

Doctor, Doctor

by Harry Dunn (received 12-7-2012)

Doctor, Doctor, here I am, for my check-up once a year,
But I'm sure it's just a waste of time,
Our precious time, both yours and mine,
Because I feel so healthy, I don't think I should be here.
Of serious illness I haven't a sign,
Dear Doctor, do you hear?

You keep looking at my record, Doc
Now why would you do that?
I tell you that I'm feeling fine
Avoiding sugar, salt and fat,
Strong ales and firey spirits,
And of course no rotgut wine,
Now what could be better than that.

You say that my BP's rather high,
Two hundred over one,
Doctor, why do you groan and sigh -
Your concern's appreciated, but a trifle overdone;
And it surely must be better, to be a fraction high
Than weak and low, or worse still - none.

Nice round numbers, those,
Two hundred over one ,
So easy to remember,
One hundred's just a ton:
And my ticker's ticking loudly
I can hear it in my head,
Of course, it misses now and then
Skips an occasional beat or two,
But never more than ten.

So let's not waste more precious time
On boring tests and samples;
Our precious time, both yours and mine,
With specimens and examples.
You say you need a sample
To test for *dire-beeties*,
But sugar's not a problem,
I know I've more than ample
And still have all my *extem-eeties*.

I know, I know, but what else rhymes with diabetes?

So we will not be needing - that ominous specimen bottle,
Which you said you need only partly - filled,
For the problem is - when I take a wizz,
At first, none'll come - and then of course, a lot'll.

I need no more exploration,

So there's no need for us to linger,
And please remove that rubber glove -
The one on your index finger.
I've been fully mapped and charted, Doc
So it's no wonder that I fidget,
When I see you put that little glove
On your extended index digit.

I'm now free of the gout and I'm up and about,
I've been treating my gout with port;
I take it with food three times a day
And always at night, before hitting the hay
Plus an occasional in-between snort.

My prostate gland is not quite right
I would describe it as fair to middling;
And I stand in the loo about six times a night
Wondering if I'll ever stop piddling.

You refer to my irritable bowel,
IBS is what you said it must be;
Well, it's no worse than when first diagnosed -
And more a problem for others than me.

Re kidneys and hard-working liver,
And that troublesome thyroid gland,
Well, sometimes I shake and I shiver
But apart from that I would say,
In every significant way
The state of my health is grand,
Even though I'm still peeing a river.

What I really need now is a clean bill of health,
So why do you keep referring
To that bulky old file of ailments past,
And maladies re-occurring.

And how much does it really matter
That my art'ries are fully extended,
Surely all of these are just tired old ills
And far too well documented.

Yes, of course it's quite true that I take a few pills
Capsules, tablets and various potions
To deal with these little transit'ry ills,
And ensure twice-daily bowel motions,
Also lots of expensive medicinal creams
And more-or-less useless lotions.

And from your records you know that I've had
A painful full frontal lobotomy,
But knowing what I know now,
I think I'd have been better served
By an occasional bottle in front o' me.

So please put away that record and chart
Where my chance of a future looks dismal
With their cures and remedies, all promising much
But in practice, most proving abysmal.

Now, let us get down to the real reason I'm here,
And it's not just to test your endurance,
But I'm planning a trip - on a P&O ship
And I need full travel insurance-
Just in case there's a change in my robust good health
For which I would need re-assurance
Not to mention the effect on my worldly wealth,
That's why I need full-cover insurance.

So, please put aside your concerns for my hide
And what you know of my many health issues,
I implore you to put that sheet to one side,
Or perhaps under your box of tissues ,
And just put your x in this little box
And then, Doc, if you'll sign, on this dotted line
Which requires a doctor's consent
And attests that no illness exists,
No illness which might *need* health insurance,
According to records and lists.

I'll take no more of your time,
From the minute you sign,
And cannot see why you resist,
For the risk, if any, is entirely mine-
But you will have to dispose of that list, that list,
You must get rid of that list!