REFLECTION

Vet

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He was an old kvetch
who wanted me to kevork him.
Put me to sleep, Doc. Take me out.
Pretty bad arthritis, hands, hips
knees especially.
He didn't like meds, wouldn't do
surgery, no sick role shenanigans that I could see.
Elephants! They leave 'em to the hyenas
when they can't walk. Horses! Dogs.
Gimme that Dutch treat, Doc,
put me on that one way train!
It was a joke after a while. There
were other patients piled up.
Watching the six stage process
from chair to walker,
I sometimes thought he had a point.

I saw him at the beach Sunday.
I was there with my white belly.
The younger woman in the hot yellow bikini
was with him. She
sat close and absently stroked his thigh.

This is for the Reflections section. There is no abstract. There are no references.

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