

Are you alright?

Are you alright?
Sound as a pound,
brilliant, sorted and cool.
Why should they doubt?
All functions seem fine.
It's not just myself that I fool.

Are you alright?
Not really no,
but I'm keeping it under wraps.
You lot go on,
just give me a minute,
I'll catch up soon... perhaps.

Are you alright?
It's serious now,
things are not going to plan.
You carry on,
just leave me here,
I'll hold out as long as I can.

Are you alright?
The game was fun
for a while it was all going fine.
Now it looks lost,
no change from the bench,
and we're entering added time.

Alternative ending 1 Alternative ending 2

Are you alright? Are you alright?
Much better, thanks. No, I couldn't be saved
I've got a new organ to play. Sometimes that's the way life plays.
Race you to the top, Can I come with you
drink you to the bottom. Wherever you go
Breathe life into every new day! In your thoughts for the rest of your days?

Nigel Dowey (17.5.1960 - 26.5.2021)

Nigel, passed away last May after a battle with Ideopathic Pulmonary Fibrosis. As well as being a football and nature loving Mancunian, he was a wonderful wordsmith. His poem takes you along his emotional journey from diagnosis and then through the progressive illness, while waiting anxiously for saviour to come along from the lung transplant list, which sadly it never did.