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Ellicott City MD



“
that nurse is trying to kill me
”

“ confidently piloting
a motorcycle around
the track”

“

escape

Some of us are decent people who want to stay out of the emergency room, but still blast through neo-gridlock traffic... For that we need Fine Machinery ...

When the Ducati turned up in my driveway, nobody knew what to do with it.. My lawyer said I should give myself up and enroll in the Federal Witness Protection Program ...

The motorcycle business was the last straw. It had to be the work of my enemies, or people who wanted to hurt me. It was the vilest kind of bait, and they knew I would go for it.

”

(Dr Hunter S Thompson, Song of the Sausage Creature)

my hospital bed is upside on top of me

they grabbed him by
the stack & swivel

“

My brother Jay had been in an accident while racing on a motorcycle track, somewhere in West Virginia. He was unconscious and in critical condition in a local hospital, and they were planning on transporting him to the level one “shock trauma” hospital in Baltimore the next morning.

We drove through the night from New York City, and finally got to the hospital around 5 AM. This is when we learned the extent of his injuries. The good news was there was no head or spinal injury, and there was no skin injury because Jay was wearing his racing leathers. The bad news, though, was he had two broken shoulders (one shattered), a punctured lung, and “probably most” of his ribs were broken.

enlivenment

And his condition was deteriorating under the multiple trauma, so he “crashed” during the night. He stopped breathing and doctors couldn’t get his oxygen levels back up. They gave him an emergency chest tube and put him on a ventilator, which saved

YOU GUYS ARE ROCKSTARS ... THANK YOU .

his life — and stabilized him enough to be driven to Shock Trauma. The family followed the ambulance in a small convoy of vehicles, in a surreal Sunday morning drive through the beautiful Virginia countryside.

Jay ended up being in Shock Trauma for two weeks. He crashed one more time when his other lung collapsed, and it didn't look so good for a while there.

”

Jonathan Mark Davis, MSci

“

they had to perform heroics twice . . . you were on a ventilator, no ventilator, no life . . . you made that promise to your mother . . . she was smart to extract it while you were sedated

wish I could lie still

”

Guiseppe O'Bruno

Took a tree trunk to the head

Guy to the right, gutshot . . .

Guy to the left, shot gutshot guy . . .

edrenal in

2 doors down ... cut in half by 2 trash trucks

Shock-Trauma Baltimore city

“

Can we cut your leathers off?

quartered like a
November deer

”

EMT, Summit Point Raceway, West Virginia

“

If it was just you driving like a mad man and pushing the limit and taking the chance (again) of biting the big one; well hell, that's life as usually.... but some of those people in your life,

no flashing-life, no
tunnel light

YOU GUYS ARE ROCKSTARS ... THANK YOU .

despite the strong outer appearance, would be screwed up with another go around like this.

”

Giuseppe LaBruno, MA, MBA, Professor of Military Science

You ever see Lonesome Dove?

Robert Duvall and Tommy Lee Jones as former Texas Rangers, tried to settle down in Lonesome Dove, couldn't do it, took off for Montana with their cattle, some others' cattle and their 2 pigs.

Well, down in the man-cave, it was them, me, Mssrs Oxy & Contin, Bag o' Peas, Ms Brasil's ring on a chain, The Family Dog and my upper body.

egress

Mssrs Duvall and Jones did their own stunts. He broke the Hell-Bitch. They crashed real horses into the real Nueces River. They dodged the water moccasins.

We signed up for Summit School of the Shenandoah. We did our own stunts.

- The radii for turn 1 (curve number 1) are (in order): 110', 170', 550'
- The radius of turn 2 (next to flagging 2) is 460'
- The radius of the unnumbered king between turns 2 and 3 is 1780'
- The radius of turn 3 (curve number 2) is 235'
- The radius of the first unnumbered kink after turn 3 is 660'

self-absorption

Why did we leave Lonesome Dove?

enlivenment

What do you want legs for anyway? You don't like to do nothing but sit on the porch and drink whiskey!

YOU GUYS ARE ROCKSTARS ... THANK YOU .

