

**Self-Portrait at
Virginia Mason
Hospital
or: The Clot Diaries
01-18-13 – 01-25-13
by Greg Bem**

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If these shortcuts do not work, use the "View" menu in whatever program you're using.

Trust me: full screen will rock your world.

Thank you to my family for the generous support from between 2,000 and 3,000 miles away. Thank you to Laurie (my mother), Lillian (my grandmother), Katherine (my sister), Kevin (my brother), Robert (my stepfather), Andy, Kristin, Ed, Sandy, and Lisa.

Thank you to my friends who came and visited me while I was an in-patient at Virginia Mason, and for driving me back to the hospital after I was discharged. Thank you to Sarah Heady, Bridget Stixrood, Molly Mac, Aaron Kokorowski, Jeff Brennan, Maria Winters, Jarret Middleton, Jason Conger, Joe Miller, Graham Isaac, Rachel Hug, Laura Wachs, Paul Nelson, Meredith Nelson, Ella Nelson, Jocelyn MacDonald, Anna Nash, Star Angelina Murray, Elle Murray, Amy Billharz, Elizabeth Myrh, Tessa Hulls, Alexi Schmidt, Lillian

Hewko, Tiffany Wan, Paul Anderson, Joe Milutis,
and Alex Bleecker.

Thank you for your concern, your adoration, and
your distractions.

Thank you to the countless people who contacted me through the Internet and my cellular device by way of text message, Twitter, email, and G-chat. You filled the cracks of the void with song when all else was quiet.

A note on the context: On January 18th, 2013, I was admitted to the Virginia Mason Hospital in Seattle, Washington, after a visit to the emergency room turned up a blood clot in my leg (DVT), and four in my lungs (PEs). Two days prior, a Wednesday, I woke up in the middle of the night with pain in my leg. I worked from home the following day and the pain went away. That night, however, it returned and felt like the worst Charlie Horse a person could ever feel. I took an opiate and passed out, but the pain was there the next day. The email I sent to my doctor gathered a

response after I left work that Friday, the 18th, which told me to get to the emergency room. This was after I had spent the day in agony thinking I was suffering from a severe muscle cramp, and after I hobbled to Macy's in Westlake for a bigger pair of blue jeans, and after I hobbled to Seattle Coffee Works to have a latte (with my leg propped up on a green chair). The plan had been to get sushi with Sarah Heady, my dear friend who had been visiting Seattle from San Francisco, who had performed at Breadline that Wednesday previous, and Amber Nelson, my dear friend who

lives here in Seattle. Those plans fell through. Sarah accompanied me to the waiting room of the ER and I was finally admitted around 4 hours after arriving to an examination that involved an ultrasound and a CT-PA scan. I was then admitted as an in-patient. I was put on blood thinners, then had to wait a couple days, and then was brought down to Interventional Radiology, where I was given a procedure consisting of an angiogram, angioplasty, and a thrombolytic process. Essentially they put a catheter behind my knee and put a wire up my vein and sprayed the clot in

my thigh for 15 hours with chemicals that dissolved said clot. I was then moved to a third room and had two days of therapy. I was then released back into the real world, after it was assured my heart rate didn't skyrocket when walking around.

I have spent the past week working from home and recovering. I have been on Vicodin and blood thinners and am not allowed to have more than two alcoholic beverages a day. I can walk again. I have been reading a lot and keeping it easy, but

trying to stay as active as possible. Yesterday I took a 3-hour walk through the hills of Southeast Seattle.

I could have died from the clot and the potential for death by clots in the future does exist. I will be on blood thinners for at least six months, and potentially for the rest of my life. All the genetic disorder tests turned up negative, and because there were no factors that would normally cause clots existing in my life, I am still an anomaly to the hematologist.

My life is different now and I am glad to have created this document, which serves as a bridge between my time before the hospital (my first extensive hospital visit actually) and now, after the hospital.

