



The Bright Sunny Sky

©2007

Melissa Bartosh
Age 40, Spring Valley, California

“Look out at the bright sunny sky and be happy to be alive.” Did I hear this doctor correctly? Had he heard anything I said? How could he believe someone in severe pain every single day for over 10 years would want to enjoy the sunny sky, and be happy to be alive? I can’t even bear to glance at the light, let alone enjoy it.

Be happy to be alive? Every morning I am greeted with pain from a skull that feels like it will explode, burning eyes that feel like they are bleeding tears, ears that feel like my brain is oozing out of them, a face that is half numb, vision that goes dark over and over, dizziness that makes the room spin and standing difficult, depression so big that life feels like hell on earth, and the whole day ahead of me to enjoy.

I go to bed feeling the same way. The next day I awake to more of the same with the added jackhammer pounding in my skull and with the ice pick digging into my eye. The newest visual effect is always a surprise. Spots, puzzle vision or maybe everything will just be a big hazy fog. Yet, this doctor is telling me to look out at the bright sunny sky and be happy to be alive. The sun is painful. It magnifies all these migraine symptoms. Shouldn’t he know this? Why doesn’t he know this?

I wish for death, but also want to live. I just can’t live this way anymore. This is torture, not life. I came to this man seeking help, salvation from the pain, or at the very least, some small relief from it. Yet he offers nothing, other than to look at the bright light that blinds me and be grateful for my life.

I leave in utter amazement, in severe despair and complete hopelessness. I slide to the floor in this kind doctor’s hallway and sob tears that only the walking dead can shed. This man has hammered another nail into my suicidal coffin. Somehow, I make it home in spite of the uncontrollable sobbing and gut-wrenching tears. Tomorrow I will once again awake to that bright sunny sky with a head that feels much too small for my brain, jackhammers pounding away, unable to even lift my head off the pillow. But, I am alive.