- 1:30
- 1:24
- 1:17
- 1:16

left shoulder
hysterical and useless

Transponder

"

... I helped her out of a jam I guess ... but I must
have used a little too much force.

after the early days
of pain sweats

"

Bob Dylan, Blood on the Tracks

- pneumothorax, ventilator, chest tube
- broken right clavicle
- shattered right scapula
- 7x broken ribs & punctured lung
- crash cart, intubation

bicycle built for two

Winchester shock trauma

- ORIF steel plate in left shoulder
- \$65,376
- 11 days

Ha!
I'd like to meet his
tailor

University of Maryland Shock Trauma, BMD

Three weeks out from Lonesome Dove;

she carried buckets of
decision water

YOU GUYS ARE ROCKSTARS ... THANK YOU .

Sounds like a damn wilderness if you ask me. And we're a shade old to start fightin' Indians all over again

I looked over, said

"Does this help you understand why we do this?"

"Yes."

Ma, Me

I didn't see no line Gus. I was just trying to get through the territory without getting scalped, that's all.

Jake Spoon

Went to see her yesterday. She was tied to her hitching post, cud-chewing all non-chalant and all; looked sideways at me

the accident was all
my fault

"

all the muscles, tendons, ligaments attach to that part o the humerus

"

thank you for not
being all chicken-
soup-for-the-xxx-soul

Sabrina

"

... looks like a pile o pick-em-up sticks

"

i tried to stand, fell
over on my side

"

Your insurance doesn't kick in until day 61

"

State Farm real-live-human

i have seen the moment
of my greatness
flicker

no skin grafts, still got fingers, toes and teeth

my life as a pop-tart

Yer right about Ma. Still hasn't made up her mind

adhesi ons

YOU GUYS ARE ROCKSTARS ... THANK YOU .

Days 12 → 40:

Every 3 hour mark, the pain sweats, turn on the fans, the soaked t-shirts, the waiting for the 3 ½ hour mark and its next promised oxycodone ... the stabbing effort of rolling out of bed w ribs in best knot possible ... of trying to wipe my ass w the pre-arranged shite paper ... for the L shoulder hysterical and useless¹ ... the R shoulder just a capsule of broken-glass pain, fingers doing the walking down my R buttock, the arm unsure of its place in time and space ... trying to shit out the rabbit turds that the oxy* give you, so abso no satisfying, but the medicines' mustard-metal stink of dirty diaper constantly up my nose and the perilous pulling-up of pajamas while rising from the one-holer

this is not cancer
survival

Is every ride a suicide?

lives of quiet
desperation

"

... when I walk into a public restroom and hear crippled men whispering about the terrifying Kawasaki Triple... I have visions of compound femur-fractures and large black men in white hospital suits holding me down on a gurney while a nurse called "Bess" sews the flaps of my scalp together with a stitching drill ...

Being shot out of a cannon will always be better than ...

we take a manageable
endeavor to its
falling-off cliff-edge

Not everybody who buys a high-dollar torque-brute yearns to go out in a ball of fire on a public street in L.A. ...

unless you're ready to go straight down the centerline with your nuts on fire and a silent scream in your throat ...

when we ride very fast motorcycles, we ride with immaculate sanity

"

¹ Thom Yorke, Radiohead

“
She’s philosophical ... but she doesn’t watch anymore
”

Mike, of Robin at SPR

charlie don't surf

1st visit by my daughter where I could drive us

Why do we leave Lonesome Dove?

back to the scene of
the crime

This behavior not sanctioned by national need

airborne ranger

parents to bury a child

13 years like walt
whitman

max preload ... pressure to 30# front/rear

bessie got one o her
eyes put out when she
let her backbone slip

This must never happen again, I can't do this another
time

pass with authority

Ma

“the deadbeat club”

b-52s

next time you're on
your own

“nothing lasts”²

matthew sweet

severe concussion

“
it wasn't the same w ray ... it wasn't a first child
”

do versus be?

mother of my daughter

² MATTHEW SWEET

E-C-N-A-L-U-B-M-A

I failed to dodge the
water moccasin.

