

Ring in the New Year

I was reviewing my posts from 2016 while trying to figure out what my first post of 2017 should be. In April, I had posted an excerpt from my book Multiple Sclerosis From Both Sides of the Desk about the human coital response cycle. Since the book is set up in chapter couplets (in the first chapter I teach about a topic in multiple sclerosis from a neurological point of view and then, in the corresponding chapter, I write from experience about the same topic) several people, who haven't read the book, have asked what I put in "...the other side of the desk" human coital response cycle chapter. Believing in partial disclosure, I have decided to make the "...from the other side of the Desk" chapter my first 2017 post.

I hope you enjoy it.



Love
~~Sex~~ from the other
side of the desk

A Love Letter

I was limited in how I could approach writing this part of the book. If I wrote it from experience, my wife's private life would be compromised, and that would not be respectful of her. If I claimed it was entirely fictional, and writing comes from experience, my wife would want to know where I got the experience.

Ergo ...

I offer the following blank page upon which you are invited to begin practice in the art of the handwritten love letter since, in the world of today flooded with lightning fast (and equally ephemeral) e-mail, correspondence that requires the effort of thinking, feeling, and writing, on paper, the emotions we hold for those dear to us, is hovering on the eve of destruction while the mature, penned word is rapidly being sucked out of reality by a fluorescent, unpredictable, cyber-vortex where pixels rise, fall, and dissolve, destined for infinitesimal existence often bearing effect on nothing and no one, yet it is the unassuming paper and crayon that the child takes and thereupon scrawls with fervor and abandon and sees the markings and says it is good and does it again and again until nap time whereupon awakening, he sees the trail of a novice scribe that seemingly had little to offer—aside from being carefree—but soon after, the scratchings began to make sense, for when the girl, who

accepted the awkwardly offered but quite formal-appearing letter, looked at him, and then looked at his hand-formed words for what seemed like an eternity, and then back at him with a look that lasted just—a—bit—too—long, causing him to become, for the first time in his life, flustered, since he did not know, but did, for the first time, feel, what purpose she had with her subtle smile and the sweet scent floating from her hair, down her soft face and across the space into his world—a world, which until now, had been tidy and ordered and overflowing with reason, but suddenly had become a domain, while not being broken, was being bent beyond the belief of the former boy, as she became the new, soft, quiet coordinator of his heart and soul and actions and thoughts, as he saw things anew, like the atom's shell being split and light being liberated to cast the world with new shadows and angles, allowing the beauty of the order of the world to finally become realized by appreciating its underlying chaos; where subject and object and verb mean this in this order but that in another and therefore, the instant must be written down, for while the words remain the same, their meaning—at that instant—will never mean the same again, and by having registered them with his hand, a permanent moment was created that incessant Time yielded to them, to become one and create another, and yes, while moments are sometimes copied, they are never to be reduplicated because no one stays there or here, except through the letters they leave, spawned by the heart, interpreted by the mind, and placed by a hand, which, while marking a singular message at that time, begets incalculable life in each mind that sees and reads and feels the palpable words of another.

Epilogue

My wife has kept all of the letters I have ever written to her and I have done the same. On the occasions that we take them out and re-read them, it makes us appreciate the fact that not only is the love we have for each other now as strong as the love that we had then, but also that the love has grown even deeper as we have built our world together.

VFM