All of the writing following in this publication was created during my time as an in-patient at Virginia Mason.

- Greg Bem, 2/2/13

A note on the text: one of the immediate things you'll notice about this book is that it's long. More than 300 pages within any e-text will probably strike the average or above average or below average reader of poetry as a large quantity. Following my usual trends with the poetics of disposable content I've come to love, via tweets and via text messages, I spent my opiated thoughts in the hospital constructing very brief thoughts. These poetic lines, spitfire and minimalistic in form, one

might find analogous to some of the work by Rene Char or Richard Brautigan (or countless other writers on my bookshelf) (and 100% of the people I follow (and don't follow) on Twitter). While this book is perhaps my most ambitious, covering poetry I typed on my tablet and tweets I sent via my tablet and phone, it is still a rather brief compilation of content.

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DOB: 03/14/1986 AGE: 26yr /M VM



To the greens (a poem for the nurses)

To the greens who have kept my smile for me.
To those whose names stick in my breath
As I look for light in the neighborless rooms, or
Attempt to understand myself as a fall risk.
I am indebted to the service and benevolence,
The attention and the quiet footsteps,
Passing through as much as is needed.
Not staff but family, where friendship, courtesy,
and love
Has turned this world on to its healthy feet.

Yes, love and the commitment of the nurses
Have put the flames to rest, have cooled the fire.

1665-2

I watch the Fliers game in this bed and remember watching the Fliers healthy, at a bar in Philadelphia.

Tonight was the first time I brushed my teeth in a building without a sink in front of me.

I have never cried so much over text messages, phone calls, and images, of all the hero friends in my life.

I will die and it will not be sudden.

The piercing cry of the IV monitor clears my head.

To urinate, use this plastic urinal. The aid will empty it when necessary.

I would tweet it all but I am not ready.

The white board says, Ask about toileting: void
due @

Please don't let my new life keep me from Asia.

In an orange crayon Molly and Bridget, Bridget and Molly brought me, I have listed the first names of all the people who have visited me.

Last night I thought about death and it was different than any other time.

The man on the other side of the curtain described the alleviated blockage as being green and three feet long.

He doesn't trust the advice of the doctors. I have no one else to trust and have thought about every other scenario, where I would not be receiving care.

Thank you for bringing the books, the story cubes, and the crayons and paper, the discount player, the poem, the Unicorn, and my underwear.



It harder to walk on my left leg now than ever before, and I have not yet taken pain medication.

The clock in the ER waiting room moved four times faster than normal. It felt like being in a surreal movie. Also, the vending machine in the ER waiting room had organic and gluten free food, coconut water, and acai juice. I experienced these things with Sarah while we created madlibs.

Maybe I should have asked for this.

At least I don't need a trach tube.

The pain in my leg as default.

Some pain is unimaginable. What shock is for.
Where is my shock?

The books stack up, gifts from all the friends who have visited me.

A slight symptom of numbness on the tip of my toes and my breathing is heavy. I squirm imagining it all going away.

There is a sink but it is on the other side of the room.

They got rid of the oxygen monitor. Perhaps the coolest piece of cyborgian technology, this device is attached to your finger by tape and features a red light resembling the digit of ET. Now I say "phone home" and try to remember.



The incentives barometer measures your ability to suck (inhale). It measures your lung capacity by filling a plastic tube to the top via internal plastic disc. The measurement is in "inspired volume."

Deeply disturbed by the smallness the shrimp in my Asian Wok noodle dish.

Walking with Hidaet, an Ethiopian living in Shoreline, I grow happy with the idea of a person with such patience. My pain is blocked but I am still slow and I use be wary of my heart rate, which has been hitting 140. She tells me about an Ethiopian dislike sushi called fitko, and how it's fresh lamb slaughtered on January 9th, the Ethiopian Christmas. She tells me her family celebrates both and laughs charmingly, and, for some reason, it no longer feels like the hospital walls I'm living between.

