

Time

(Exhausted Ramblings)

By Linda B.

Exhausted. I don't think there's a word that really describes how exhausted I feel. It's been twenty-four hours. I haven't slept. I haven't eaten. I haven't stopped moving. All because some stupid, vindictive, angry father decided he needed vengeance and he decided to take that vengeance out on you. I've spent the last twenty-four hours running on pure adrenaline, and watching the life drain out of you, Starsk. Watching your insides being eaten away as the poison spreads through your system. Watching you try to come to terms with dying. Watching you shoot and kill the only hope we had because you value my life above your own. Twenty minutes ago the doc said, "Yes, I think your friend's going to make it." I know exactly how long ago he said it because I can't stop watching the clock. We've spent a day watching it tick away and now my tired mind can't turn it off. My eyes automatically search out the clock on the wall to count the time that's passed--to calculate what's left. Ironic, isn't it, considering how much you love watches? You're always fascinated by them and take such boyish wonder in how the mechanism works, how the world keeps track of time. I wonder if you'll feel the same after the last twenty-four hours. But then, knowing you, you'll bounce back. You always have the strength to bounce back. And you'll forget how we couldn't find a way to stop the hour hand...the minute hand...the second hand. You don't know that I prayed with all my heart for the power to stop the clocks. Foolishly thinking if I could stop the clock, I could stop time. I could stop what was happening to you...to us. Now, I stand here, just outside your door, afraid to enter. Afraid that we still weren't in time. Oh, I know what the doc said. He said, "I think..." But, he's not God. It doesn't matter what the doc thinks; it only matters what He wants. And the fear eating me alive inside is that He wants you, despite everything we've done. As exhausted as I am, I still have to see you one more time. I have to touch you, to feel the warmth re-entering your body, to feel your spirit seep back into mine. I need to see you open your eyes, to have them blink in recognition. I need to hear you call my name, even if it's only a whisper. It's amazing how heavy even the door feels. But then my heart has gotten heavier with each passing moment. It's filled now with anger and pain, sorrow and despair, hope and--above all--love. I know my heart should feel like a weight's been lifted, but enough time hasn't passed, enough assurances haven't yet been given. Your nurse seems friendly, buddy; she kinda smiled, and she hasn't kicked me out. Looks like she's finished writing on your chart and plans to leave the room, giving us time alone. Time--there's that word again. Funny how it keeps creeping into my thoughts. You're sleeping so peacefully. I guess you'll be sleeping for quite a while. If my body feels this exhausted, I can't imagine how yours must be feeling. You were in so much pain, but you kept going. Fighting to the end. I want to think that we've won, but it's too soon to know for sure. That old cliché, "time will tell," keeps running through my head, offering hope. But time can't tell us a thing. If you could hear me right now, *I'd* tell you how much I love you. How much I need you, Starsk... Do you think anyone will care if I pull a chair over and sit next to the bed for a while? They seem to understand what you--we've--been through. Hey, buddy, your hand does feel a little warmer and your face looks a little more relaxed, the pain not quite as deep, as visible. Hope you don't mind if I rest my head on my arm, just for a

little bit. It feels so good to finally give in and sit. How do you do it every day? Your boundless energy? Your love of life? Isn't it exhausting? But then, on second thought, maybe it's more exhausting to pray for life. I think I'll close my eyes for just a moment. I know what the last twenty-four hours brought. Now, I need the energy to face what the next twenty-four will bring... Funny, even though I know you're asleep, I could've sworn I just heard you whisper my name...

Linda B
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