

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.