



The Pharmacology of Me

December 2, 2010 By [Richard Ferri, PhD, ANP](#)

There they are; all my friends. Snug in their little coffins lying happily akimbo without rhyme or reason. They are just there. But not really you and I know. They have purpose and they have plans. Without them a dark harbinger snickers in the background. With them the laughter is even louder at times yet I take them. A Hobson's choice I know but a choice still the same.

The pear shaped tan one is to keep my heart from exploding. Like that could never happen anyway? But I take it. My high blood pressure likely induced by some of the other inhabitants in the box needs to be treated before my ticker some ticking or my brain pops a top. So much for being a jock. Kind of really disappointed in this event. After all, I take great pride in my workout ethic and body yet I still swallow a pear shaped tan one along with some good old fashion aspirin to keep my blood thin and slick from the effects of the other ones. Oh well, nothing is perfect.

Then there are the two, did I mention two?, bi-colored capsules that seem to be needed to help regulate chemicals in my brain to keep on even keel. I often wonder if this keel is even what the hell does the off one feel like? Gotta take these suckers since I do not want to find out. The keel I am on may not be steady but is the keel I got. Everyone knows that keel you know is better than the keel you don't.

Now comes the oblong pink ones whose power is strong but short lived apparently. I take these pink dolls twice a day. They are just part of the family of friends of that keep simple infections from entering my body (or in medical speak "host"; I hate thinking of ME as a "host for infection". Sure I can host a dinner party. Host a grudge. I suppose I can host many a thing, but why the hell do I have to a potential "host for infection"?) Swallow the damn thing Ferri and shut up already there are others waiting their turn.

The big blue one is actually two medications slammed together working at helping with fending off the hosting duties. Big blue ones always remind me of swallowing Smurfs. I hate Smurfs.

Sitting next to the big blue one is another oblong pink one ready kick some HIV ass once again. Go pink! The remaining regulars on my hit parade are both yellowish and odd. One is hard and chalky which has been in my body for over 15 years. It also helps hammer down the HIV. Taking into account a modest underestimation I have ingested 3,485,000 milligrams of this one drug alone. The very mixed blessing of no end in sight haunts this potential "host".

The other yellow one is because I am an old man with a prostate the size of a small island ready for inhabitation. If it gets any bigger I can expect some crazed urologist will want to send down some nukes via my penis to blow up the Isle of Dribble. Now how sexy will that be?!

Of course there are all the others that come and go like the women who talk of Michelangelo. The pills that allow me to take my pills. Countless in numbers and varieties. Treat my pain, but not too well since I know the drill. It is the first pill that gets you high. One pill I take. Two pills the pill take. Then the pills take me or so it goes. Pill to pills to bottles to needles to death. Just suck it up.

Some days I do not feel like a man. I feel like a chemistry experiment. Inside me is not just blood and tissue but designer drugs to make me go. Mark me. Slow me down and speed me up.

Today I am just the pharmacology of me.

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