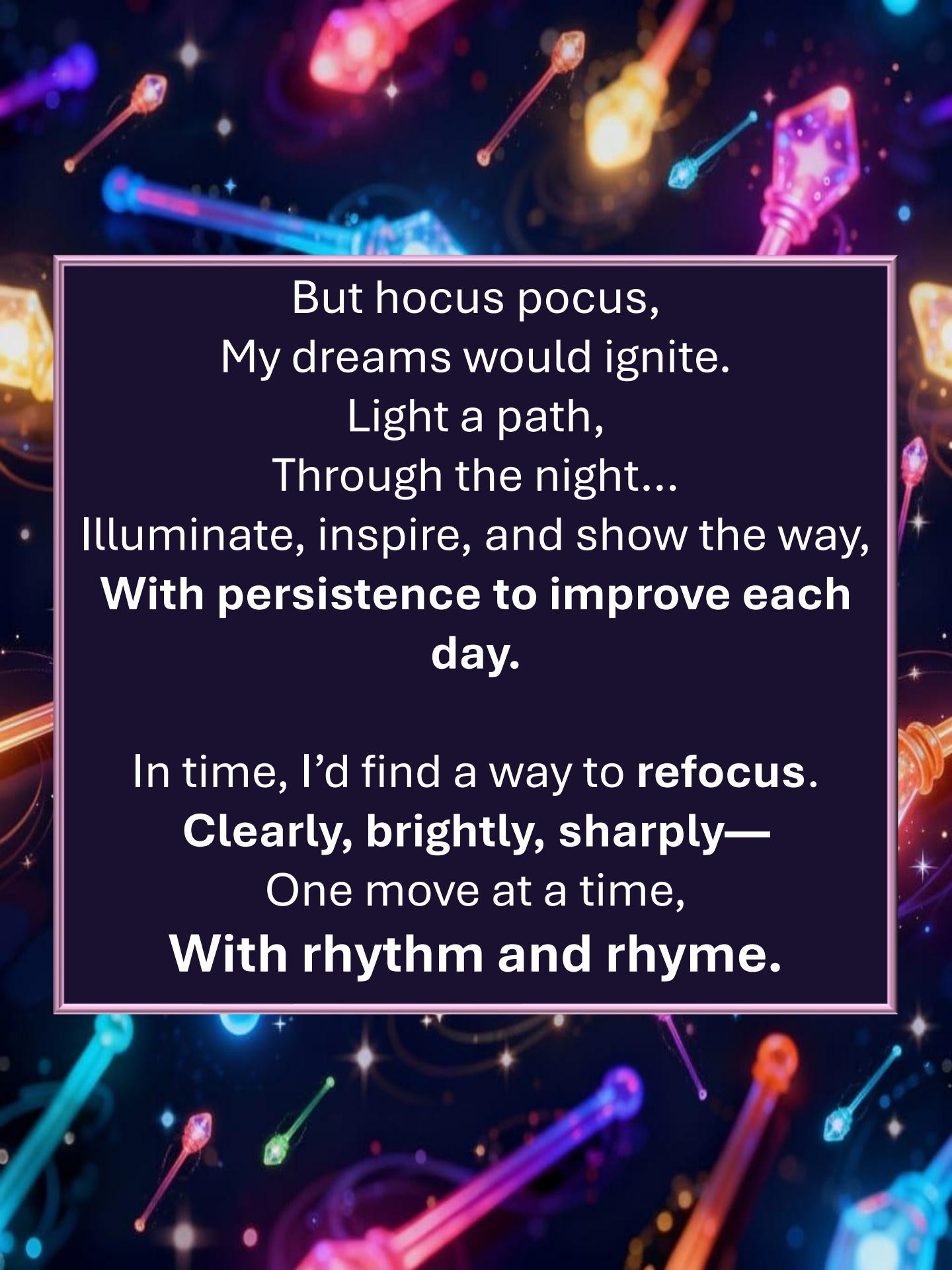


It was awfully spooky,
To feel so kooky.
You couldn't even tell,
That I was stuck in hell.
No energy left to yell,
That **my body was a cell.**

I **partially** lost my sight,
Due to lack of sleep,
During the eeriest night.
Oh, how I wished, it was just a curse,
I could barely imagine feeling any worse.

As a direct result of **a fainting spell,**
I was left wondering
If I'd see or be well,
Ever again.

Was it finally time to ring the alarm bell?



But hocus pocus,
My dreams would ignite.
Light a path,
Through the night...
Illuminate, inspire, and show the way,
**With persistence to improve each
day.**

In time, I'd find a way to **refocus.**
Clearly, brightly, sharply—
One move at a time,
With rhythm and rhyme.

HOCUS POCUS

HOCUS POCUS

FOCUS

