

Me And Semaglutides

The tides have washed upon my shores and there is nothing semi about them.

I had weighed 204 pounds, over a year managed to get it to 190. I did not ask my doctor about semaglutides to lose weight but because I had read an article in the NY Times about the increasing off label use of semaglutides for off label use: sleep apnea, heart conditions, digestive problems. All of which I have. Along with being 80.

I do not enjoy injections, so she prescribed pills, and was enthusiastic about their uses. On reading online, I found side effects including fatigue, nausea and other problems, although they appeared scarce. So I popped my first pill, unwrapping it from its silvery foil package. It went down easy. I waited half an hour before eating, following instructions, though it was the morning and normally I do not feel hungry until after noon.

I have now taken the pills for twelve mornings.

The weight loss—to 184 from 190—was remarkable. I had no appetite, missed food not a whit. It was eerie—just loss of appetite. I remembered to eat every day. Mostly it all went down fine, although the unpleasant poops continued.

But today I barely made it through a short grocery store trip, holding onto the cart and wanting to sit after a few minutes. I went home and went to sleep, although I was not sleepy, but exhausted. That has been the way for a week. No energy. No interest. Life was bleary.

It made sense. I ate far less so far less energy entered his body. I certainly was losing weight but the cost was becoming unbearable. What good is losing weight if walking across a room is exhausting? At 80, how many days can be dumped down the garbage chute?

Will I take another tomorrow?