

Bradley's Essay for the Class Magazine

By Bradley Sonnenberg

I live inside seven hollow rectangular prisms. I am referring to a weekly pill organizer. I peer through the diaphanous pane of polypropylene every day. It is strange; I am not addicted to medication but rather the providence of convalescence from the medication affords. I read a descriptive label of a new eugeroic agent "used to improve wakefulness" and now I found something to obsess over for the next two weeks.

My routine is relatively consistent when inquiring into a new medication. First I accumulate medical documents addressing a specific etiological anomaly and scour through online medical databases and other compendiums of pharmacologic information until I have compiled a strata of empirical anecdotes superimposed with appraisals of the medication's efficacy that create a vivid picture of its chance of success.

I was visiting my pharmacist the other day, as I needed to fill a prescription for an antiviral medication. Upon looking at the submitted dosage recommendation from the doctor, the pharmacist asked, "why are you getting such a large dose of Valtrex." After I explained my plan in stopping the HHSV-4 virus from replicating in its presumed non-latency stage in my body, he told me at the dosage I am taking I would make it hard to contract herpes. I quipped back that I always wanted to use a prostitute's toiletries.

I am terrified by the mind body separation I am constantly reminded of. I understand that certain processes are better left as automatic functions of the body, but part of me wishes I could address myself on a cellular level. Hold a symposium with different cells and open up a healthy discourse that allows for incumbent reciprocity. Visit my cerebral aquarium of electric jellyfish neurons. Inquire into the circulatory efficiency as I watch a torrent of gnocchi shaped erythrocytes travel through my veins.

This longing for control extends to other aspects of my life, but since I became sick, nothing seems more important than getting my body to reach equilibrium. Taking ' drugs has never cured any ailment for me, but I always hope for a little relief. If only I could visualize metabolic deregulation in the same way one identifies a cut on one's body, the next step would be a simple Band-Aid. Instead, I am searching for a key for a lock of what brand I do not know.

I imagine enlarging a cell to the scale of a human being and observing its actions at a relatable proportion. The diffusion of molecules through its semi-permeable membrane would no longer resemble the osmotic pictographs in biology textbooks, but a painful peristalsis-like passing of a complex structure, almost like if a colossus had to propagate Michelangelo's David through its pores. Now if only I knew how to sculpt, how to fashion a lineation of its constellation structure. A molecule that would fit every synaptic receptor like a put together shape sorter. I am beginning to feel more like chemistry experiment every day.