Hanzhoo was an angel, and she taught me how good a nurse can be. Nurses come in many different types, as I'm sure you know, and she represented the ideal. As Spanky, the replacement nurse, said: if I go to the hospital, I want my nurse to be Hanzhoo.

IR means [interventional radiology](#). NPO means [nothing by mouth](#). DVT means [deep vein thrombosis](#). PE means [pulmonary embolism](#). A CT PA Scan is a [computed tomography pulmonary angiogram](#).

Two other important terms are [thrombolysis](#) and [thrombophilia](#).

Nurse assistants with names: Robert and Rami
and Sabina and Sorrie and Haedet.

Curtis follows Wilson as my roommate. He will be in for one night if all goes well. That will be two gone before me. I think about my presence in this room and think about the permanent ideas occupying my mind via the hospital.

Curtis continues to adjust the bed. I hope he finds the ideal comfort soon.

After a patient gets discharged, they wheel the entire bed out and replace it with a new one.

It took over a day before Wilson's room was cleaned up. Is that normal?

I am allowed to take my walker for a stroll without a nurse aid now, though I must admit I like their company.

Spanky the nurse assisted me walk today. He must have taken a liking to me. I appreciate that. He talked about his epilepsy and seizures and referred to me kindly as a medical anomaly. He also gave me the laxative he personally enjoys. I had to take a laxative because I haven't had bowel movement in four days.

Not having a bowel movement in four days is justified by my use of Vicodin, which is a mixture of Tylenol and Hydrocodone.

The latter is a drug which, as, Spanky put it, plugs you right up. I find everything Spanky says both ultra-casual and ultra-relieving. Hanzhoo was the same way. The best nurses are that same way.

I am not doing enough school work. I will continue school.

When I put the bear mask Tessa brought on the fat Unicorn Bridget and Molly brought, it becomes the unibear, or bearicorn.



Tiffany visited and I told her that her complexion was clear. I admired it. I wonder if my eczema has broken out since I've been here.

Star brought her daughter Elle by and they told me the story of the three months ago when Elle knocked a glass mayo jar on her foot. There was a pool of blood.

Now Curtis is making vomiting sounds. He's supposed to be napping.

Each time I brought them to the west-facing window I wanted to see their impressions, and their surprises.

The concrete church is the ugliest building in Seattle. It has a white tower with a gold cross.

Joe Chiveney texts me saying bed sheets and catheters make a good ladder, and that he hopes I have a sexy nurse.

They seem to know what they are doing around here. Anything is better than me and my hyper-coagulation at this point.

I wish I could masturbate here. I remember typing: if I was dating someone I would attempt to arrange a conjugal visit.

Sometimes I still feel alone, but never have I felt more together.

Molly and I discuss the consistency of the digital and the intimacy of the physical. The way she described the immersion qualities I doubted my own beliefs and conveniences.

Sorrie has asked me multiple times how many times I have used the bathroom.

My self-injection this evening drew blood.

Sometimes I wonder if I'm still at risk of death.

What aren't they telling me? Do they really not know? What questions have I failed to ask?

Calling the procedure the procedure even though the name feels too distant.

Twos: I dreamed a woman with no face two days ago during a nap. I have fantasized about falling asleep with another person on this hospital bed. Our arms would be wrapped around each other and that is all.

The bed is where my friends sit. Unless I am on the bed.

Aaron prefers sitting elsewhere.

I put my wrist watch on every day to maintain a bond with my former life before the bond with the hospital.

Critical Care 7 Bed 31

See the texts.

See the tweets.

See the green notes.

My first neighbor had had open heart surgery. He was wheeled out before I could get a name.

My second neighbor was Gary and he had his aorta replaced and always unconscious.

They gathered around him saying GARY.

Then they would say things like Breath, Gary,
Breathe.

