

The Hypochondriac

*In general, I think I'd rather
Skip parties where we doctors gather
It's true, they're oftentimes unique
And always have a certain chic*

*They tend to have their own panache
And usually cost a lotta cash.
Take this party here tonight
The hostess thought: "I'll do it right"*

*So, to each side and at your backs
Sit twenty hypochondriacs
Transported to this catacomb
To make us docs feel right at home.*

*Each one has some malady
Which he alone can feel or see
And they are, at the host's behest,
Apportioned out, one to each guest*

*They table-hop throughout the dinner
And ask how come they're getting thinner
They scurry 'round, from chair to chair
Getting consults here and there*

*They question us about their itch,
Complain that all the food's too rich
And ask if their own doctor's pills
Are really needed for their ills.*

*Running hither, running yon,
They'd carry out their marathon
In retrospect, they could have had
The world's first "crook" Olympiad*

*So here's advice: amidst the panic
When guests whose ills are non-organic
Have cornered you and they attack,
Just do a disappearing act*

*And hide someplace where they can't reach you
Like Irkutsk, Nome or Machu Picchu
Or, better, to avoid those cranks,
On your R.S.V.P. write: "No, thanks."*

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