



Viral Bravado

October 10, 2009 By [Richard Ferri, PhD, ANP](#)

The lighting may becoming too dim for me to see clearly anymore. I am stepping back and letting go and losing ground. I feel wickedly free and manacled. I am tired of being me. It is just that simple really. I am bored with me. Ah, a little part of my functioning brain speaks, not true. *You are tired of how to let you life become. You are not tired of yourself.* But maybe I am. Really.

What is going on is that I have made some personal decisions that are going to place me and my virus center stage. I will be naked with my dirty T cells hanging out. Everyone will see the slow yet still malicious replication of my damaged DNA. Muscles and nice clothes will not hide this leakage. They may actually make it worse.

So what I am doing? None of your business...yet. That is why I am scared. I have spent my viral time in a limelight of ashes that I may not be able to sweep into nice neat piles. I like things tidy, but things are a messy now because of my own doing. My viral bravado may just take me down.

But where does one go down to when hell has been my ground zero more earth than I care to remember? If I go lower do I fall through earth's mantle and slam into ether? Do I just drift? I am going to find out. Want to join me? No? That is okay. I understand. My viral bravado is losing its voice.

Viral....bravado....a tango with one dancer who is a fool.

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<http://beta.docker.poz.com/blog/viral-bravado>