He would not respond to women so they brought in male nurses and had a synthesizer that played truck horn noises.

It felt strange seeing the choir of voices and the curtain, and me sitting there watching.

Green note: pain – fentanyl; sedation – versed or midazolam; clot – Heparin and (TPA) Alteplase.

Green note: Hemostasis. Quick Clot Pad. Nurse Heidi and the worst night of pain in my life. The Sheath spread open the vein. Taking morphine at 5AM and being at the most amazing party in the world. The warmth of blood erupting from the vein is similar to a shower, similar to being sprayed by hot water.





My procedure resulted in the longest night of pain I have ever felt. My back had been destroyed. After the Vicodin wore off I was sober and miserable for hours before demanding morphine, which made me dream of the world's greatest party.

When they removed the sheath of the catheter from my leg I experienced the worst pain in my life. It was like pinching the soul for two seconds. I screamed for ten. It was like an exposed nerve being rubbed, a la wisdom tooth dry socket. Lightning attacking the entire leg.

Dr. Fattooey reminded me of mania and video games in the way he described the angiogram, angioplasty, and thrombolytic procedure.

The night of stillness after the procedure I remember talking to Molly on the phone and almost crying over severe immobility. She was a saint for keeping me company that night.

All my friends are saints.



Hannah as the angel nurse. She checked the Doppler gel on my toes and measured the sensation on the top of each foot. Got my juice and laughed at every miserable thing I said.

Heidi as second angel nurse, who moved me mere inches and made it feel like miles of comfort. It is this, these people, who we must be joyful for.

An orgasm of pain.

The layers and layers of pain.

Hot nurses love the bearicorn. Actually, everyone does.

Joshua the assistant, who hung out with me because he saw how healthy and outside of everything I was, walked me and told me I was doing wonderfully.

"It's okay to use pain medication when you're in pain. Stop using it when you have recovered and can no longer move because of the pain meds."

1579-1

I wish I had been physically able to type more during my time on the seventh floor.

Gary is still down there.

I am in better spirits and better health here and yet I am monitored more than ever here.

They even told me if I got up without asking for help, I would have to be given a bed alarm.

Am I trapped here?

My next neighbor, the fifth, is the unnamed man. He gurgles, cannot speak coherently, and shits in bags.

I can smell the shit. I wear ear plugs.

Charles is his name. He is no longer unnamed. But he still sounds like a goblin or an orc, still gurgles all his noise.

I can see the mountain from my window and I get a sense of hope when I see it.

It is bright out today; the sun shining on my back
turns me hot.

Charles is being called dad.

I eat salted almonds. The salt puckers my throat.
The skin falls like the sky on the glass of my
tablet.

Love you, love you, love you, goes the daughter
to her father.

I feel the light on my back and I understand hope.
I bend my knee and understand hope. I
remember the voices of all my friends and realize
why I live.

"The more blankets you can throw on him the better, because he is always cold."

Don't forget you've got that American Flag waiting for you just outside.

I wonder about people who are in hospitals longer. I wonder about time in hospitals.



“This isn’t just some big fat hospital burrito,” says Joe Milutis of the burrito sitting center plate in front of his face, Anna’s face, and my face.

At various times throughout the two days before I left the hospital, Charles's wife would come down from the sixteenth floor and talk to Charles. The hospital called him Charles. His wife called him Charlie. Both of them were in the hospital due to some type of auto collision that left them in pretty bad shape. Charles couldn't move at all, and, as described before, only talked in gurgles, which I came to learn were due to a hose that was down his throat. I came to live for those moments when the wife would arrive. I never saw what she looked like. She had an Asian accent of some type

and it was clear from her rasps that she was quite old. Her visits only lasted a handful of minutes, but they stretched on and on. I would sit listening and start crying and would have to force myself to be quiet, to not interrupt. His wife would start by saying his name, and then move on from there.

