

The Meds

by Lena Vanelslander

What don't they all do for us?

They absorb, eliminate negative feelings and make you smile. To just name a few ... They make you sane, how insane it may seem from a certain point of view.

But let me tell you this: I'm 1300 kms away from my family. I don't care much about family, but I do care for my mother (and some friends). I've been here for over a year, I've got love and I'm happy, believe it or not. Two years ago I would have declared a fortuneteller mad for the prediction of my future, but I never go to fortunetellers.

And yet there is this feeling, a kind of remorse, not for my choices, my love or my life. Not for having taken the not so easy path which means I've learned to appreciate happiness for what it is. But there is that pea under my bed, a spine left in my finger, that definable something that twitches ... Though I love those few persons to death, I don't miss them, and I'm very well aware I should.

And it's not that I'm insensitive, it's not that I love them less than I first thought, no ... It's the meds, they flatten your perception and seem to eliminate everything possibly negative. Lower the dose and you'll know the result.

And somehow, though in a way one should be glad to have them, it seems wrong.

It's right to miss the persons you love.

