

Sitting still, in a soft chair. It's been two hours. It's quiet. I feel trapped in my mind. I want to scream out, but my mouth won't work. I've taken in the surroundings, a t.v. on the wall turned to the news station, there's no sound, just subtitles that I'm too lazy to read. Below the t.v. there is a rack of magazines with an array of Sports Illustrated, I already looked at them all. I'm becoming restless. I feel as though I could crawl out of my skin. I want an answer.

*Waiting rooms are never a pleasant place. They are a place where you feel as though you can't do anything. It's a place that you can spend hours on end and never hear an explanation or an answer. You see doctors come and go. My mom knows answers she has gotten updates but doesn't want to share.*

My girlfriend and I were supposed to hangout today. But now we are left exchanging texts instead of speaking together face to face. Instead of sitting on her couch, I sit stuck in my head, with no escape. Nothing but my thoughts, and they hurt. In the waiting room thoughts are hardly ever a good thing, at least for me; I always think the worse.

Another two hours and I'm pacing, walking around the carpeted floor. Others sit and just stare at me, I feel like a caged animal, even though I can leave, I don't want to. At this point I'm starving, but the cafeteria is closed. I snap out of my head and have a pizza delivered from Elvios. For just 20 minutes I feel like everything is normal. I'm eating, and texting, and feel like I'm at home. But I'm at the hospital.

*You lose track of time. You don't talk, you don't text, you just don't do anything. You absorb the feelings like a sponge. and you think about the small things. You get upset about things that don't matter. You just want to get an answer and get out. You can't plan for something like this but when it happens you need to figure it out on the fly. Friends come and visit but you don't really want to talk.*

*You long for touch, you long for those moments when you were little and it was ok to cry in public. When you could find comfort in the feeling of human contact. There's only one of the two people who can keep me sane here. But right now she's as useful as tits on a bull. My girlfriend is the other. She's 45 minutes away and if the worst occurs she can't be here fast enough.*

Fresh air. A rush of cold but also a rush of freedom. I sit on the icy concrete. Unsure of the temperature. Does it matter? Your mind runs off on a tangent. Does anything matter? Or even better, What does matter? Questions fill my head and leave me spinning. As of now I still don't have an answer on the condition of my father.

The time is 8:30 P.M. I've been in this room since a little before 3. The atmosphere has since changed. The hustle and bustle of people has ceased. The receptionist is gone. Old man security sits behind the desk.

It's hard to think at this point. I've waited a long time and at this point I just want to cry. I can't though. My mom had finally stopped and I just need to stay strong. My girlfriend had come to visit for a little while. But it was far from taking my mind off of things. I just sat in silence, she just held my arm tightly. I got a little fresh air while walking her to her car. But Then I was back in that silent, stuffy room.

*Suicide is not a joke. It's not something that can easily be forgotten. It's also something that is not always successful. Something that leaves families sitting in waiting rooms while their husbands or fathers are in the ICU. Leaves them sitting, praying, hoping and crying.*

My dad is that guy. The guy who tried and didn't succeed. The man that up until now I looked up to. I thought he was strong. In reality he was weak. Far from the man that I thought that he was. No longer a role model.

I'm sitting on my couch now. Watching T.V. and petting my dogs. He's in a coma until the medications he took work their way out of his system. Memorial doesn't have the resources to support him. He's stable enough that they are transporting him to Maine Med, where they have the resources to attempt to support him. Unsure if he'll make it through the night, I don't sleep.