REFLECTION

Matthew S. Sisson, BA

Newton, MA, USA.

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The Pills

The pills live in a little blue basket
in my bathroom drawer.
My wife likes things organized,
and they're happy in their little home.
Their names are complicated,
but they make things simple,
something to do with serotonin I think.
Once a month I bring them into my study,
transfer them from bottles to boxes
marked with the days of the week.
They don't mind the move, enjoy
hanging out with books and journals,
listening to music.

Sometimes I resent sucking them down
every morning, but if I skip a dose,
I get dizzy around dinnertime,
their way of letting me know.
I haven't raged at my wife in so long, she
almost can't remember the last one,
and my kids are anxious
to talk to me at the dinner table,
so I'm OK with a minor chemical
dependency for now.