

Alex in Prisonland

I had a misadventure today straight out of Alice in Wonderland.

I have four, totally valid, medical reasons to be housed in a single-cell. Had to get the ACLU involved to, ostensibly, get my case heard.

After a two-month delay, saw a "Dr." [REDACTED] today. I use quote marks because he doesn't deserve the title.

I had, previously, sent them four pages explaining my symptoms/situation. It wasn't in the record today. He, in fact, didn't even know he was supposed to evaluate me for a single-cell today, until I informed him.

Alice in Wonderland / Alex in Prisonland, whatever you wish to call it.

I told him of my extreme sensitivity to second-hand smoke. The, inevitable, exposure in an open-dorm leaves me, at best, in a constant pre-bronchitic state. (Especially not good now, with Covid floating around like an evil mirage.) I told him of bladder issues; intestinal issues; I even took off my shoes and socks to show him how my lower right is discolored and swollen — I

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need the privacy of a single-cell to take on and off the
compression hose I need to wear to alleviate the pain —
vis-à-vis my left leg. (Due to what a "Dr." [REDACTED]
— [REDACTED] — at Marion did to me; about which a
lawsuit is still pending.)

The good doctor tells me that all four of these, closely,
physical issues sound, to him, like "mental-health issues."
Sounded like a well-practiced line. His "go-to" when he cares
more for the Almighty State's purse than his patients' health.

How does one respond to such bizarreness?

I'm no anatomy expert, but I'm pretty sure my brain/mind
isn't located in my lungs, bladder, bowels nor lower right leg...

Did not this man swear to hold his patients' welfare above
all else? Apparently not. "Hippocratic oath?! We don't need no
stinkin' Hippocratic oath..."

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[Italize?]

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