*Charles. Charles? Charles, it's me. It's your wife.
I'm here, Charles. I'm here near you. I came down
from upstairs. I am here. Charles, do you hear me?
Nod your head if you hear me. Charles, look. I am
here. I am here. Charles, I want you to know I love
you. I love you Charles, I love you so much.
Charles, I have to go now. But I will be back in the
morning. Okay, Charles? Goodnight. I love you.
Goodnight.*

Love transcends the object.

Selected Tweets (@gregbem)

01-25-13

My one beer of the day
is also my first beer in a
week.

<http://t.co/SHkY2Wbl>

I do not feel guilty
following someone who
has hundreds of
thousands of followers.

I need additional
interesting twitter feeds
to follow.

Seattle Gray is better
than Hospital White

The hospital world does
not need me as poet in
residence anymore.

I look forward to being
part of the world again.

I can half taste real air
just a few yards away.

In the lobby waiting for
my ride of freedom.

Fun fact: this has been
the longest I've been
(while living in Seattle)
without cooking for
myself.

Fun fact: this has been
the longest I've gone
without breathing fresh
air (6.5 days)

How many times have you been in a situation where you've said: had this happened 100 years ago, I would be dead?

An apple a day keeps
the doctor away. Until
you get a huge blood
clot i am your leg.

When you wish upon a
tweet....

I feel more comfortable
tweeting than talking,
walking, listening, sitting.

Sweet tweets are made
of these.

What I see on my app is
not what you see in your
app.

I'm surprised I haven't
stated at clocks this
much since being in a
hospital. Again with
time. Again with the
time in this place.

Why would you ever
privatize your poetic
tweets?

Warm and wasted but
not in the ways you
think or I want.

Saying I may go home
tomorrow is
fundamentally strange.

I may get to go home
tomorrow.

When I'm on Google hangout I usually have more important things to do and say to others on Google hangout than just "hangout"

The blue lights on the
horizon another hospital
in Seattle

Start living as your
followers

Start loving your
followers

Is that a tweet on your
feet?

Is that a tweet in your
pocket?

Are you cold? Are you
cold? Charles move your
head if you cold

Seriously stabilized.

He said "I'm not a
person" - his wife

Charles, close your eyes!

Are you warm? Are you
cold?

Charles are you tired?

Are you tired, Charles?

Sucking up some of his
snot down in there. -
Nurse

Charles, wake up.

Don't scroll any further.

01-24-13

I would love to be eating
a bowl of pho at a
vietnamese restaurant
right now.

Brushing teeth just
doesn't happen that
often.

I imagine pulmonary embolisms as little energy attacks sent out from my core to attack an incoming human.

#SciFi

The Blood Clot is my
Spirit Animal

Doctors, doctors,
doctors

Nurses, assistants,
hematologists

My gurgling goblin
neighbor, Charles.

The occupational
therapist.

I can see the Fat
Unicorn.

I can see the clean
underwear.

I can see the two yellow
used socks.

I can see the two yellow
used earplugs.

I can see the incentives
barometer.

I can see soiled linen in
the soiled linen
container.

I can see the IV badly
taped to my arm.

I can see my foot is less
swollen.

I can see Mt Rainier out
my window.



@msamykey Lecture on
your own poetry
requires some fancy
screen name pseudonym
and a quirky outfit
unrelated to poetry.

Good night from a silent
Seattle #earplugs
#HospitalLife

@jeremyatodds That is
my new spirit animal
form.

I worry I'm getting too
comfortable despite this
trail of tears.

#HospitalLife

Sometimes I think
friends should visit me
just to see the world
around me.
#HospitalLife

Unnamed neighbor
sounds like an orc. Or a
goblin.

Unnamed neighbor just gurgled something important from his dream.. Wonder if he's gurgling in his dream.

