

Ode to a Suppository

You dwell
In cool repose
Shelved, clad in foil
With others of your kind
Until
You by trembling hands
With gentle care
Are
Uncloaked; your silver
Refrigerated wrapper
Wantonly cast aside.

Now exposed,
How to describe you;
To capture your essence?
No single word does you justice.

You are
Opaque,
Silvery white,
Oddly luminous,
Sleek,
Conical.
Less like a Byzantine dome
Than a fleetly flying rocket
Soft, yet firm to touch
Waxy.
Slippery.
Evasive.

Penetrating
(after a struggle)
Finding your target
Exerting your soothing power
Aah ...

Myron F. Weiner, MD

