



Falling on my Swoard and Laughing

March 6, 2009 By [Richard Ferri, PhD, ANP](#)

The past few weeks have not been the greatest for me. I had that nasty little attempt on my life by an AIDS medication that attempted to kill me, and then I fell, bleed into my lung, and fractured a bunch of ribs. I think that even the (foolish) people in the world who do not care for me would even wince a little at it all. However, even those events will never really compare to what I feel like when I get my T cells drawn. Basically, I turn into shit. I watch my blood pulse into glass tubes, and I feel like I am hunkering down in a foxhole not knowing when a bullet is going to smash into my head as I watch them splash into the cylinder.

It is the damnest thing. You would think that after all these years I would just stick out my arm and make a grocery list in my head. Nope. Each time I see my blood hit the glass wall of tube all I can think about are my T cells. Are they okay? Do they mind being vacuumed sucked out of my body? Does it hurt them when they jam into the glass tube? When the bloodletting is done I am usually fine until sometime later when the thought of those fuckers creeps back into my head.

I sometimes wonder if they are on the plane yet to the Mayo Clinic. Are they sitting in couch or have they been given an upgrade? I want my T cells to fly first class, have a nice lunch and maybe a calming movie before they are slammed into the magic T cell counter machine! Is there is a Willy Wonka of T cells? Is he standing guard as guide and protector or as mad master of my fate?

It doesn't really matter because, in all honesty, nothing really does. Life does, of course. Jim does, of course, My work does and so forth, but there is nothing I can do about it. Getting my T cell count is like my daily acknowledging that I am powerless over alcohol and drugs. I just turn it over to God and fall on my sword each and every time knowing that there is going to pain, anxiety, and worry. Only now I laugh instead of suffer.

What the hell....I have the suffering thing down cold so why not try to laugh even if I break a few ribs and lungs along the way? Sure beats the hell out of impaling myself on a sword that is out there to poke at me no matter what I do.

Today I am laughing as I tell my T cells to go fuck off!