

## Tism

### "My Brilliant Huntington's Chorea"

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'Huntington's disease, however, is a rare, fatal inherited disorder for which no known cure exists. The patient suffers progressive loss of mental functioning due to brain-cell death in the region of the basal ganglia, along with the depletion of some neurotransmitters and the buildup of another-dopamine. The symptoms appear at almost any age but most commonly in the thirties and forties, and death follows in 10 to 20 years...'

Once my life was easy:  
It was just like watchin' TV  
And I was the lucky audience member  
Who's playin' Price Is Right -  
I came on down every night -  
Could come five times a night, too, I remember.

But let me tell you pal  
That there's another game as well,  
But you won't see the fucker on T.V -

It's called Fortune's Wheel,  
And no matter how you feel,  
Adrianna will turn the letters "R.I.P".

One day it's gonna start:  
Everything will fall apart -  
There's programming, too, in your bones.  
One night you go out dancin'  
Thinkin' that you're Hanson,  
Then you wake up and you are the Rolling Stones.

All of life is lived in stages;  
You're going out to rages  
And you and your friends know all the right grooves;  
But there ain't no use hidin' -  
The cells have begun dividin'  
And it's time you learnt the dopamine moves.

Don't you get a fucking shock-o  
When you watch one of those doco's

'Bout those diseases that means you're born with  
flippers?  
Or you're feeling sort of well 'n'  
Next thing, it's the Peter McCallum  
For the haircut they give you without clippers.

You wont be fucking laughin', son,  
When you're interviewed by Parkinson,  
Or star in a mini-series called Alzheimer.  
You'll be picking up the tab  
When they order you a nice cold slab -  
And I don't mean the 24 can type either.

One day you're collecting Tazo's,  
The next you are a spazo:  
I only know one way to ease the pain -  
Pick a way to go  
That the doctors don't know  
And they might give the fucking germ your fucking  
name.

(Let me take a quick ad break  
During which I'd like to make  
An apology to go here in a bracket:  
That Tazo/Spazo rhyme -  
It wish that it weren't mine:  
Where'd I get my poetic license? A packet?)

So kiss the wife for me -  
You can live quite happily,  
Watchin' T.V together as you sup;  
But just like a bad dream, oh,  
You'll play a game called Chemo -  
Spot. Match. Win. Your numbers have come up.

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