

Living with M.S.

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is like the moment you step off the merry-go-round
and the whole world is spinning, and you are not,
but really it is only you.

It is a race between your tongue and your brain
with no winner;
it is dancing on marbles
with a cup of hot coffee, too full.

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is writing your name under water.

It is a hill so long you barely know it happens
until you turn around and see where you've been.
You pull your family in a wagon the color of hope;
your grandson watches you stumble, cries if you fall.
You go on.

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happens to everyone you love, to everyone who loves you.
On a bad day—even on a good day—
it leaves you on your knees.
Sometimes you call it pain; sometimes its name
is grace.

