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Homesick

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Homesick

Description

It is normal to be homesick during marriage. Marriage isn't all its cracked out to be.

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HOMESICK

JOSLYN LAFLAMME MILLER

Symptoms: persistent headaches; possible fever (could be caused by the fleece blanket and hoodie); lack of sleep; obsessive counter scrubbing; constant homemade cookies; random bursts of anger; excessively long showers; inability to fall asleep easily; sleeping only on right side; lack of singing in the car; anxiety; multiple texts a day and unnecessary phone calls; frequent clicking through photo collections; snotty tears on the cuff of mom's out-of-style gray Gap hoodie, complete with straggling strings and holes in the thumbs of both sleeves.

Possible Diagnoses: sinus infection; anxiety; insomnia; depression;

homesickness.

I did it again today. Snapped at my husband because he left some rice on the counter after he cooked his lunch before work this morning. And when I went to clean off the counter, they bounced all over the floor. I was already planning on sweeping and mopping, but now his lack of cleanliness forced me to, which made me snap. Were you raised in a barn? Did your mother seriously clean every little thing for you? I knew she babied you but good grief, this is ridiculous. It's the littlest thing, it takes three seconds. Just clean up after yourself. I'm not your freaking mom.

Now he's done it. Full-blown freak-out. Is it really that hard to keep your work boots on the mat? Or rinse out your protein bottles that smell like three-week-old milk? I throw my long-sleeved shirt into the laundry and slip on a t-shirt. The ac must seriously have something wrong with it. While I'm at it, I might as well mention the fact that you are just as capable of cleaning the toilet and wiping down the sink as I am. It's not like I'm the messiest

one using it anyways. I'm skipping the gym tonight since apparently it only gets messier around here when you're home. Please just go so I can clean.

And then it comes. The tears of...rage? I can only assume, since I just finished chewing him out. If I lie down right in front of the ac, maybe I can calm down for a minute before I finish mopping now that he's out of the way. When I texted mom this morning, she said we needed to make sure our weekends were sacred, reserved for spending time together since we don't get to during the week. But all I want is for him to be out of the house for a few more hours, or at least until I'm feeling better. If he catches me crying, I won't be able to explain it away with a snap to rinse out the sink when you're done rinsing off your dishes.

I texted bubba last night, asking about his week and his soccer games. He didn't answer very much because he had to work. When he got home, he talked more though. Wish I could have called instead. Dad is busy today, but I got ahold of mom before they had to go mow grass. Just a quick hey and question about my old insurance, like a peck on the cheek on her way out the door. I wish it were actually that. I think I almost despise those four days in late October for how quickly they bring and steal my joy.

I want to curl up with my hometown (Munising) blend of coffee and mama's Gap hoodie. I want to stay in bed all day looking through wedding pictures of me with all my favorite people in the whole world, the love and the laughter illuminating the room. I want to facetime my little brother, and ask about senior year and college choices and soccer and if he got my old locker. I want to make homemade Yorkshire pizza on Saturday night and listen to the next episode of Focus on the Family's radio drama Oliver Twist so that when I close my eyes, I'm sitting in dad's faded

jean-blue chair next to a cassette-playing, massive radio with a bowl of pretzels before the pizza is done.

I love my husband; I love my college; I love my jobs and the farm road routes to school every morning with my neighborly cows. But I can't tell him that I'm sick, cause it'll only make it real.