Saviour Sibling

The HLA report says we are a mirror-match,
Perfect 10 on 10 scores that I can lay on my badge,
Shunned by our neighbors, who will help you, Oh brother?
I say “here I am”, therefore, do not bother.
The doctor told us, you have blood cancer,
Albeit, the beam of hope shall dawn again,
Despite me being only eight and you eleven,
I am willing to give my stem cells into your vein.
They say as a minor, I bear a limited capacity to consent,
Trust me, to help you; I can go to whatever extent,
Our mom is in a dilemma, for here lies her healthy son,
Ready to help the “not-so-healthy” one.
Ethical concerns will stay for minors to donate,
By pitching in likewise, I wish to reciprocate,
Many hours spent in agonizing consideration,
For letting you undergo stem cell transplantation.
I wish to offer the gift of life to you my kin,
For this very reason, my life’s creation has been,
In the heavenly realms as I was instructed by God,
To run to earth and be your “Saviour sibling.”

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