

My Other Self

I'm working through my afternoon list
Waiting for a patient who's narrowly missed
His appointment. My receptionist calls on my line
"Your patient is here. Is there still time?"

"Your patient is here. Well, I think that it's him?"
Her voice sounded hushed, there's a tremor within
"Well is it or isn't it? It's too late to care
Just send whoever it is up the stairs!"

Faint knock, he enters. my chin hits the floor.
There stands a man I've seen often before
Retired engineer, widowed, two girls
Now stands before me in twin set and pearls

He's polished his nails and coiffured his hair
And has the same scent that old ladies wear
My look of dismay I then try to soften
And act as if this happens quite often

"Come in take a seat, how are you today?
What lovely weather we're having this May"
What should I do? How should I be?
What does one say that's considered PC?

"Thank you but really quite well I am feeling
But as you can see, recently I've been dealing
With issues I've buried and hid in the closet
I'm now facing up to and fell I must cosset"

"I've been to see you many times in the past
With various ailments, none of which last
But now for the sake of my mental health
I want you to see me as 'My Other Self'

Don't make assumptions! This lesson's taught me
A patient's not all he appears to be
Avoid preconceptions that make us misguided
And respect we are all like cut gems...many sided!