

THE GOLDEN YEARS - UROLIFT
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Here is a quote, I think – “Old age sucks but it beats the alternative.” In gathering material for this acidic essay, I looked for realistic quotes and bypassed all “pie in the sky” palaver. So, when I found the poem below I knew I had “hit the nail on the head”. I couldn’t find the author but admire him. And I know that it’s a him! (Much later I learned it was written by Dr. Seuss.)

THE GOLDEN YEARS HAVE COME AT LAST,
I CANNOT SEE, I CANNOT PEE
I CANNOT CHEW, I CANNOT SCREW
MY MEMORY SHRINKS, MY HEARING STINKS,
NO SENSE OF SMELL, I LOOK LIKE HELL,
MY BODY'S DROOPING, GOT TROUBLE POOPING.
THE GOLDEN YEARS HAVE COME AT LAST,
THE GOLDEN YEARS CAN KISS MY ASS.

I focus on how one phrase of that poem links to me, namely, I cannot pee. Oh, I can pee alright. Just not very fast and not very much but, to make up for it, very often! I have timed the process. It takes me an average of 6.6 minutes each time, and I go an average of 38 times a day. That totals 4 hours and 10 minutes per day.

By the way, is it any coincidence that urine is golden?

I began to notice a slight diminution of my flow at the venerable age of 11. I was so troubled I went to the doctor. He told me about the prostate, which grows with time and is linked to sexual maturity. After he told me what sex was, I confessed that I hadn’t had any and had no prospects. “Ah”, he responded, “But you have thought about sex!” That was the first time in my life I realized the power of thinking. When I began to whine he concluded, “Shut up and take it like a man! What are you bitching about? Women have it much worse when they give birth.”

With the passage of years the passage of urine decreased dramatically – at about $\frac{1}{3}$ the rate my IQ decreased. To compensate for this, my retention increased, and I am not referring to my memory.

A few years ago, pills became necessary. But recently I saw that it was “only a matter of time” so I “put the pedal to the metal”. I went to my local urologist. (I have one in every town.) There I learned about the different procedures. Now the prostate is like a donut or bagel (whichever you prefer). The problem is that the central hole closes over time, pinching the urethra and cutting the flow. So the two standard techniques have been to enlarge the hole by 1: cutting out or, 2: green laser burning out the inside. Along with these alluring alternatives come the charming possibilities of incontinence, incompetence, and impotence.

“But, ah,” saith my urologist surgeon. “There is a new, exciting alternative!” Exciting to a surgeon is very suspect to any patient. “It is called a Urolift and it amounts to pinning.”

“Pinning?” I asked. “Isn’t that when you are in college and tell a girl who loves you that you will go steady?”

“No, silly”, quoth the surgeon. “What we do is insert a series of clamps that tie the inside of the prostate to the outside. That pulls the inside outward and enlarges the prostate’s donut hole.”

I asked a logical question. “Doesn’t it pull the outside inward and do nothing to enlarge the hole?”

With a glint in his surgeon’s eye, he said, “Good thinking! Rarely! A trifling 87% of the cases! So, you have a great chance that the Urolift is for you.” I began to think of the dentist in *Little Shop of Horrors*.

So, “to make a long story short” we did it, or rather he did it to me. Several of the clamps failed with this new product so the 30 minute procedure (and not my organ) extended slightly – to 9 hours. It would have taken only 6 hours except the team was so ecstatic that anything worked that they took a break for celebratory libations. I was all drugged up so I didn’t need to join. Besides, I wasn’t asked.

Now, as I write I am four days out of the Urolift, or rather, it is four days in me. It doesn’t bother me too much that the flow resembles a California stream at the end of the dry season in drought and that there are traces of urine in my blood when I do tinkle. (Recall Boris Yeltsin, who had traces of blood in his alcohol system.)

I am doing real fine. I only scream when I try to pee, which is about twice an hour. And I have slept like a baby – a newborn that is, who wakes up crying every 20 minutes, except that there is no one to cuddle and burp me. Eventually the swelling connected with the Urolift will go down. That takes only 2-4 years on average, twice the lifespan of the technique. Then it’s on to serious burning or cutting.

P.S. (5 days later.)

The hemorrhaging stopped after only 2 emergency transfusions and cauterizations. When I panicked, my urologist called me from his mansion and quieted me by saying “If I had a nickel for every Urolift patient who bled to death I would be a millionaire.” Now I pee like when I was 9 – in 20 seconds or less with a flow that could extinguish California wildfires. And in the time I have saved, I have written 2 novels, 24 short stories, 53 poems, and a treatise on urology. Most important, I have begun a run for the presidency instead of the bathroom.