I'd like a picture of the
Fat Unicorn with a bear
mask to show up as a
promoted tweet

Narcotics and the
paused digestive system
#HospitalLife

Haven't showered in
three days #HospitalLife

My twitter pics never
have eczema

I'm glad nurses don't
give a damn about
eczema

First time actively
sleeping-with-earplugs

The unnamed neighbor
in this hospital room
sounds like he's
breathing mucus

If you stop sexting you
stop receiving sexts

Want Gary who is asleep
or in coma to be hooked
up to a twitter feed.

Stream of Gary's
unconscious state.

My room is divided with
a curtain.

Just overheard "oh does
he have his own
machine?"

Hey Gary, can you pick
up your head? No
response.

Gary, Gary, Gary!
Breathe! And then they
used a truck horn noise.
On some laptop.

They were all saying
breathe for like five
minutes while Gary
didn't respond and I
watched from the
corner.

Tranny tweets

Twitter I did think of
you....

GARY! being yelled out
across the vast nebula of
twitter

Then saying in calm voices "wake up hung, you're out of surgery now, etc"

Everyone is shouting
GARY

The man who is my
neighbor is asleep

It's actually sterile here,
like both on Twitter and
IRL

God I smell awful in this
terrible-smelling hospital

Like a twitter without
tweets

Cell phones that can't
make calls

Specifically public cell
phones in public
bathrooms to browse
twitter and reddit

I want a cell phone network where your smart card is in your cheek and there are public cells everywhere

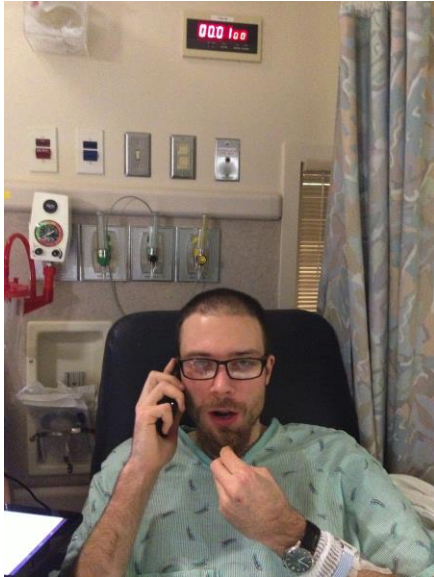
The problem with the cell phones is you can't take a picture of you using a cell phone

We have tweet down

01-23-13

Tweet of freedom

Tweet of recovery



@seattlewriter I
screamed. Loud.

Round 3. Let's see if they
cut my leg off today, or
give me a new back.

I don't think I can do this
another day

Or maybe twitter is my
lullaby...

Maybe the injection
through the iv is
working.

Is my blood clot making
me an opiate addict?

I slept 8 hours, on and off, hard to sleep more.

The tensest back in the
world.

One milligram of
morphine.

Can't turn over on my
sides.

Can't walk.

An orgasm of pain is
what I can best describe
this as.

@foalscap dvt blood
clots. Assault began
today.

Not being able to
urinate for yourself.

Probably the most
depressing thing to think
about at age 26.

Hospital of the future
has remote heart and
oxygen monitors
regularly sharing your
vitals on Twitter.

Keeping an internal
grasp on your twitter
history

RT @seemstween: these
are the worst tweets

Stare into the twitter and
the twitter stares back
into you.

You are what you tweet.

#2012Tweet

01-22-13

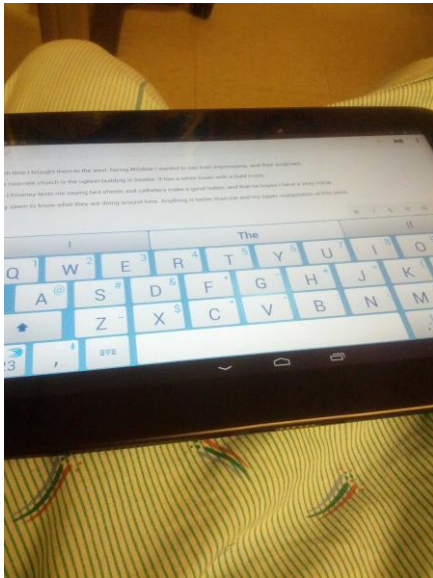
Trying to get life back
together by sorting it all
out in your mobile
phone

If I was disabled I'd
probably follow more
people

Spam followers have a
place in your heart, too.

