

My Therapist

I'm finding that my therapist,
Is a manipulator;
He talks me into doing things;
That I will pay for later.

He never lets my painful parts
Rest in the wrong position;
And in his zeal to make them move
He's worse than my physician.

He straightens out my aching joints
When I am sure he shouldn't;
And bends them past the comfort zone
Because he knows I wouldn't.

And when the misery he's caused
Seems like it's disappearing,
I know the respite only means
My next appointment's nearing.

And so my therapist proceeds,
Without the least compunction,
To raise the ante in the fight
Of comfort versus function.

I think I'll thank him in the end
For all he's made me suffer
For even if the pain persists,
I'm learning to be tougher.

(Written under the influence of synthetic opioids)

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1/2/09
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