Clandestine Tears

May 13, 2014 By Nicole Lemelle

"A wise man, recognizing that the world is but an illusion, does not act as if it is real, so he escapes the suffering."

MS is always there. Sitting in me. Waiting to attack. It's like everyday my body is playing a cruel trick on me. Numbness and muscle spasms are my new normals. It's taking a lot out of me to stay up and active and there are times I cannot use my arms, sit up right or even think straight.

At times, MS controls not only my body but also my emotions. I feel sadness, anger and grief all at once. It's a melancholy cloud that hangs over my head until I can't take anymore.

And that's when I cry.

It seems as if every single night I have a little cry. I usually do it when no one is looking. I go in the bathroom, close the door, turn on the faucet water and just cry. I have been doing this for years.

I always thought no one knew about it until the other day my husband ask me why I was crying.

I defensively replied, "What are you talking about? I wasn't crying."

He said, "Sure you were. I could hear you in the bathroom. I usually don't say anything but this time you seemed to be in there longer than usual."

I was taken a back by what he had said.

"Wait! You can hear me?" I yelled. "You have always known that I cry in the bathroom? Why didn't you say anything?"

He replied, "Everyone needs sometime to grieve and I was just allowing you to have your time."

I must admit I appreciate that time and that he allows me to have my clandestine tears.

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