When it comes to following and being followed, I like to believe in benevolence.

The users of twitter seen
be one tweeter as shitty.



Tweeting about
tableting the writing of
my hospital book.

01-21-13

@JackRemick Virginia
Mason, the 16th floor,
where it's quiet and
everything hurts.

@JackRemick in all
seriousness, a major
blood clot in my leg and
four pulmonary
embolisms in my lungs.

@JackRemick
twitterectomy

@JackRemick Need
some humor up in this
hospital twitter.

Earl gray tweet

Fruit cup (pineapple,
cantaloupe, strawberry,
grape) tweet

Skim milk tweet

Vanilla yogurt tweet

Raisin tweet

Oatmeal tweet

The breakfast tweets

Occasionally it malfunctions and turns into what I think will be an amazing glitch track.

At the hospital I'm at,
one or the warning
sounds letting the
support aids know a
patient needs help is
Mary had a little Lamb

@JoeLogic215

correction: why AM I?
Because of blood clots
throughout my body. I
think they formed
because I tweet too

It just reset my avatar
(profile pic) to the one I
got rid of months ago.

Feeling more pissed
than nostalgic.

Every mashup you ever
felt strongly about being
played simultaneously
on your bday, creating
the densest sound
collage of all time.

Cheez-It is spelled with a
Z. (cheese breath tweet;
cheesy tweet)

@seattlewriter

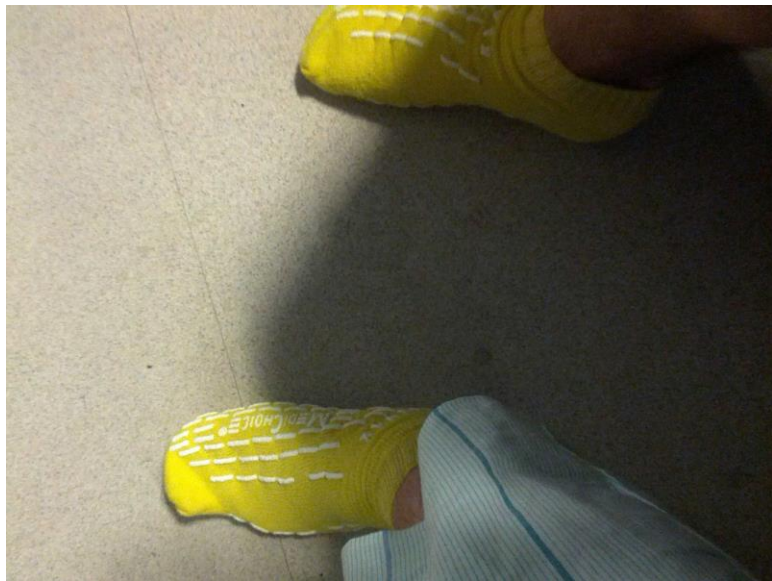
GROWLING TWEET,
TWEET YOUR DEEPEST
ROARRRRRR

Feel like I know where
Larry Eigner was coming
from a bit better.

Thinking: This room still
smells like onions from
that turkey sandwich like
5 hours ago

Thinking: It's too quiet
for a hospital right now.

Thinking Do these socks
come in other shades of
yellow?



RT @AyyeYO__Graddy:
I'm gonna intervene in
someone's tweet

@dr_lindah! I am not!
Well! It's ambiguous! But
only time will tweet--I
mean tell! Thanks for
thinking of me!

