Lesions of Doom

January 16, 2018 By Nicole Lemelle

"Be strong, be fearless, be beautiful. And believe that anything is possible when you have the right people there to support you." ~ Misty Copeland

I made future plans and the universe laughed. Now I'm scratching my head, trying to figure out what to do next. Prescription pills and prayers help me cope with the reality that I'm not in charge.

Just look at my x-rays. That's where you can see who is giving the orders. The lesions are in control. They are the lesions of doom. And I'm constantly fighting to regain power over the plaques.

I try to ignore the bitter pain of losing authority. But it always breaks through. Leaving a sour taste in my mouth. Each doctor's visit is a reminder of my inabilities. MRI readings reveal each spot's hiding place. And once I learn the locations, it's almost as if I can hear the violence in my head and spine. Annihilating myelin while slowly trying to destroy me from the inside out. Manifesting itself as fatigue so powerful I now spend most of my day in bed. No make-up, uncombed hair and half of my clothes on the floor.

Its supernatural control has me living under an orange sun of fear. Where I sleep through my days and live in my nightmares. I walk in my dreams and limp when I'm awake.

I've become a shadow of what I once was. I don't act the same. I don't talk the same. I don't move the same. And if you listen closely, you can hear me whispering for help. Praying to God for relief. I do it for so long, sometimes I run out of air in my lungs.

And whenever I stare in the mirror, my reflection holds me still. I can't look away. My heart skips a beat when I see the real me. And I can't hide the pain. Even my shadow looks sad some days.

So to combat the control I've lost, I spend time with people that know how I feel. They understand me. They have been where I have been. We talk online and in person. Most have experienced the same symptoms as me. No one laughs when I ask silly questions. I don't have to explain why I'm tired. I'm not judged because of my weak voice. Everyone just accepts my limitations. It gives me a sense of community. It brings me joy. And most importantly, it grants me some control. Control over the lesions of doom.

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