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Dramacare

The doctor says he made a mistake,
throws back his handsome gray head,
howls like a wolf.
The doctor fires his number one nurse,
the pretty blonde who made the call.
He apologizes for scaring you.
The doctor's license is taken away
for lying to patients. About everything.
The doctor drives off a cliff after overdosing
on a toxic cocktail stolen from his pharmacy.
Your illness? Misdiagnosis.
The doctor giggles like a little girl,
blushes hot pink and reminds you
it's April Fool's Day. Again.
The doctor goes backpacking in Katmandu.
Alone.
Lost. Your records
gone.
The doctor as funeral director
of your foreshortened future

fading into pale green sea foam
on the edge of a dream you
awaken to your old life
cancel the next appointment
forever.

Triaging Your Life

It is not a high wire act. It is
not a rock concert after-party on speed.
You are out of context, and it shows
in the deep rose of your bloom, in the
sad whites of your eyes. The labcoats
rush by, Starbucks in hand. Stethoscopes
flying as heels click across tile. No time
to stop dancing, ask how does it feel
to be you in crisis.

It is not an Oscar handed down
generation after generation. First woman
to win the Nobel Prize for weepery.

It is not a one act play starring Ellen
Burstyn and Meryl Streep and you
are not the spotlight crystal centerpiece.
No, this is a lying ovation, sharp sound
of one brown hand clapping, the waiting
room in stitches, you cracking them up.
You are the crisis.

It is the anger that you carry with you
always, who you carry it for
the one inconstant. Before the fight, burly cops,
the broken tooth and ribs and lacerations,
before the ambulance, the butt shot, the restraints
at the last decent coffee bar in the city it was
you and a nice hot grande, black, with sugar.
It wasn't your fault. You are a crisis
behind any curtain.
Pick one.

Bottom Line

I am the knock at your door
the paper sack full of your new life.
At home, I am a regular man
on a regular throne.
Healthy.
This is why I am a perfect fit
for your disease,
the one killing you
slowly but with great precision.
You open my gift after jokes
we never thought we'd share
Lactobacillus,
Helicobacter pylori
a hundred trillion microbes
enterotypes
the bacteria that live in our guts.

We josh one another like boy pals
about beets and corn
vegan poop
versus carnivore crap.
Me and you
and the blender of fresh feces
you take from the bag
to the bath
where you use a glorified turkey baster
to insert my intestinal flora
into your colon,
my words in your ear
my thoughts in your mind
my inner
life
up your bum
so you can live
like a normal man again.

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