**POEM**

**Abstract:** An array of emotions of an eight-year-old stem cell donor-sibling ranging from anxiety to his personal beliefs with a desire to help his ill sibling have been captured in the frame of a poem.

**Keywords:** Matched Sibling Donor, Blood Cancers, HLA Matching, Pediatric Hematopoietic Stem Cell Transplantation, Ethical concerns

Our 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, O 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 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.  
Here I am offering my 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’