

## ON THE SUBJECT OF DOCTORS

I like to see doctors cough.  
What kind of human being  
would grab all your money  
just when you're down?  
I'm not saying they enjoy this:  
"Sorry, Mr. Rodriguez, that's it,  
no hope! You might as well  
hand over your wallet." Hell no,  
they'd rather be playing golf  
and swapping jokes about our feet.

Some of them smoke marijuana  
and are alcoholics, and their moral  
turpitude is famous: who gets to see  
most sex organs in the world? Not  
poets. With the hours they keep  
they need drugs more than anyone.  
Germ city, there's no hope  
looking down those fire-engine throats.  
They're bound to get sick themselves  
sometime; and I happen to be there  
myself in a high fever  
taking my plastic medicine seriously  
with the doctors, who are dying.

*My much beloved (and now retired) ob/gyn—a poetry-loving woman who looks quite like Gertrude Stein—would often chat with me about my work while her hands were all up in there and so one time I read her the first part of the second stanza of this poem during the exam.*

- Lynn Melnick