¿
the search for the edge of pain ... where do the
drugs end
?

i lost my dog in an 18
mos fever o bad dreams
and rshp mēltdowns and
job disasters,
churning under my
resumé w a rented
tiller

sunning one's lizard self on the deck ... burn in the
sutures

helmet no longer sea-
worthy

- walking without steadying
- non-rabbit turds
- ex the oxy*
- reaching overhead
- opening the dishwasher
- wiping my ass
- shave
- reach for seatbelt, close the car door
- sit in a restaurant
- put on a t-shirt

and i have seen the
eternal footman hold
my coat, and snicker

brother 1 bet the family farm

which one's the good
son?

3y ex post facto . . . penniless w 3 concussions
under my belt and 11 arthritis seeds fingered into the
soil

good times

smokey twitching & hovering outside the waiting
room ... big black mother called into the chapel ...
wailing ... won't it ever stop?

fuck, I don't have any
of my oxycontin

me and the turds on the urine-soaked deck

lacking advance directives

brother 2 red bull & vodka at the halloween parade

choose yer poison

YOU GUYS ARE ROCKSTARS ... THANK YOU .

¿
what it would take to git back on the track
?

9% rai n-soaked grade

¿
and why not killed that day on the track
?

keel oi ds

big deal of the day, washed my hair

daring young man on
the flying trapeze

that summer 2006 i rode bessie lane-splittingly down
295

I think I need to lie
down

grocery shopped for the first time in 6 months

he broke hi s upper
body

back on the horse, an R6 at a buck-thirty

di dn't vomit

damaged child w/o advanced directives

never did take my dog
to Walter Reed

THE SALVAGE COMPANY CAME BY TO PICK UP BIG BONED
BESSIE :(
THEY PAID THE STORAGE FEE BUT.....THERE ARE STILL 2
OUTSTANDING ESTIMATES, 1 COMPLETE AND THE OTHER
ROAD WORTHY.
THE ROAD WORTHY ONE IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY AND
THE OTHER SHOULD BE COVERED BY INSURANCE.
GIVE YOUR ADJUSTER A CALL SO THAT WE CAN FINALIZE
THIS.

this aint no disco,
this aint no party

Ah yes, the joy of being a rider when surrounded by those that
are convinced you are out of your mind. Recent injury only
reinforces their perspective. I feel your pain :)

no temper tantrums, no
lovey-dovey

David

YOU GUYS ARE ROCKSTARS ... THANK YOU .

headshrinker ... counter-conditioning or other corrective shoes

I DO NOT FEAR DEATH I
WILL HOWEVER, DO ALL
POSSIBLE TO AVOID
DEATH PREMATURELY.
FEAR IS THE ENEMY, NOT
DEATH, FEAR ON THE
ROAD LEADS TO DEATH,
THEREFORE I WILL NOT
LET FEAR BE MY MASTER,
I WILL MASTER IT.

a ventilator tube takes a little persuasion to git to where it's goin'

no more mister glee
club

don't run the over-sized tires, 180s on those 5" rims

like a bird without a
beak

swings a leg over a motorcycle to compete in anger is dancing
with fate

you saw brigadoon

Fred

Clara Allen: Sometimes it seems like grave digging is all we do
around here, don't it Cholo? What do you think happens when
we die?

Cholo: Not much. You are just dead.

Clara Allen: Maybe it's not as big a change as we think. Maybe
you just go back to where you lived or near your family, or
wherever you were the happiest. Only you're just a spirit now...
and you don't have the troubles the living have.

Stay on the gas until
you see God

hell, boys. I'd damn sight rather be hung by my friends

jake spoon

I loved Augustus McRae, but I wasn't willing to share him with you
every time you decided to ride off on some adventure. I despised
you for what you were then, Captain Call; and I despise you for
what you're doing!

YOU GUYS ARE ROCKSTARS ... THANK YOU .

clara allen

YOU GUYS ARE ROCKSTARS ... THANK YOU .