Hope...less

May 1, 2009 By David Capogna

Sometimes I think the only reason I exist is to give my mother something to worry about.

There's not going to be any positive spin on this blog, no patina of optimism, or light on the end of the tunnel. AIDS sucks. Can I be miserable for a month or so? Actually I really haven't been happy for years. I was certainly a great liar in my writing telling stories about spinal taps and diapers with a smile. Yes, I'm having an Official Pity Party for One. The combination of losing my internship at POZ, a major screw up on my Social Security Disability and Medicare (which thankfully has been resolved,) new and different medication side effects, and my bike chain breaking on the hottest day of Spring, etc. I wish I could blame it on Mercury, but the planet is not in retrograde?!

I'm already still dealing with the loss of superficial friends, who I can only assume were frighten by my illness, or "scared" of hospitals, or possibility I now have nothing to offer them? Who knows; who cares. A friend of my suffering from a brain tumor finds it liberating to be free of fake friends, but he also has a boyfriend who stuck with him "through sickness and in health." God, I sure sound bitter. In additional my other friends are also "disappearing" as a result of the economy, either from lack of employment or fears of job loss. I'm only assuming this because of unreturned calls and/or emails, or maybe I just pissed them off. I have no idea? Facebook friends are alway there, but you can't cyber-cry on someone shoulder. My face ain't looking so great either. I was told to return for another treatment, but because of lack of funds and the swine flu outbreak everything it on hold. Forget about dating or having sex, you don't even want to know the last time I was intimate with someone, or you probably wouldn't believe it anyway. I'm actually glad my testosterone is so low it helped me steer clear of a lot of rejection, and stopped me from thinking with my dick. And what is my goal, my purpose in life, besides paying too much for rent to live in Manhattan? Feeling alone, immobile and frustrated, thanks for letting me regurgitate on your blogosphere.

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to read more of my gibberish visit my website

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