The Sweetest Lies

I come with so much baggage for a relationship.

April 26, 2021 By Nicole Lemelle

“Always turn a negative situation into a positive situation.” ~ Michael Jordan

You are such a liar.

But I like it.

You say I’m pretty. You say I look nice. You say you love me.

But it’s so hard to believe you.

We live different lives in the same house. You walk. I roll. You are full of energy. I sometimes drag situations down. You are independent. And I’m so dependent.

But you still say everything is fine.

I just don’t see how. I come with so much baggage. At dinner time, we have to make room for my problems. It’s a table set for three.

You handle every situation by telling me the sweetest lies. Like, “You look good today. You are doing so well. I didn’t even help you. You did it on your own.”

It’s all just a story. But I play along.

No matter what you say, I know you want to go out at night. Have drinks with friends. Visit family in non-accessible homes. But if I look tired you make excuses. Telling me you would rather stay home. But I know it’s untrue. You are doing it to spare my feelings. Pretending not to notice anything odd about me. Like you don’t see my faults. All of my issues. My gradual decline. Somehow you embrace my pain.

Many years ago, I made my debut. I became the sick girl. The one everybody feels sorry for. Before that time, very few people knew I had been diagnosed. But the speculation made me go public.

Every person I met. The ones I wanted to get close to. I put them on notice. I told them. Watch out.

Be careful. I’m hard to handle. I limp. I stumble. I may even forget your name.

It was like I came with a warning sticker. Caution: When you love this woman. You must love her issues.

And you were one of the one’s who didn’t run away. And here you are today. Years later. Still telling me the sweetest lies.

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