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## Mapping the unseen to uncover the unknown: spatial analysis of neuromuscular disorders

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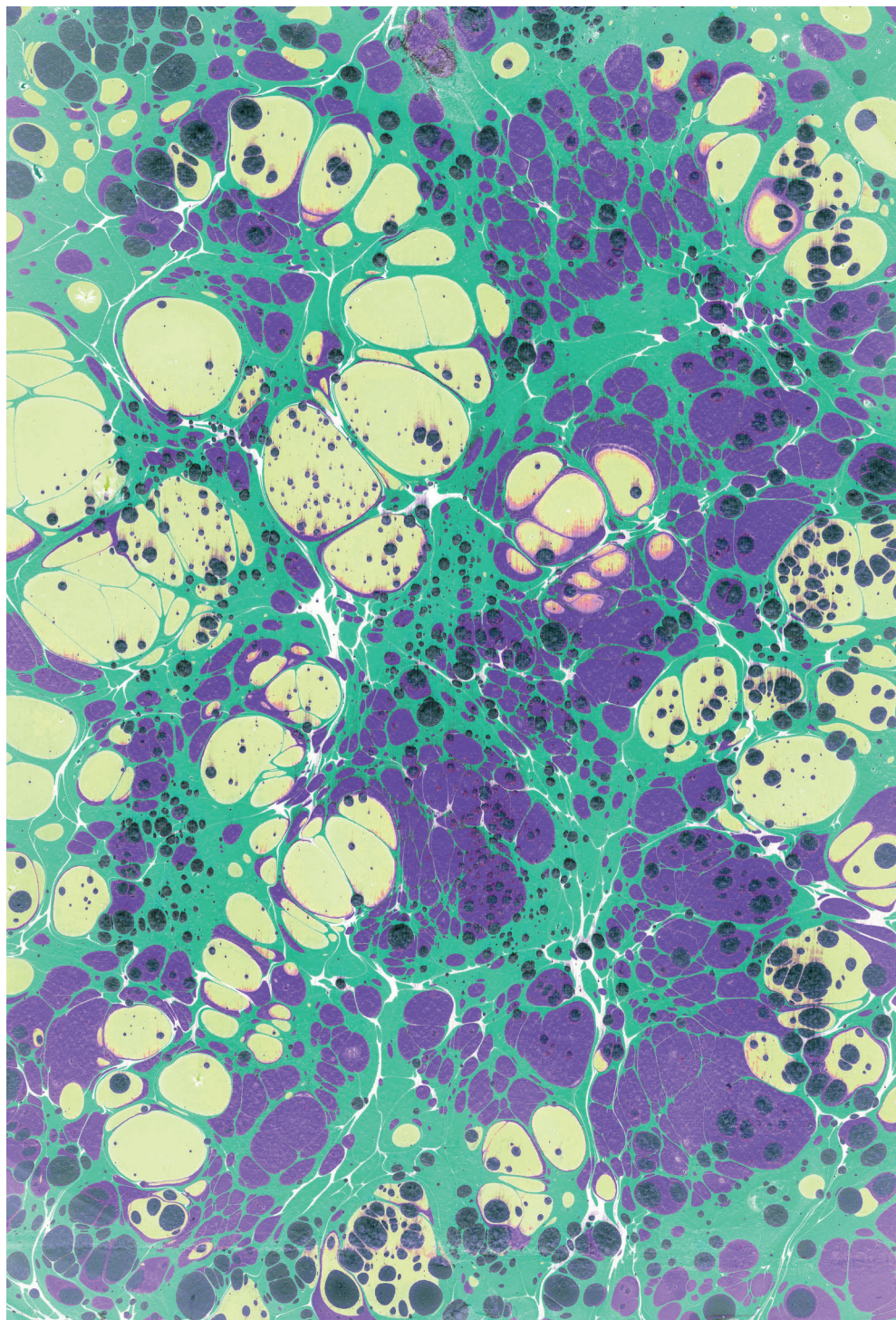
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# Mapping the unseen to uncover the unknown:

spatial analysis of neuromuscular disorders

Laura Heezen



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# Mapping the unseen to uncover the unknown: spatial analysis of neuromuscular disorders

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# Cathartic Fall - Before the fall

Whitney Hanson

Yesterday,  
I was asked to describe life in a single word.  
And after a moment of contemplation,  
the word that floated to the surface was persistent.  
Because I have never known anything as certain as the fact that  
life will go on.

Yesterday I woke to the sight of dust,  
dancing in the sunlight cascading over my bed.  
And like a sailor gazing at stars, I was suddenly certain of the journey ahead.  
My future tied up neatly in flexes of sunlight before my eyes,  
purpose tugging at my chest.  
I was awake, I was alive.

Yesterday I woke up with a different person living in my skin.  
Someone so confident that they could sway the ocean if they wished and so I did.  
I did wish and the tide moved in harmony with me,  
I was just as much myself as I was the earth and the sea.

Yesterday I saw the world in color,  
in vibrant hues of blue and green,  
gray skies of the past becoming a monochromatic memory.  
I did not know misery and misery did not know me.

Yesterday I doubted my doubts more than I worshiped them.  
I rejected my fear more than I followed it.  
I abandoned my hesitation like a dirty pair of shoes that I've been wearing for too long  
and I dressed myself in the purpose that was so tangible in my fingertips.  
I ran my hands over my anxiety and decided it was no longer worth holding.  
I traced the border of my pain, then let it dissipate into the sky.  
I felt the weight of my sorrow, then let it escape the cage of my mind.

Yesterday I woke up with love inhabiting every space within me,  
hate becoming a shadow that covered in the corner of my mind.  
Life was in fact beautiful, and I did in fact have time.  
You see, I've always been the kind of person who forgets that life exists on a pendulum  
and yesterday I was swinging high.  
And from above the trees, my shame became small.  
From above the mountains there was nothing but sky,  
nothing but hope, nothing but light.

Yesterday I did not care that the light can be as blinding as the darkness.  
That life may be persistent but it isn't always kind.  
That love has a way of making me disregard my fear of heights.  
How can I think about the fall when I'm dancing in the sky,  
how can I lower my head when there is helium in my mind.  
I am floating among the clouds, I do not care about the rain.  
I am on top of the world, I cannot think about pain  
and so yesterday I was at the top of the mountain looking over it all,  
yesterday, I was 3000 feet tall.

Yesterday, I forgot that the higher I climb,  
the further I fall.

Today,  
I was asked to describe life in a single word.  
And after a moment of contemplation,  
the word that floated to the surface was fragile.  
Because, I have never known anything as certain as the fact that  
life will end.

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