Because You're Supposed To

Daniel Grosser

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I smell of bedpans and stool
And the lunch I threw up in my bed a moment ago.
When you try to bathe me, I writhe and scratch and hit.
I say terrible things.
I hate you for the color of your scrubs
 and your gloves
 and your skin.
Love me.

D. Grosser (✉)
Northeast Ohio Medical University, Rootstown, OH, USA
e-mail: dgrosser@neomed.edu