Dramacare / Triaging Your Life / Bottom Line

Virginia Aronson

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 spotlit 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.

Virginia Aronson, RD, MS, is a writer and the director of FNR Foundation (www.fnrfoundation.org). Email: info@fnrfoundation.org