

Guess Who?

The door is opened with trepidation or fear
feelings learned from a younger year.
With walls of white and smiles so bright
it soothes the nerves... to ease the fright.

Fill out a form and walk to a room
someone will be in to talk to you soon.
You sit in a chair that's long and wide
and turn your head from side to side.

Wearing glasses, a mask and gowns beige or blue
their fingers of latex push gently in you.
The needle looks as big as a wrench
but all you feel is a little pinch.

No taste, no smell it's hard to tell
but as you wait you feel it swell.
Beep, beep the signal blurts out
a simple sound his name to shout.

High speed, low speed five fifty seven
breathing the gas you'll think you're in heaven.
Scrape and grind you pay no mind
then he switches to a six ninety-nine.

eeeeee that high pitched whine
almost done with the six ninety-nine.
A little bit of water a little bit of air
packing or extracting, you still don't care.

Now, tap, tap, tap and side to side
see the little numbers dance inside.
Feeling like new gonna eat your fill
but as you leave please pay the bill.

by Jim Robinson
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