

The Lament of the Hypochondriac Caregiver

By Kelly Ann Malone

I chose the field of medicine when I was seventeen,
when I discovered, on my own, necrosis of my spleen.

Since then I must have access to a doctor and a bed,
so they can quickly tend to me before I end up dead.

Yes mine is but a sorry tale that's filled with nervous dread.
Where all I see, my destiny, are ailments ahead.

Thermometers are poorly made. These cheap, defective sticks.
They never seem to rise above a ninety-eight point six?

My lungs are filled with greenish phlegm. My heart beats when it can.
The tumor in my brain still grows despite my healthy scan.

I take two pills at nine am, then take three more at five.
At two am I wake myself to see if I'm alive.

Regrettably, sciatica has robbed me of my stance.
I know my schizophrenia is starting to advance.

I'm sure my prostate is diseased. I've known since it began.
My colleague says it couldn't be because I'm not a man.

I'm hypersensitive to light, intolerant of dairy.
My nurse says that I'm doing fine and I say "oh contrary!"

I wrote my will when I was five, for any day I'll croak.
I could develop Legionnaires', or drop dead of a stroke.

I don't believe the specialists when they say I am well.
Cuz Mr Death is at my door and wants to ring the bell.



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