Tweeting from a hospital
while reading Shel
Silverstein

Tweeting from the
hospital with
Soundcloud on. First
time #moombahton
heard in a hospital?

Tweeting from the
hospital wearing a bear
hat

01-20-13

Sitting here in my
hospital gown thinking I
Came to Bring the Pain

RT @seattlewriter:
@gregbem If your tweet
in the forest does it
make a sound?

Red foot tweeted. White
foot tweeted.

Field of Tweets

Only in Seattle can you
order a latte at the
hospital. #PnwLifestyle

RT @graisaac:
@gregbem twitter
ancestors as a true form
of ancestors.

The moments of shock
in a Goosebumps book
are perfectly
twitteresque

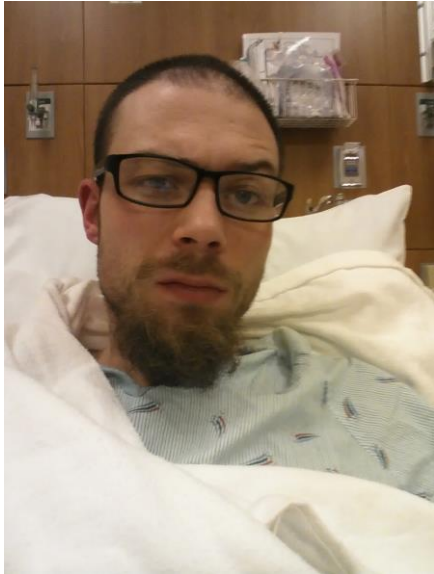
@jeremyatodds the best
thing we can all do is
remain at large in the
140 character-
constrained
conversations

@graisaac twitterance
(which my phone
wanted to auto correct
as "Twitter ancestors") as
a new form of utterance,
critical commentary

I imagined being shot in
a gun fight and tweeting
my last words "long live
the feed."

@jeremyatodds my
tweeting caught up with
me and sent me to the
ER two nights ago. I am
stable but the pain is
very analog, very present

Life can steal my health
but not my tweets



@graisaac A twee-book
and yet tragically or
grotesquely existing
outside of twitter.

Tweeting is a form of
stretching

@apocrytweets I have
never tweeted when
angry

Tweeting focuses

Tweeting exercises my
dexterity

Tweeting takes my mind
off the god awful pain

Tweeting and tweeting

Jumping and tweeting

Running and tweeting

Walking and tweeting

Crawling and tweeting

Sitting and tweeting

What interrupts your
twitter habit?

The tweet as buffer

The tweet as intermediary activity

What do you do when
done tweeting?

What do you do when
not tweeting?

When I'm not tweeting
I'm reading.

As they say, pinch the
love handles. Never
thought I'd tweet that.

My first self injection.

Five minutes Twitter
silence

Twitter Clot

Anticoagulant as Twitter Clot Stopper

Think Love Handles

Sharps Collector

#hospitals #mortality
#medication #sterile

01-19-13

HOSPITAL MEGA TWEET

My finger is glowing red
and reminds me of ET

Twitter followers who
are IRL friends

Twitter is bitter

Fantastical future tweet

Was it always this
immobile sitting down?

Tweet of the recliner
hospital room



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When not constrained to a hospital bed, Greg Bem spends his time living in Seattle, Washington. He was born in Hoffman Estates, Illinois. He grew up in Gorham, Maine. He went to Roger Williams University in Bristol, Rhode Island. He spent two years in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Greg currently lives in Southeast Seattle. He is an LIS student at the University of Washington, an SEO Specialist, and an arts person. If you visit his [blog](#) (gregbem.com), you will find other books he has self-published, along with other writings and recordings of his performances. If you visit him [on](#)

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At the time of this book, Greg helps put together the following Seattle-based literary events: [the Breadline](#), Ghost Tokens, and [the Five Alarms Greenwood Lit Crawl](#). You can email questions to gregbem@gmail.com.