Jokes On Me

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Find a place inside where there's joy, and the joy will burn out the pain.

Do you ever feel as if you are the last one to get the joke?

Then you figure out the reason why you don't get it.

It's because; you ARE the joke.

I have finally realized that the MS joke is on me. Sometimes I wish I could just take a ship to Mars where I can start a new life and escape my loneliness. I have felt so weak, for so long that I can't remember when I didn't feel exhausted all the time. Everyday I'm just trying to keep my head above water. But my MS is so heavy that I'm nearly drowning from the weight of carrying it on my shoulders.

At times I feel like I'm losing all control of my life. Like my lesions and my body have conspired against me to destroy my happiness. While my psyche is in the background laughing and screaming, "Encore! Attack her again!"

It's like the MS is being entertained by my plight and enjoying every minute of it.

They say it's better to feel pain than to feel nothing at all. Whoever said that must not have had MS because some days the emotional pain I feel is so bad that I would never wish that feeling on my worst enemy.

Believe it or not, I'm not bitter. I'm just frustrated. I have no problem carrying my personal burdens like everyone else; I'm just tired of being the punch line to this horrific joke.

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