

My Good Knee

I got a statement from the Social Security Administration that listed how much money I made for every year I had worked; however, there were a few years for which it showed I had no earnings. I had earnings in those years, but that was 1968 through 1972, and I just didn't bother to file. I was way too busy living in the moment, being here now, and riding that cusp of reality that surges beyond reality.

Social Security has never questioned me about those years, and I hope they didn't take it personal because during that time I also didn't work at one job for more than a few months, or renew my driver's license, or live with one girl for more than a few months, or live in one place for more than a few months. I did, however, learn to surf.

When I started filing my income tax returns again, they took issue with my results and said I owned them more money. This happened several years in a row until I finally said, to heck with it, and just put my W-2's in the envelope they provided, signed the form, sent it to them, and included a note, "Here, you do it". To my surprise they did, and I got an income tax return from them in less than a month. I continued to do it that way until Michelle came into my life and took control of things like that. This is the same Michelle who said, "I'm not gonna live in a van" with a special emphasis on "van", like "I'm not gonna live a van!" Van kind of shivered when she said it, I think he knew his days were numbered.

So after all those years and all those drugs, and I did all the drugs. I did drugs that were so good they took them off the market, including Eskatrol, Dexamyl, Quaaludes, and others that for some reason I can't remember right now. So after all that, it's funny that now my drug of choice is Cortizone; which is harder to get than mescaline was in the sixties.

Finally, that brings us to my knee, my bad knee. Bad knee, bad knee, go sit down. It was made bad as a result of a motorcycle accident when I was twenty-years-old, which

was... long ago. It was a Norton 750 Road Atlas, and it was Interstate 4 between Tampa and Orlando, and it was the Fourth of July weekend, one month before my 21st birthday, so I had to wait on a stretcher in the emergency room bleeding from head to toe with broken bones and mangled knees, while the hospital called around looking for someone to sign a release form. When it was finally signed, they gave me a shot of morphine which manifested as a warm, pain-relieving, glow in the center of my chest and spread outward to the tips of my toes. I took my first pain-free, deep breath, smiled, and thus began my appreciation for drugs.

Young people may not know that some of those injuries they get when they are fast and indestructible may come back to haunt them. I forgot about my bad knee until it screamed at me decades later, and then I began my quest for a cure.

I went to an Orthopedist who x-rayed my knee and said it looked pretty good, no arthritis, maybe it's hamstring tendonitis. He gave me a Prednisone 6-pack which was wonderful, I felt like a 20-year-old for about ten days and then, ouch! I suffered with it for a couple of months then went back to the doctor. He gave me another 6-pack of Prednisone.

When I went back to the doctor after a few more months, he sent me for an MRI. I should have known something was up when they put those big ear phones on me. What? It was so loud. It sounded like I had fallen into the sound track of a science fiction movie, it sounded like combat, it was so loud that for those 15 minutes I couldn't hear my Tinnitus.

Well, I finally got my shot of Cortisone, and it was wonderful. Then a few weeks later I got up one morning, took a step and, Oh No! I felt a stabbing pain in my knee. And, Oh No! again, as I realized – That's my good knee!