



# Kin to the Chicken Man

September 8, 2007 By [Shawn Decker](#)

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On Thursday I went in for my quarterly doctor's appointment with Dr. Greg for the usual friendly banter and lab tests. But I did promise Gwenn before I left that I'd actually talk about how I've been feeling.

Which, overall, has been good.

I have noticed some issues that may be linked with my blood sugar levels. My Mom was diagnosed with adult-onset diabetes, and I've been prone to the sugar attack on occasion, where your hand will tremble until you grab a granola bar? or three? and consume them like that Asian hot dog-eating champion. (I never get tired of using him for blog fodder.)

So, we'll see. I usually enter each decade with some kind of medical diagnosis, here's a brief history thus far....

Birth: hemophilia

Age 11: diagnosed with HIV

Age 18: diagnosed with hepatitis C

I kind of coasted along through my twenties, and just to be fair I'm not including the AIDS diagnosis at age 23, because that's just the continuation of the HIV diagnosis really.

The good news is that I kind of ditched hepatitis C in 2005, when tests showed that I've had no longterm progression of the virus. I'll always test positive, but I don't have to worry about it affecting my health: a lame virus. So much for a My Pet Virus: Hepatitis C Edition.

I also talked to Dr. Greg about how I feel wiped out after just about every meal. Which means when I don't want to be tired, I just don't eat much. Also, on the weeks that I am on meds, my appetite disapates. To combat this, I asked about my old friend Marinol (synthetic THC, was prescribed when I was diagnosed with AIDS and started on HIV meds back in '99).

Since my weight was pretty stable, Dr. Greg said he couldn't prescribe marinol because then the feds would be breathing down his neck. I'm glad that they don't have better things to be doing then cracking down on marinol prescriptions.

On my way out, I was handing my stamped parking ticket to the booth lady, and the 60-odd year old woman looked at me and started laughing. *"Yakintothachickenman?"*

My brain deciphered the word, breaking it down like a game of Mad Gab. The only way I knew what she was talking about is because Gwenn's aunt said I looked like the guy in the Wendy's ads, with the red ponytails. I thought I'd seen a commercial involving chickens... that had to be it.

"Yeah," I said. "He's my father."

I usually don't even think twice about getting labs done. It's so routine, and all of my numbers outside of my cholesterol have been outstanding over the last several years. But this time, I gotta say, I'm a little concerned. I don't want something there, that shows I'll have to concern myself with another grand medical condition, or anything else like that.

I guess you could say, then, that I'm a little bit chicken. Man.

Positively Yours,  
Shawn

SUPPORT: I met the fine folks at The Positive Project while at the Staying Alive conference. If you are positive, and would like to share your story, click on Support and learn more about their goal to raise awareness about HIV/AIDS by utilizing those living with the virus.

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