

It wasn't the first time I had heard the romance stories of his dearest Bethany and there was something about the way he spoke that made me believe in them. Made me believe in loving someone with every breath they took. Even if a rampage erupted when exhailes escaped because with his stories, I heard about their vicious fights also. He met her some significant day in September when trees were lost between greens and crimsons. I watch him cringe because remembering the exact date is as difficult as him tying shoes after his accident. As always, he refuses help with everything and even if I chimed in, he'd deny me with the stubbornness I would always see carved in men. It didn't sadden me that I knew his days were dwindling because he would always beg me to understand that dying was the chase of living and he was born to end and making the most of it was what he achieved. But that never stopped me from blotting my eyes on my drive home and wishing I had something to achieve the way he had.

The visits with Tommy started back when I accepted the fact that he wouldn't remember me with all his might and there wasn't anything I could do. I put on my brave face in the mornings with my cup of coffee to prepare myself for the denial that's much harsher than any boyfriend gave to me. I've designed myself to accept the fact that memory to him is just another thing of the past and it wrecks my soul some days. With my old age, I've had the hardships and catastrophes that any other human can supply in their biographies but there's something about Tommy that no one will ever understand. Love comes in an unfilled box that's distilled over the years upon diplomas and old birthday cards and reminiscent of times that stood out clearly from the rest. And with facing love I've discovered that with anyone that you've shared it with, it's never lost. And maybe that's what pains me the most. There will always, forever be something in Tommy's heart that fills him with the desire of Bethany. Something that's capture his souls and behaved in such a demanding way for his affection. And that's exactly what the disease of love causes as its fatigue. And if it wasn't for the accident, maybe, just maybe he would recall that Bethany left him after their first year of disastrous vows that followed in remorse. She claimed to him that the honeymoon phase had ended and the fights turned unbearable. He found me a few years later and as time passed; our family grew

and welcomed children and years full of excitement. We recognized each other's flaws and fit our imperfections together. There was nothing Bethany had over me and thinking of her never made me spite her the way it does now. With the crash went Tommy's aging brain and every other bruise would heal except for the memories we shared. And that's what makes me drown in distress on rides home. Saddened because I'm too aged to take care of my love and my loves too ached to remember his.