

# Provider

The academy a journey past  
We cross that shimmering line  
Years of training, toil, struggle  
Memories left behind  
Graduation to our calling  
And to service for mankind!

Instead a strange religion  
With Hippocrates at odds  
The priests are called providers  
Administrators are the gods  
Paved with good intentions  
Their path easy and broad

Experience approaches now  
Placates my anxious fears  
“The discomfort is but normal,  
Await the passing years.  
Unpleasant feelings fade away,  
As affluence appears!”

“Consign each one now to the past  
Outmoded, ancient ways.  
Our system cannot bear their weight  
Efficiency we praise!  
Talking, feeling, touching, caring,  
Bygones of former days.”

I struggle on, suppress my doubts  
Something better is in store!  
Cut short another visit  
Hurry to another floor  
Yet our gods call on forever  
“More, and more, and more!”



Weightily our Bishop sits  
And lists me all my sins  
Offerings sweet, but not enough  
Propitiation must begin  
From hazy shadows, just behind  
Mammon softly grins

Oh, draining weight of piling work  
What is it that we lose?  
An emptiness begins to grow  
Which button do I choose?  
Offer up more HCC codes  
Sacrifice more RVUs

A quiet desperation  
Builds inside my chest  
Just one against the many  
A Sisyphean quest  
Yet worse. And even much, much worse  
I'm becoming like the rest

—Samuel Dickmann, MD, FAAFP

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