

Every  
numbered day, the same, minus if I  
eat lunch or not, what type of vegetable  
with dinner, but even that oscillates  
between broccoli, zucchini, salad, and  
cauliflower.

The same  
four  
walls most of the day, the same  
eight  
walls all but two hours per week.  
(That's the same eight walls 99% of the week.)  
1% of my week I get stimulation.  
And mostly that's a doctor appointment.  
Sometimes the grocery. The  
last time it was not a store...a month ago?

About  
ten  
times per year maybe I get to go  
out somewhere else--a restaurant, bar, or  
friend's house; but never anymore to my  
joy places: trails, mountains, nature.  
Maybe someone can take me,  
and I can walk  
slowly.

I now live in  
two  
places exactly,  
my bed and my recliner, 99% of  
my life. And how I despise it with all of my  
being. I hate it. It is not me. It is not right.

I asked  
two of my doctors if they do  
physician-assisted dying, but they do not.

It's even difficult to write because I'm so  
exhausted and I start  
sweating and becoming  
over-exerted.

I am trapped,  
completely trapped in my own body.

It's not that I want to die, I don't at all,  
I want to  
live,  
but that's the problem,  
This disease stops you from living.  
Every physical or mental action is difficult  
to impossible to tolerate,  
and you get punished for trying to do it.  
Perhaps  
that's the worst part, being  
punished with more pain and debilitating  
exhaustion from trying to do a simple  
activity: food shopping,  
talking on the phone with a friend,  
doing a few sit ups,  
showering,  
sitting upright.

I don't want to live in my bed, in pain, too  
exhausted to move.

I wonder if my parents would forgive me if I  
decided to die. My mom would  
probably shame  
me if I asked, although she is in  
denial and doesn't know how much I  
struggle. She doesn't know how to deal  
with emotions in a healthy way.

I can't cry because it causes unbearable  
pain in my head.

I now live in  
two  
places exactly,  
my bed and my recliner, 99% of  
my life.

...

If a tree falls in the forest and no one hears it,  
did it make a sound?

If a person lives in their house and never  
leaves nor influences the world,  
did they ever live?