Hospital Bed

October 22, 2018 By Nicole Lemelle

“Life is what happens to us while we are making other plans.” ~ John Lennon

Our time on earth is a distinctive mystery. We all use individual life strategies. Some cross their fingers. While others, like me, plan for tomorrow. But yet, I never saw this coming.

The other day I fell apart. The doctors put me back together with steroids, a breathing tube and bed rest. Intubation was required and the ICU became my new home.

My memory of that episode is stitched together by faded voices and blurred faces. The whole experience seems otherworldly. But a fly on the wall told me it really did occur.

And since that time, I’ve been scared. I wake every morning to face another graceless day filled with attempted wall walking and moments I’ll soon forget.

I spend my days recuperating in this bed. Dictating my feelings to my husband as he types my words into his iPhone. Trying to make sense of the scattered thoughts my weakened muffled voice is dribbling out.

Reading messages asking me where have I been?

In which I always answer, “I wish I knew.”

And unfortunately it seems my MS is progressing. Each medical challenge is more intense than the last. And all I have to show for it is debt and bedsores.

All day long my hospital bed swallows my frame within its thickness. Making me feel like I’m buried in a tomb. Restricting my body, thoughts and movements.

Every night I try to ignore the sounds coming from the rooms of other patients. I struggle to sleep while nurses are constantly invading my personal space. My mind aches, as I lay awake humming a goodnight lullaby. Hoping for a better tomorrow. Staring at the ceiling. Waiting for the reckless thoughts too stop attacking. Thinking about how many times I failed today at completing common everyday task. And no matter what I do, those concepts are always delivered to my head like a present from my worst enemy.

It just doesn’t seem fair. Healthiness is a helluva drug. And I’ve become use to it. So now I want

more. I can’t stop myself from wanting more. I want more than thousand dollar wheelchairs, muscle relaxers and side effects worse than the original problem.

I want to feel “normal.” I mean normal all the time. Not just when my head is filled with dope. I’m on fourteen prescriptions and counting. I take medications junkies kill for. They use it to get high. But those pills don’t make me high. They help me make it through the day. It stops the sad songs from taking over my mind.

This whole MS thing just wasn’t apart of my life plan. I wish I could go back to the time when my mother told me stories of moons, cows and spoons. But I can’t. I’m here now. Facing my demon everyday.

But as long as I want more, I will never settle. So I guess I’ll start today by climbing out of this tomb and doing my physical therapy so I can leave this hospital bed behind.

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