

## PAUL HOSTOVSKY

### *PSALM*

I give myself to you, my  
 anesthesiologist—  
 for you I have fasted,  
 for you disrobed,  
 donned the humble  
 johnny that closes in the back,  
 climbed up into the narrow  
 bed on wheels,  
 hugging my novel,  
 waiting for you to come  
 with your clipboard and questions  
 I've already answered  
 three times already,  
 because you are infinitely  
 thorough because we are  
 talking about my future pain here.  
 The thing about future pain is  
 you can always count on it being there.  
 Thank god for you, my  
 anesthesiologist,  
 and your technology  
 for predicting the body's weather  
 and sheltering me from it  
 with your little concoction,  
 this wonderful confection  
 you're whipping up for me now  
 and pouring into my IV  
 as you recite the names for me  
 of its secret ingredients:

Hydrocodone,  
 Acetaminophen,  
 and a dash of something extra special  
 whose name is nearly  
 as unpronounceable  
 and beautiful as your own,  
 O Everyanesthesiologist.  
 And now I feel you gently  
 relieving me of my fiction  
 and reading glasses  
 and the caterpillars  
 of your eyebrows are  
 already beginning their sweet  
 metamorphosis.